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THE

MONTHLY

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXIX.

EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

BOSTON:

LEONARD C. BOWLES.

1868.

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Terms, \$5.00 per annum, payable in advance. Single Nos., 50 cts.

THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX.—No. 1.

JANUARY, 1868.

EDITED BY

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

“THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST.”—*Martin Luther.*

BOSTON :
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR,
No. 26 CHAUNCY STREET.

Postage 24 cents a year, in advance.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,

AND

Family Journal.

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THE

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JANUARY, 1868.

No. 1.

THE CHANGE FROM A CREED TO A FAITH.

BY REV. G. B. ELLIS, D. D.

THERE are many causes and influences which contribute to the present restless, unsettled, and inquisitive state of mind and feeling about religion throughout Christendom. Criticism, science, and philosophy, enriched by new materials, helped by new processes, and quickened by bolder and freer aims, engage the activity of the more busy intellects. The results of their speculations and theorizings become popularized in fragmentary and imperfect forms. Curiosity and interest in these matters are extending over an increasing number of persons in our reading communities; and while in the case of individuals, they may present themselves as extreme and eccentric notions, they are tending on a larger field to qualify the spirit of a sectarian religion, and to vitalize the faith of large numbers of persons. Sombre apprehension and cheerful hope are the alternative views which different observers take of this unsettled state of things as regards religion. Our own interpretation of it, and our anticipation of its consequences, lead us to regard it as tending, on the whole, to serve the cause of high truth and practical piety. This cheerful view we are led to adopt and hold as the result of our own method of explaining or interpreting the facts presented by the religious restlessness of our times.

Without aiming for any complete or exhaustive statement

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on this large subject, we may find the following to be, at least, a convenient summing up of many important and interesting facts which we have to notice, viz: In our generation, and especially in our own community, large numbers of serious and earnest persons are changing their religion from a Creed to a Faith. That sentence, of course, will need to be followed by an explanation and by comments. Its very conciseness makes it convenient as a way for saying a great deal in a few words, of suggesting much that must be left for private thinkings, and for recognizing a great many separate facts as showing themselves under a common aspect or significance. But the sentence must be expanded, and the matter of it must be drawn out and illustrated, that it may not be a mere blind oracle.

* Religion among us is shifting, or trying to change, both its substance and its influence, from a Creed to a Faith. Some one may be prompted to ask, "Is not this a merely ingenious or trifling play upon words? Do not a Creed and a Faith mean substantially the same thing in religion?" As words they do, or are intended to, mean the same, and they ought in many uses of them to mean the same. But we shall find that there is really a vast difference between a Creed and a Faith, and that that difference will open to us much that is now perplexing us.

Our Christian parents, or, at least, their parents, associated their religion most closely with a Creed; that is, with a series of theological and doctrinal statements supposed to be expressed in words of a defined and accepted meaning, and to set forth the vital truths of piety and of revelation. They would hardly have considered religion as anything more than a shadowy abstraction, unless it presented to them the summary statement and the sharply-defined terms of certain doctrinal propositions which were to be "assuredly believed." The points carefully set forth in their Creeds identified their opinions and beliefs, as the schedules and inventories of their property, or the particulars carefully defining and attesting a title-deed of land certified their rights of possession. Those who belonged to different sects or communions

judged of their differences, great or small, by comparing their respective Creeds. Their controversies were upon the terms and contents of their Creeds. An apostate to any fellowship was one who disowned his former Creed. A convert was one who changed his old Creed to adopt that of the fellowship which welcomed him. A heretic was, more or less so, one; according to the degree of his variance from the whole or any portion of his once avowed Creed.

The experiences through which the last two generations have passed; or are now passing, furnish to intelligent and observing persons a very striking comment upon the good and the evil consequences of associating religion with a formal Creed. Such a device was, under some circumstances, very convenient and useful, and it partially served for some very desirable ends. It answered, in some respects, the same purpose in the teaching and administration of religion which a Constitution serves for many of our social organizations for benevolence and selfimprovement, and which what is called a Platform of Principles, does for a political party.

It was intended that a Creed should set forth the great tenets and doctrines of a system of religion, its truths, in the order of their moment and relations to each other, the things which were to be believed, and which doubtless were believed most devoutly by those who framed it and first in equal freedom and sincerity adopted it. The length and method of the statements which the Creed contained, were matters of next importance after that of its designed close conformity to the truth. It is remarkable that no one of the Creeds which have been adopted by great Christian fellowships, to be taught to children and disciples, signed, read in churches, and accepted as terms of communion, has ever been taken directly from the Bible, or set forth in an arrangement of sentences gathered from it. There are simple sentences which might be picked out from both Testaments, — sentences condensing the most august truths, level in the method of their wording to the weakest measure of intelligence, and all alive with the glow of inspiration, and which might be disposed in so felicitous an arrangement, as to present a most

admirable summary of the subject-matter of religion. Single sentences from the lips of Christ, or from the pens of his Apostles, might have been chosen as stating what they regarded as the things to be religiously believed or avowed. But these materials, or this form of a Creed, were not approved as furnishing what was wanted, or what would be satisfactory. In very many of the ecclesiastical processes by which, in the long series of great and small, general and local, agitations in Christian fellowships, reputed heretics have been challenged as to their fidelity to some article in the Creed to which they were held in allegiance, those under question have sought to cover an undefined but unmistakable variance from the human formula, by a hearty avowal of their acceptance of some Scriptural statement which was generally regarded as the basis or authority of the matter in debate. But this alternative has always been rebuked and treated as a mere subterfuge, and has led the examiners to prick their ears as at the detection of a manifest evasion. The most provoking and irritating heretics, and generally those who have been most sharply dealt with, are such as appeal from the formula to Scripture.

It would not at all have served the ends of those individuals and fellowships who have regarded a Creed as of most vital necessity, to have fashioned it directly from Scripture sentences. They wished to limit the range of speculation and belief within the free scope of the vagueness and the orientalism of the Holy Book. The object aimed for in a Creed was, to offer a digest, a condensed arrangement, of the substance of what was thought to be in the Scriptures, with a limited and definite construction upon it, followed by inferences as emphatic as the premises from which they were drawn, — the result to be presented in a form which would both command and secure belief. The statement was not to be so long or complicated but that it might be readily taught to children, got by rote, and repeated from memory. It was to be as simply worded as the subject-matter would allow. It was not by any means supposed that all that was in the Creed could be apprehended, understood, made plain to the

mind, brought within the scope of common reason, or admit of being explained, cleared up, when questioned by curious or inquisitive persons, young or old. On the contrary, religion itself being so august and mysterious a matter, it was taken for granted that a Creed should have in it some deep, inexplicable, mystifying and baffling points, the very perplexity of which secured a large part of the religious benefit of believing it. The authority and sanctity of the truths set forth in it always took precedence of any regard for its adaptation to general or individual intelligence in its terms or propositions.

Creeds, then, were intended to be summaries of the chief doctrines and truths of religion: to present them in plain, — *i. e.* in one sense of that word, — or at least in strong, positive and sharply-defined statements, and thus to afford to every one a convenient scheme of what he did believe, or of what he ought to believe as a condition of his religious health and of his salvation. The materials out of which the Creed was made, being drawn from Scripture, were held to be Divine. The constructive work engaged upon them, the manufacture, so to speak, was regarded as having been effectively and with due authority accomplished by competent persons into whom a delegated commission passed for the special purpose of qualifying them for it.

Very easy was it with such a facile aid to deal with religion, to teach it through formula or catechism, in the family, to children and servants, to preach it to a congregation, to organize by it a sect, or a Church, or a Fellowship or Association of Churches. So long as there was only one Creed, — if ever there was such a time, — it might serve a high use for all Christian intercourse, similar to that which the Latin, while it was a universal language, served in the ritual and worship of Christendom.

When there came to be many and rival Creeds controversy arose, earnest and embittered: and when Creeds multiplied and were made the symbols of strife, then it was very plain that their own primary value, authority and use would be seriously doubted and next denied. Having been adopted for

convenience, or as if in loyalty to truth and duty, they were found to be fetters, restraining the mind, and they were turned to the service of an arbitrary, despotic restraint upon the freedom and the sincerity of the soul.

Now in these times of ours every one of the old Creeds is either antiquated or discredited, or, for one reason or another, unsatisfactory and substantially useless if not mischievous; and this not merely as concerns mutually the relation of different communions to articles and formulas not their own, but within each communion in regard to its special formulas of doctrine. The men of power, influence, weight and ability in each of these fellowships are notoriously heretical in the matter of their own creeds. Their compromises of manliness and honesty are a marvel to those outside who take note of them; and were it not for the alternative relief to which we shall soon refer, this disloyalty to avowed creeds and articles on the part of eminent men pledged to believe and maintain them, and drawing substantial pay in such expected service, would wreck the cause of religion. There is no need of disguising this fact of the decay of belief and honest fealty in the use and acceptance of Creeds, not merely in the case of those now recognized, but as regards any even ideal fabrications to take their places. There is no use in denying the fact, or in essentially qualifying it. To the common judgment, the ordinary experience of Christendom, the fact stands proved. Not by any means that all which used to be believed is now doubted, denied, or outgrown. Not that we have agreed upon other matters as greater than those in the Creeds for our faith and reverence. The materials and subjects for our religious thinking and believing are still the same as of old. But Creeds have become useless in the very respects and for the very purposes for which they were formed and most valued. They are as misleading as would be the charts of the old navigators upon our now familiar coasts and in an ocean studded with newly risen shoals and islands. The Creeds would not hold together. Portions of them were found to be either doubtful, or meaningless, or unscriptural, or untrue to actual, living convic-

tion. In them the quick and the dead are joined in unnatural union. It is found necessary to yield them up and try to get along without them. For the same causes and influences which have antiquated and discredited the old Creeds, are of equal and even greater weight in dissuading and disabling from the formation of new ones. No man, no men, of highest mark for sound judgment and practical wisdom in all Christendom, could be induced to engage in a commission to formulate the truths and doctrines of religion. The reason of all reasons why the wiser members of the English Established Church, though feeling with self-reproach and humiliation the insincerity of their position, will not call in the intervention of Parliament for the readjustment of their formulas — for singularly enough "The Church," is powerless for that end — is, that changing the old would require the construction of a new Creed, and that is impossible.

And now we are trying to have a Faith without a Creed: in other words, we are yielding a form to secure the substance of the materials for religious believing, confiding and hoping. We are seeking for a substantial, living, effective grasp of the great truths of natural and revealed religion. We wish to apprehend and to express them under some large and august fashionings out of the realm of mystery, and will consent to their being vaguely apprehended, if we can entertain them as realities. For each of the technical terms in the old Creeds and in the Scriptures which have been theologically appropriated and limited, we would substitute some comprehensive conception of the known and the unknown elements assigned to it. From these materials, devoutly used and generously defined, we are hoping to secure the substance of a Religion which we can believe in our hearts and in our families, which we can teach to Sunday Schools and preach to congregations, and can publish abroad in our literature, without the help or the hindrance of any sharply-defined, carefully-phrased and worded statement of theological doctrines. Take the facts just as they show themselves. We shall all understand them for what they mean and are.

We, who are called Unitarians, or Liberal Christians, representing a loose and undefined fellowship in this respect, repudiating Creeds, yet holding as positive and practical a Faith as does any other brotherhood of Christians, are situated in the very van of observation and experience in this matter. The teachers of our Sunday Schools, for instance, say that their older pupils ask the question — "What do Unitarians believe?" Sometimes they feel unable, and are not disposed to try to answer the question, at least, not in the way in which the pupils expect, viz. by a series of propositions of distinct assertion of a doctrine about God, Jesus Christ, and man. At other times the teachers reply by an indirect, intricate and explanatory rehearsal of opinions and guesses, the effect of which is to baffle or confuse the minds of the questioners. The cases are probably frequent in which the reply is simply a denial of doctrines believed by other classes of Christians.

These young persons of ours in their school or social intercourse with their companions, especially when their rival Sunday Schools are the subject of conversation, soon learn that the pupils of other sects are taught by a doctrinal catechism, by a system, a scheme, or a Creed, and are more or less able to state in a few talismanic or formulated sentences, the leading, substantial tenets under which they are educated. This may be a mere parrot-like repetition, almost mechanical, and under the most favorable circumstances it expresses only a taught faith, held necessarily without any adequate action or interest of the mind. But it serves a temporary purpose, and our young persons generally find or feel themselves at a disadvantage when confronted by it. They know that they are not trained in that way, that they are not furnished with such facile matter for defining their position and for standing for the faith of their fathers and mothers and teachers. They might be taught to match text by text, but they cannot so easily learn to match Creed by Creed, or even tenet by tenet. Now and then a smart child is equal to the emergency, and shows his sense of a triumph, as might a boy who could produce from his pocket a bright Unitarian cent to match a dull and defaced Orthodox cent.

But the most of our young persons cannot get hold of any strong, clear, sharply-defined and easily-spoken doctrines of our own, available for their immature dogmatics. It is becoming more and more difficult among us to furnish them as they might desire for such emergencies; and the chief cause of the difficulty is a strong distaste on our part, reaching in some persons to an utter contempt, for this technical drilling of children in the reduced and misused sanctities of doctrinal religion.

The difficulty thus experienced by our young persons, and the disadvantage under which they are thus placed, are felt under other circumstances and conditions by older persons. Many in our congregations are troubled in this same way, and know not how or where to find the relief which they desire. Those who belong to families divided up as members of different sects, and persons away from home mixing in transient intercourse with other professing Christians, especially of those whose Creeds are ready at their tongues, are often very much annoyed when abruptly asked, "What do you Unitarians believe?" They are themselves conscious of having a religious, a Christian faith; that is, of holding certain views, opinions, convictions, and hopes, which are the sacred reliances and guides of their spirits, and which they train and strengthen by the Scriptures, just as firmly, devoutly, and happily, as do those who put them under question. They feel and know instantly, when they read or hear anything of a religious sort, involving matters of opinion or doctrine, whether or not it is in harmony with their belief or way of thinking. They have a sense or standard within them to which they refer every suggestion, opinion, or affirmation, every asserted or implied tenet in a sermon, every phrase or petition even of a prayer to which they may be listening, and they decide at once whether it speaks to their condition or conviction. In a word, these Creedless friends of ours have a Faith of their own, and a good one, and a strong one; one which they have thought out and appropriated, and which they believe to be true and thoroughly Christian. It is a Faith by which they are trying

to live, and in which they are willing to die. Yet they have not a Creed, to be spoken as others speak theirs, — to be used as others use theirs.

Now, as there was a convenience in some respects in having a Creed, there is an inconvenience in some respects in not having a Creed. But one may have a Faith, and a Christian style of Faith, none the less. The convenience and advantage of having a Creed were balanced and offset by grave objections of experience. The Creed was outgrown, emptied; it became an incumbrance; it got to be untrue. People who used it had to say, "I believe," — what they did not believe, — what they could not believe, — what they felt they should affront God and wrong their fellow-men and themselves in trying to believe. It was found that plain statements in the Creeds had to be evaded, qualified, or filled from outside of them. It was found necessary to play tricks with important words in them, and to change their meanings from the old, the common, the popular, the dogmatic use, to new and scholarly and unconventional uses. Prominent thinkers and guides began to be conscious of uneasiness and fretfulness under their avowed Creeds, and to introduce ingenious and far-fetched explanations of them. When challenged for suspected heresies, they said they still held to their Creeds "for substance of doctrine," whereas the *substance* was the very thing in them which they did not hold. What is the *substance* of the doctrine thus defined, — "I believe in the resurrection of the body"? The *substance* of it is that tenet conveyed by it which no intelligent person now holds, it having been surrendered for a belief in the *continuous life of the spirit* after the body's disintegration and assimilation into other forms. Then it was slowly realized that however convenient and useful a Creed was, Truth, honest, simple Truth, was more convenient, more useful, and not inconsistent with Faith.

But there is a reason more deep and comprehensive than those yet given, which accounts for, and reconciles us in these days to, the necessity of shifting our religion from a Creed to a Faith. Long and earnest thought, endless discus-

sion and controversy, and the loftiest spirit of devotion and piety, have all united in bringing masses of intelligent and earnest persons to the conviction, that the subject-matter and the august themes of spiritual religion will not admit of being exhaustively, or even satisfactorily, set forth in the form of a Creed. We cannot do justice, either to those themes or to our own faith in them, in that way. The penumbra and the nebulous parts of our great spiritual conceptions and convictions, are more with us than the solid definable nucleus in them: "I believe in God: in Jesus Christ: in the Bible: in a future life: in a righteous retribution." Any of us can say those words; but there may be all sorts of differences of thought, sense, fulness, scope, and significance in the belief behind and below the words for each of us. If we can find any other person to whom the words mean exactly the same as they mean to us, exhausting their subjects, covering all the loftiness of substance in them, then we can talk together understandingly. But not long, even then, nor to any good purpose, besides agreement in terms, unless we are alike conscious of a crowding, rushing tide of unutterable and but dimly apprehended convictions and strugglings of thought and spirit which lie behind all our spoken words.

The creeds, or formulas which are of the widest prevalence, and of the most revered authority in Christendom, were composed, and the emphatic words in them were charged with significations, at former periods of time when a philosophy of nature and of life, a way of thinking and believing about things human and divine, quite different from those accepted now, found universal acceptance. It was a time when knowledge was very limited, even about the material laws and the physical structure of this globe, its population, its history, and its relation to the orbs of space. When this earth of ours, found now to be one of the smallest specks in the vortices of the universe, was regarded, in the conceit of its human inhabitants, as the chief, if not the only abode of God's children; and the heavenly bodies, as they rayed out light, were looked upon as serving those inhabitants for a use very like that for which we hang out street-lamps in our

cities; it was comparatively easy for men and women to assent to a taught belief that the Being who occupies the throne on high, came hitherwards, took a fleshly form, and made expiation to himself for sin in our humanity. How stands that tenet now, when we, in our generations drop like the leaves of trees in autumn forests, after having looked up to infinite worlds larger and lovelier than our own? At the time when the Creeds were made, men were wholly ignorant of the extent and character of the population of this globe, and of the religions which served the faith and virtue of its millions of the Divine offspring. The heathen, so called, were regarded as handfuls of wretched, worthless creatures, hanging on the outskirts of civilization; and it was of but little consequence what might become of them hereafter. The covenanted minority, who thought themselves the choice fruitage of the great harvesting, did not shrink from dooming all the other children of God to eternal woes, for not believing in Him of whom they had not heard. How would Christians shape their formulas on that point now, in view of the facts which science, ethnology, and commercial intercourse have disclosed? Where, in the bowels of this earth into which we sink the shafts of our mines, are we to find the old bottomless pit for the wicked? Where, among the mists and vapors into which our balloons ascend, do we place the everlasting mansions of the elect? What has become of the old division of all human beings into two, and only two classifications, as the saints and the sinners? How much of virtue, even in these days of the hygienic uses of water, is left in the old doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration? How stands it with the doctrine of a Federal Covenant made between God and the first human pair, only to be trifled with by a serpent?

Many of the emphatic and technical words of the Creeds have been emptied of their old meanings or crowded with new meanings. Many of them have become obsolete or misleading in their associations, and for them we have to substitute imperfect synonyms or qualified and readjusted equivalents, under this troublesome condition, that those who

professedly hold the same Creed, are at variance often in their choice of new terms. Our English Bible having been turned into the vernacular from the original tongues by scholars already previously taught and confirmed in the dogmas of the old Creeds and by the ecclesiastical and prelatical theories of their own age and communion, these translators have unwittingly given a turn to many of their renderings through their own doctrinal and theoretical biasses. A trained critic who has mastered the original tongues, can go through the Bible and indicate in an amazing and curious variety of instances very marked examples of the transfer to its verses for English readers of their own prepossessions and dogmatisms. We may thus trace in their version the type and the influence of their views of the philosophy of nature and of man, their speculative opinions, their Trinitarian, prelatical, and monarchical biasses. Thousands of poor, wretched sufferers found their doom as the victims of an awful delusion in the English rendering of Exod. xxii. 18, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Moses had directed his injunction — perhaps none too severe for time and circumstances — against wicked and mercenary pretenders to the black art practising upon the fears and superstitions of an ignorant and credulous people. Our translators turned his words into a most direful warrant of death against any one to whom malice or fancy might assign the imaginary character of a witch. Those passages of the New Testament which are most relied upon as Trinitarian, or Orthodox "proof-texts," have very many of them been shown to derive their supposed aptness and weight for such use, simply through the prepossessions of the translators. Passages which admit even of a large range in their rendering, and words which have been made the hinges of mighty, as well as of trivial controversies, were in this very natural, but most misleading way turned to the service of existing pre-judgments and doctrinal tenets. And then grammars and dictionaries and the concordance have been adjusted to and used to authenticate and confirm these misappropriations of the original Scriptures. Any one who has a taste for philology, and a dis-

taste for Calvinism, may find a wonderfully interesting, though a somewhat irritating and vexing occupation, in turning over the pages of Noah Webster's Dictionary, and noting how the technical terms of the Calvinistic theology with extra Scriptural significations, have been wrought into his definitions. The word At—one—ment, turned from its sole Scripture meaning of Reconcilement—which is uniformly the use of the word by Shakespeare, and other contemporary and later writers—is a signal example. Our translators have made Jesus direct his hearers to refer their differences to the "Church," when as yet there was no "Church." They have contrived to make Luke, and even David, describe Judas as having held a "bishopric" (Acts, i. 20), and Luke, anticipating a later calendar, date with reference to "Easter." The student of controversies touching the matter of prelacy knows very well how our English text is perplexed by attempts to conceal the fact that the words for bishop, elder, overseer and presbyter, are simple equivalents. The "deacons," so called, evidently grave men, in full years, chosen by the people at the suggestion of the Apostles to distribute the charities of the early Church, and to have the oversight of its widows, find their prelatial successors in the fledglings of the Episcopal ministry. It is easily noticeable how the Prayer Book of the English Church, in the arrangement of its petitions in a series for the monarch downwards, till it recognizes in a mass, at the close, "all sorts and conditions of men," perpetuates the social theory which underlies the "respect of persons" in that realm. But our translators have managed to ascribe a most marked "John Bullism" to St. Paul himself. He had cautioned his Roman converts, "not to mind high things, but to familiarize themselves with the lowly." (Rom. xii. 16.) The latter clause is made to read in our version—"condescend to men of low estate." Imagine St. Paul recommending "condescension," or using that word, in our sense of it, to designate Christian intercourse!

The thought has often been in our minds, for it suggests what is supposable—What if the Old and the New Testaments had been left, up to our times, in their "original

tongues," untranslated into the vernacular languages of Christendom, or at any rate, not in any "authorized" version. And what if it could now, for the first time, be proposed that a competent body of scholarly and thoroughly qualified men of the largest and most generous culture be summoned to do the noble and unprejudiced work of putting those Scriptures into the modern languages. Let poets and men of science, men of genius and men of fine literary tastes be allowed to have their rightful places in that work. How might the sublime imagery, the elastic compass of the words, the rich orientalisms and the spiritual wealth of the Scriptures have been made to serve large and holy uses!

The religious ideas and sentiments which are working in cultivated Christian communities are feeling and answering to the influence of our free, large thinking on other subjects, to the progress of our knowledge, the expanding of our science. We feel launched into the infinities and the eternities of a universe. Of course we find that we have vague and undefined ideas, and that our ordinary terms of speech are wholly inadequate to the expression of our ideas. Our religious views and opinions have to be adjusted to new conceptions of this universe, to the size and strange composition of God's vast human family on this earth: to what we know of God's Providence, the way of his dealing and his sovereign purposes. It is comparatively easy to say what we believe about ourselves and for ourselves. But when we come to speak what we believe about everybody else, and all things beside ourselves, and about all mysteries, and about all possibilities and probabilities elsewhere and hereafter, things invisible, immortal and eternal, then a Creed becomes as inadequate to our use, as the shrivelled hull of what was once a kernel of corn would be for covering the stalk and the ears which sprout from it.

It is difficult, it is perplexing to try to hold to the terms of a Creed on all these subjects. There is very little use in a Creed about them, because we should question, and stretch and modify it every day, as we thought more, and learned more, and inquired more. But we may have a Faith about them, a real, vital, practical, stimulating Faith. The attitude

of our spirits towards such themes, the impression they make upon us, their influence, the sense of their relation to us, the fact that they have got entrance and hold possession of the inner chambers of our being, are all conditions which give them power and compel us to entertain them with an awe and a living interest infinitely more effective than any formulated theory about them. And it is to a Faith in such matters that our religion is now trying to commit itself as it parts with the old creeds.

Let us say, briefly, what we understand by a Faith, as distinct from a Creed, in the sense in which that last word is used to designate a series of doctrinal statements. The themes of religion are lofty and mysterious, profound and spiritual; they touch on every side the unknown and the unknowable. They embrace not only distinct truths, like the stars to which we give names, but also the great abysses, unfathomable, in which those stars are set, and where they revolve. Any theme of Natural, or of the Christian Religion is of itself a portion of a whole unbounded domain of truth open to our thought, just as all heaven is open to the wing of the smallest bird. But through how much of heaven may that bird fly? and when and where, if it does not return to the earth, shall it take its rest? Now the difficulty which has been realized with increasing strength till we have come to face it as an impossibility, is to take the great themes of religious thinking and put them under the constraint and limitations of formal propositions which shall mean the same to persons of very different intellectual grasp, range of reflection, depth of feeling, and strength and compass of spiritual apprehension. An insurmountable obstacle is at once encountered by us in the perverseness or the vagueness or the indefiniteness of the words which we have to employ for religious uses; whether they are words of ordinary use transfigured for the purpose, or words specially appropriated and consecrated. It is a very curious fact that in all the exact sciences, in mathematics and in the arts, and in the interpretation and description of natural phenomena, words, important terms and phrases, may be used with the utmost precision and definiteness. They have the very same mean

ing to all who speak them or hear them, and they answer to precisely the same things, conveying the same idea, painting the same image. Even when translated from one language to another, corresponding and equivalent terms are found which exactly answer to them. Scientific men all over the country and all over the world understand each other's statements and propositions, and never have any disputes about words or terms. But in metaphysical and religious speculations and discussions it is just the contrary. Here, words and terms and important phrases cause infinite perplexity and annoyance, start a thousand dissensions and controversies, and make it vain for us to attempt to bring into accord those who are at variance. Let any one compare a few pages of two or three rival translations of Plato or Aristotle, and he will not fail to note the difference of the comments, of thought and sentiment started in his own mind by the different versions. The world, as regards the use of religious words, has never yet recovered from the confusion of tongues at Babel. We have learned by experience, that the province of morals, for essay-writing, and discoursing and teaching, is a far wider one, with more complicated matters for conscience and abstract right and expediency than it was wont to be regarded even by the most acute casuists. Our moral writers are far more deliberate, cautious and liberal, and less dogmatic than they used to be. There is nothing that superficial essayists and transcendental theorists more instinctively and evasively shrink from now-a-days, than the necessity and the risk of making clear definitions, of stating exactly and guardedly just what they mean, without any hiding-places in the vagueness and shadows of loose propositions. They cannot be held to simple terms in accepted and established uses, but they demand a range, a wide margin, and the privilege of glosses. All these perplexities found in the use of words are intensified when they are called into the service of Creeds. "Every theological definition is a misfortune," said that great scholar, wise man, and true reformer, Erasmus. "We hear now of questions being referred to the next œcumenical council. Better, a great deal, refer them to doomsday."

But mind and heart need not be vacant of convictions and sentiments answering to all these lofty themes of religion which evade the definitions and limitations of words. We may have profoundly real and powerful conceptions and beliefs connected with each of these themes. We must be willing to commit ourselves to this creedless Faith to which we have long been tending, and in the vague keeping of which we now find ourselves. We cannot tell everybody what we believe, we hardly know that ourselves. Our Faith may even begin where we leave the Creeds, and just where our convictions are most profound and vital, and soul sustaining, they may least admit of being put into formal propositions. A single example may serve as an illustration and suggest the largest and most comprehensive application of our subject.

On no other theme of religious interest have the terms and the definitions of Creeds failed us more signally than in their way of dealing with a future life. Yet on no great theme has Faith grown to grander dimensions, or reached firmer though undefined convictions and hopings and trustings, than on that. Thousands have found their belief in that great Hope falter because of the definitions, conditions and limitations with which they had been taught to embarrass it. The doctrine came to them in a form which they had either to accept or to replace by another. What now is the state of mind, the attitude of spirit of multitudes of assured, calmly poised, confiding and yet perfectly uninquisitive and implicit believers in that sublime vision? It is a quiet committal of it to the disposing of a God to whom all things are possible, leaving to Him, with no attempted defining by ourselves, all the ways and means, conditions and agencies, stages and results. Given an infinite universe, endless time, the mystery of life already realized, and a God, what need we more for a Faith in a Future Life? True, a man may insist upon casting that Faith of his into a Creed. He may succeed in shaping and defining it satisfactorily to himself, but let him not cast it into a mould for others. Wouldn't thou have Faith? "Have it to thyself before God."

NO PLACE LIKE HOME:—A SKETCH FOR THE TIMES.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. MASON.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

"EDWARD is getting decidedly unmanageable, John; I'm sure I don't know what to do with him."

Mrs. Archer drew a deep sigh, and looked up to her husband with a really troubled expression upon her rather weak face.

"What's the matter now?" inquired Mr. Archer, scarcely glancing from his newspaper.

"Why, he was at the circus last night, and now he declares he will go this evening, and with that Bob Graves, too, the worst boy in the city. Oh, dear! I sometimes wish I hadn't any children. Look here, John," rousing from her apathetic, regretful tone, and with a look almost of energy brightening her features, "why won't you go with him? I shan't feel half so troubled then; will you?"

"Impossible; I have an engagement. You forget it is club night."

"Oh, so it is! Well, then, I suppose Ed. must go with whom he pleases, unless you will speak to him and forbid it altogether."

But Mr. Archer was deep in the intricacies and personalities of a senate debate, and his only answer was an impatient movement of the paper he held in his hand. His wife sighed,—her usual disposal of such matters,—and here the conversation ended. Of course, no particular result affecting the question, ensued: Edward went to the circus, Mr. Archer to his club, and Mrs. Archer, to kill time and forget Edward and Bob Graves, attended a fashionable concert, in company with her daughter Ellen and some friends who were passing a few days at the hotel at which the Archers were permanent boarders.

Ellen was a brilliant, dashing girl of eighteen,—a belle, perhaps, but still a little of a hoyden. Taken from school

at an age when the mind is best fitted for intellectual growth and improvement, and introduced at once into all the gayeties of fashionable hotel life, — lacking, too, at the outset, that peculiar home-education which lies at the foundation of all strong and beautiful girlhood, — the result was as might have been expected. Dress and social excitement were the main objects of her existence, and looking no higher, she was more than content with the butterfly life which she daily lived. Not utterly heartless, but, from her position and surroundings, rapidly nearing that point. Of family affection and sisterly feeling she seemed almost entirely destitute, judging from the scant exhibition on her part of such natural and desirable qualities. The existence of her brother Edward, several years younger than herself, she quite ignored, excepting to wish that there were no such things as boys in the world, when he teased, or, upon occasions, ridiculed and mimicked her. She had another brother, John, but he was in college, — a wild, headstrong, dissipated fellow, who *would* get drunk, and who once had mortified her exceedingly by displaying his peculiar propensity too openly at a select dinner-party, whither he had escorted her. Of course to pet or patronize him, after such a wound to her vanity, was quite out of the question.

Poor Mrs. Archer! No wonder that she sometimes wished she had no children. They were but so many troublesome appendages to her married existence, — necessary evils of which she, as well as her neighbors, must needs have her share. To be sure, her maternal pride was sometimes excited by the attention and admiration which Ellen received in general society, and by the really brilliant talents and handsome person of her eldest son; but she could not conceal from herself the fact that she had never realized the beautiful pictures she had formed, the lovely dreams she had dreamed over the cradles of her children. For she had a mother's heart; she had fancied how these helpless little ones would, sometime, develop into noble boyhood and lovely girlhood; and the picture — unprophetic then of the dark tints which actual experience had since drawn over it — had been a

pleasant one. She remembered these fancies now, but it was with a heart that had lost its faith in the possibilities of those old day-dreams, and which, baffled and despairing, turned from their recollection even, as something visionary and impractical from the nature of things. And yet, Mrs. Archer was not what may be called frivolous or vain. She was only weak. Circumstances had drifted her upon this coast of barren impossibilities and unrealized hopes, and she had accepted her fate accordingly. Her early married life had been comparatively humble; but soon after the birth of her first two children, wealth had flowed in upon the little household. Their comfortable dwelling in Greene Street suddenly grew too small. Housekeeping on a large scale involved vexation and trouble; to board was "genteel." So they gave up home,—home, with all its sweet associations, its sacred retirements, its thousand refining and redeeming influences,—and took rooms at a large and fashionable hotel. Here their children had grown up, or rather, come up,—for growth, at least in a healthy direction, was almost impossible under the circumstances. Wealth had continued to flow in upon them; and they were what their fashionable friends called prosperous. But, at heart, the weak, spiritless mother often longed for the quiet and simplicity of their old life in Greene Street. She was happier then than now; she could not help believing that wealth had been to her at the best but a doubtful blessing; but all these thoughts she kept in her own heart, safe-locked from every eye. What could she do? she said to herself—what but go on as before and let things take their course? If her husband would make money and live fast, growing old before his time, if John would drink and gamble, and Ellen spend and dress and flirt, and Edward—oh, the darling last-born! the pride and pet of her heart!—but if he, too, must go to ruin with the rest, what, what could she do? So she folded her hands with a pitiful attempt at resignation, sighed a little more frequently, and that was all. Oh, how little this weak, fond, anxious woman knew of the sacred responsibilities of wifedom and motherhood! what a fatal mistake she had made at the very outset! Apathetic,

helpless, weak by nature as she was, a firm, religious principle within her would have asserted itself, mail-proof, against this guilty yielding to circumstances, and her hand, held out to grasp His who is strength to the weak and guidance to the wandering, might, *would*, have stayed this flood-tide of ruin, threatening now to sweep away, not only her own peace, but the happiness and well-being of those dearest to her.

"I forgot to tell you that I saw your cousin Kate's husband, Mr. Waters, last night," said Mr. Archer to his wife, one morning after breakfast. "They have come to the city to live. He says his wife wrote you some little time ago, acquainting you with their contemplated change of residence, and that she had been expecting you to call every day since their arrival. I told her that you had received no such letter."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Archer. "It must have miscarried. Of course I should have called at once. Kate and I were more like sisters than cousins when we were girls. And to think that I have never seen her since her marriage, twenty years ago or more! Do ask Tom to bring round the carriage at twelve o'clock."

The carriage came, and Mrs. Archer, all impatience to see her favorite cousin, went at once, accompanied by Ellen, to the house indicated by her husband as the residence of Mrs. Waters, located in a section of the city, not the most fashionable perhaps, but sufficiently so to prevent that young lady's pride from taking alarm. A neat, rosy-looking servant admitted them and ushered them into a pleasant apartment which seemed to be the living-room of the family, for it had that air of comfort, that indescribable *home-look* which only such rooms can have. Mrs. Waters rose to receive her visitors with all the self-possession of a lady and the warmth of a friend and relative, for she recognized her cousin at once, despite the changes which time had made in the face and person of Mrs. Archer. Presenting her daughter, Hope, a young lady of about Ellen's age, to the new-comers, the two young cousins were soon left to entertain each other, while Mrs. Waters and Mrs. Archer exchanged congratulations, mutually hearty and sincere, at their reunion, and pictured

to each other, with almost the *abandon* of girlhood the delightful prospect before them, the renewal of their old friendship, always so intimate and dear to both.

"Only, it is such a pity that we are boarding!" said Mrs. Archer, glancing around upon the cosy little parlor with a longing, regretful look. "One can't enjoy one's friends half so well at a hotel. Oh dear! I wish Mr. Archer would take a house, but he don't like the trouble, and then Ellen says it is so" — *shabby* to keep house, she was going to say, but recollected herself in season — "well, so *dull* to keep house, and —"

"Are you quoting me, mamma?" interrupted Ellen, who was getting heartily tired of her gentle cousin's quiet style of conversation, and longed to escape; "yes indeed! I wouldn't 'go to house-keeping,' as the term is, for worlds! I don't see how you exist," — suddenly turning to Hope. "Are you not very dull here? I beg your pardon, — it is all very nice, of course, — but, — well, for one, I could never be contented with the insipid routine of home-life, — never!"

"I am very happy, notwithstanding," answered Hope. "Perhaps it is because I never tried boarding. To be sure," glancing around, "this has hardly come to feel like home yet, but we intend it shall — don't we, mother?"

A bright smile was interchanged between mother and daughter for reply, and the conversation, thus led into this channel, soon became a lively discussion as to the comparative merits of boarding and house-keeping, a discussion in which Ellen found herself by no means the triumphing party. Even her mother ventured to take sides against her, — very feebly, to be sure, but still with force sufficient to call out several indignant remarks from Ellen on their way home, — strictures on her mother's weakness in "giving in to those people's prejudices."

"But I presume you did it from politeness," she added, superciliously. "I confess I cannot be so accommodating." Then followed criticisms, more or less ill-natured, upon every article in the room they had just left, ending in a crushing tirade against "such very common-place people," as she unceremoniously dubbed Mrs. Waters and Hope.

Poor Mrs. Archer held her peace. This fiery young daughter — older than her mother in many things in which it were better to be the veriest novice — must have it all her own way. There was no stemming such a tide of mingled protest and ridicule as poured from the lips of this young girl, her daughter; and she leaned sadly back in the carriage, a disheartened, lonely, disappointed woman, wishing, in her very soul, that she were back in her happy girlhood with Kate for her companion and mentor, as it had been in the old time. For she had always leaned upon Kate. And if Kate could but have been with her all through her life, she thought. Then she wondered how it was that there existed such a difference between her child and Kate's daughter, the sweet, modest Hope, whose winning manner and bright smiles had won her heart at the first sight. But here the carriage stopped; they were at home. Home? oh, what a misnomer! The massive hotel door opened at the impatient ring of the footman, the ladies entered the handsome hall and passed up the broad stairway to their elegant rooms on the second floor, one to throw herself upon the lounge in a fit of ill-humor, and the other to pursue, more or less steadily, the unhappy train of thought awakened by her recent call in Belgrave Street.

Thus inauspiciously, as it would seem, terminated the first interview with cousin Kate after a separation of twenty years. But Mrs. Archer, nothing daunted, for once, by the inuendoes of Ellen, and her sneers at "mamma's country cousin," was not discouraged. She called frequently to see Mrs. Waters. Besides the fascination of their old friendship, there was that about the atmosphere of Kate's home which was inexpressibly attractive, only that it saddened while it charmed her. For, at every call, she felt more and more sensibly the painful difference between her life and surroundings and those of her cousin. Mrs. Waters had but one child besides Hope, a boy of fourteen, a frank, manly little fellow, between whom and his sister existed a degree of affection, every innocent manifestation of which, gave Mrs. Archer a fresh pang. Why was it that *her* children had no such family feeling, each for the other? Why was it that, instead, there existed a positive

indifference, not to say coldness, between them? She had always tried, to the best of her ability — so she reasoned — to cultivate their social and affectional nature. Why, only last Christmas, she had suggested a Christmas tree, proposing to superintend everything herself and actually offering Ellen a hundred dollars from her own purse to be expended in presents for her two brothers, — but Ellen “hated a fuss” and Mr. Archer thought it all folly and extravagance, and so the plan had fallen to the ground. Oh dear! it was all a dreadful problem to her, she thought. Some people’s children were naturally fond of each other and some were not; and how was she to help it that her own family were in the latter category? So, with thoughts like these the unhappy mother hushed the great pain in her heart, or tried to, lulling it to a fitful sleep that had in it no refreshment and no repose.

But there were times when it would not sleep. Vague dreams haunted her, dreams of what might have been had she possessed the moral strength and spiritual resources, of her cousin Kate; had she, like her, turned persistently away from every temptation to ensure personal ease and social distinction at the expense of that dear domestic life which now looked so sweet to her, — had she but made a pleasant home for her family, gathering into it and around it all those attractions which ample means could command; patiently, religiously watching over her children in their perilous growth from babyhood up to manhood and womanhood, — restraining her husband in his passion for wealth and fast-living — leading, herself, the life of a true Christian, as well as that of a true wife and mother. Had she but done all this, might not the result have been a happy one? Might not her home have been as sweet as Kate’s, her children as good and lovely, her husband — and here, the picture of a flushed face, a breath hot with wine, a figure stooping and at times, positively staggering, would rise up before her, and she would weep most bitter tears, — the bitterest a wife can ever shed, — tears which had in them no ministry of consolation, no dew of healing, no balsam of relief.

And thus the dreary tragedy of her life went on to its close. As if in mercy to her weakness, in pity to her ignorant, unrealizing, yet regretful soul, the summons of departure came to her before the ripe fruit of the dreadful seed sown had been gathered in; but she lived long enough to foresee, in some degree, the character of the fearful harvest. Mrs. Waters stood by her dying bed, and the last charge given by the feeble sufferer was a sad and sufficient comment upon the mistake of her life:

"Kate, look after my boy, my Edward. It is possible *he* may yet be saved. Oh, if you would but be a mother to him — such as I could never be! If you would but take him *home!* Home? — he has never known either home or mother!"

Such an appeal it was impossible to resist, and Mrs. Waters promised all that her cousin asked. So, with a smile upon her poor, pale lips and a heart trusting the indulgent tenderness, the pitying, pardoning love and mercy of her God and Saviour, the weak, weary mother passed, we may earnestly hope, into her rest.

And here we might stop. If our story has any truth it would teach, the penetration of the reader has already found it out. But let us be permitted one word more.

In these days of plenty and extravagant expenditure, when each is trying to outstrip the other in the chase after wealth and ease and position, when quiet, simple, unostentatious living is scouted and cried down, when home itself has become, in many minds, the synonym for everything tiresome and disagreeable, because, forsooth, its duties and responsibilities are irksome and compare poorly with the ease and leisure of hotel-life, — it is time that some one sounded the alarm, or, being sounded, that it should be taken up and echoed far and near. What though there *are* cares and trials connected with housekeeping, — slovenly, untaught, unreliable servants to manage, plate to look after, uncongenial service to perform or to oversee, — and so on to the end of the chapter — has not home a thousand privileges and delights to offset them, — nay, more than balance the scale? But not

to dwell upon this, — *home is of God's appointing*. It is his thought. "He setteth the solitary in families." He meant it as the safeguard to virtue, the preventive of vice. The home, in its true, primal idea, is as sacred as the sanctuary. Here, husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, should dwell together in love and unity; here all sweet, domestic kindnesses should flourish, all beautiful virtues bloom, all grand and noble principles expand into healthy, vigorous manhood and womanhood of soul; here no serpent of evil need enter, no moth of vanity nor rust of worldliness corrupt, nor thief of virtue and peace break through and steal.

Fathers! mothers! ye who have homes! — cherish them as God's best gift since man lost Eden! Let nothing short of the flaming sword of dire necessity, turning every way, drive you from this second Paradise of God's own providing. And having a home, make it your special purpose to ennoble and beautify it, that it may be attractive to the children God has given you, the sweetest and dearest spot to them of all the earth. Hang your walls with pleasant pictures; lay healthy, attractive, readable books and periodicals upon your shelves and tables; cultivate in your sons and daughters a love for music, and let the cheerful notes of the piano and harp, or the softer strains of the parlor-organ, blend with their happy voices as they sing. Join your own voices with theirs; read with them and to them; do not be above even a game of romps with them, upon occasion; provide suitable and innocent home amusements for them; give them your evenings as much as possible; let the little ones climb your knees, and the big ones clasp you caressingly in the good-night kiss and the morning greeting. In a word, make home happy by being happy and contented there yourselves. Doing this, you will have small cause to fear that your sons will leave it, evening after evening, for theatre or circus, or worse, or that your daughters will sigh for dress and display, for season tickets at the opera or trips to Newport and Saratoga. Let your own enlightened judgment guide you as to the amount and quality of their outside recreations and enjoyments; go with them, as your means and tastes dictate, to concerts, lec-

tures and the like. Above all things, let them see that you are one with them in all their duties and pleasures ; that home, to you, is the magic circle within whose golden circumference are found the sweetest and richest and most enduring and satisfying joys of life. Thus, and thus only, shall our homes become each an Eden, and our children plants therein that the Lord has blessed.

HYMN.

How come the Dead?

How come the dead ? we anxious ask,
When, parting from our sight,
The spirit leaves its earthly home,
To dwell in realms of light.

How come the dead ? Shall we no more
The friends we love behold ;
Nor clasp again, within our arms,
Their forms so still and cold ?

The very questions that we ask,
Their answers to us give ;
'Tis but the mortal that we mourn,
Our friends immortal live.

They come, though unperceived by sense ;
Through memory's open door ;
We see their looks, their voices hear,
Familiar as before.

They come ; for hope will whisper still,
Undying in the heart,
That friends who love shall meet again,
Meet nevermore to part.

And faith, with heaven-directed gaze,
As seeing things concealed,
Declares the dead, with Christ, shall come,
When he shall be revealed !

J. V.

SAINT JOHN AT EPHEBUS.

PERHAPS no country on the face of the earth has been the centre of influences more subtle and pervading than Ionia, so far as those influences have been extended by means of literature. It shaped the intellect of the world in its finest moulds, for it was plastic over the mind of Greece; it has determined most profoundly its religious culture, for those writings of the Christian canon which appeal to the deeper consciousness were produced within its transparent and inspiring ethers. In our gross and sleepy occidentalism, we constantly lose sight of the educative power of nature, under conditions such as we have never experienced and hardly imagined, over those minds which have produced the masterpieces in art, in literature, and in religion. This little Greek province of Ionia has given us Homer and the *Iliad*, and made all other poetry but a broken strain; it has given us the Fourth Gospel and the *Apocalypse*, which find us at the close of eighteen centuries veiling our sight before the too burning disclosures of the Godhead. It has given us a language whose every sound is music, and whose touch can bring the subtlest thought within its soft and delicate shadings. If it is bad philosophy to say, with Mr. Buckle, that man with his culture and his religions is the mere evolution from his environments, so it is equally bad to say that God is only a great magician who works without means and without law, and not the Infinite Providence who works both within man and around him by his immanence in both nature and humanity.

Ionia lay upon the western coast of Asia Minor, mainly between two rivers, though extending a little beyond them, the Hermus on the north and the Meander on the south. It was about one hundred miles in length and less than half that average distance in breadth, therefore comprising less territory than the little state of Massachusetts. Two beautiful islands belonged to it, separated from it by narrow straits; Chios towards the north, and Samos towards the south. Besides the two rivers already named there is a third, the Cays-

ter, which flows between them, at whose mouth stood the city of Ephesus. These three rivers find their way to the sea through valleys of surpassing fertility, and the coast from river to river is skirted by a belt of land, winding with the winding coast, fronting the islands which lie off as gems upon the sea, teeming with luxuriance and gleaming in the gorgeous beauty of an oriental clime. Its climate, though the most charming in the world, is not one which melts and debilitates. Its brilliant atmosphere, taken into human lungs, is a perpetual stimulus, sparkling through the blood and through the brain, and thence through the soul itself, to sharpen its faculties and inspire its imaginative powers.

This was Ionia; colonized from the selectest portion of the Greek race a thousand years before Christ. Twelve Greek cities rose along the coast and upon the two islands, confederate for the purposes of government and religion, and the common life and culture which give truth to art and literature. Architecture attained here its finishing grace in the Ionic column. Genius not only sung its sublimest epic in the *Iliad*, but language itself, newly modulated, had a breezy lightness and softness in the Ionian lyrics which became the models of Greece.

Mark the indentation of the coast, and the islands by which Ionia opens towards the *Ægean*, and invites the commerce of the world! Then by the three rivers winding through fertile meadows, it opens into the interior of Asia. By a magnificent Roman road which crossed the table-lands of Phrygia, and passed over the ridge of Taurus even to the river Euphrates, the cities of Ionia became the marts of an immense trade, which set from the interior towards the Mediterranean Sea. Consequently this little Greek confederacy, though small in territory, became the centre of a widely-extended influence upon oriental life, religion and manners.

Ephesus was the metropolis of Ionia, and under the empire was the chief city of proconsular Asia. It stood at the mouth of the Cayster, on the southern bank of the river, extending over a wide plain and up the slopes of a mountain ridge called Coresus, which shut it in from the south, and up the slopes

of another ridge on the right called Mount Prion, which shut it in from the east. Within this brief space the oriental Greek wantoned and revelled, as if life were given for a perpetual holiday, and its main business were to enjoy the charms of earth and sky, and breathe the exhilarating airs. Near the banks of the river north-east of the city, rose the temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world, with its one hundred and twenty-seven columns sixty feet high, each the gift of a king, and in which the Ionic style of architecture culminated in its highest perfection. On the side of Mount Prion was the theatre with its immense circular rows of seats rising one above another open to the brilliant sky, crowded often with the vast multitudes, not always like the mob who shouted "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," but answering with acclamations to music and song; sometimes, perhaps, to works of genius in a language whose vowel sounds made it the softest and sweetest that ever fell upon human ears. South-east of the city, and between Coresus and Prion, was the gymnasium, where the exuberant life overflowed in athletic games. The annual festival held in honor of Diana exhibited the rites of the Greek oriental religion. What a contrast to our Puritan solemnity and sobriety! It was called "the common meeting of Asia." It was held through the month of May, and it drew throngs of worshippers, with their wives and children, not only from along the coast but from far away in the interior, who came for dance and song, for the amusements of the theatre and the gymnasium, for the worship of Diana, whose image was enshrined within the long brilliant rows of colonnades, where came the vast and winding processions of joyous worshippers. The Asian Diana personified the all-fructifying and nourishing powers of nature, and hence her festival was held in the vernal season, when all nature was stirring into life, and it made the days and nights of the month of May "one long scene of revelry." *

Partly within the limits of Ionia, partly just beyond, in the neighboring provinces, were the cities which were to contain the seven churches holding "the seven golden candlesticks,"

* Conybeare and Hanson's *Life of St. Paul*, Vol. II, p. 79.

to bear aloft the light of Christianity to this portion of the eastern world. Not very far off is the little island of Patmos, unlike the others which gem the waters with green, but rising as a bald and barren rock out of the *Ægean* Sea.

We have said enough fully to possess our readers with the idea of the vast importance of Ephesus as one of the strongholds of the pagan religion, one of the keys of its position which Christianity would be likely to take and hold. Notwithstanding the stimulating powers of nature amid which they lived, and the glorious traditions that urged them from behind, and the models of intellectual beauty which charmed their imaginations, the Asiatic Greeks sank into degeneracy and decay. An effeminate and voluptuous race read of the heroes that thundered through the *Iliad*, without a spark of heroism in themselves. Religion itself became to them not a light which leads upward into life, but which lured them downward into death. It was made to throw its consecrating veil over the most brutalizing sensuality, and the sacred groves concealed abominations which would bring a blush upon the face of the open day. We do not know that the groves of Mount Prion, like the grove of Daphne, near Antioch, were consecrated to lust, but it is very certain that manhood and womanhood in the Oriental Greek cities were infected with the common leprosy, and sank down in Asiatic effeminacy and corruption. The cities of Ionia were not an exception. Their history illustrates the great truth, that without a religion which brings life and health to the soul, the most illumined page of nature will grow dark to it, and the most brilliant atmosphere, though drank as a constant elixir out of heaven, will not save it from consumption and death.

It is certain that the gospel was preached at Ephesus by Paul soon after the middle of the first century, and that a church was gathered there whose influence extended rapidly through the neighboring country. Its converts were drawn first from the Jewish synagogue, but afterwards and mainly from the Greeks and orientals, more curious to know and more quick to receive and understand the truths of the new

religion, and doubtless yearning towards the light out of the depths of their own degrading superstition. At the end of three years even the magnificent temple of Diana began to be deserted of its worshippers, its long processions to be thinned out, which shows how deep was the hunger of the multitudes, and how directly Christianity went to their sorest needs.

We find the apostle John, as early as A. D. 60, according to the New Testament narratives and epistles, a colaborer with the apostles in or near Jerusalem. He then vanishes from history; but he reappears at Ephesus towards the close of the century, where memorials of unquestionable authenticity fix the last scenes of his life. We cannot mistake the exigency which brought him hither. Christianity had broken away from the synagogue, had shivered in pieces the Jewish shell which sought at first to confine it, and thrown itself on the vast floating waves of Gentile peoples as a religion for humanity itself, which it was to renovate and redeem. It had already penetrated far beyond the limits of Ionia, and its leaven was permeating and heaving the masses with life. "The Seven Churches that are in Asia" had arisen, and were flinging their constellated light through the darkness. We know from the letter of Pliny to Trajan, written soon after the close of the century how wide and deep throughout this region the influence of Christianity had become. "The contagion of this superstition," says he, "has not only seized the cities, but the villages and open country. The temples are well-nigh deserted, the sacred rites for a long time have been intermitted, and victims for sacrifice are rarely purchased." But just in the degree that Christianity extended its influence would its native purity be liable to be overclouded, and its sharply cut lines of demarcation to become wavy and dim. This was the case among the Asiatic Greeks, and especially at Ephesus, the heart of the country, whence the tides of life were constantly flowing, and into which they constantly returned. Metaphysical, subtle, curious, both analytical and constructive, and imaginative in the highest degree; with a language flexible to all the ranges and reaches of thought,

the Greek mind was now to receive and act upon Christianity, and give it all its possible changes and combinations. Gnosticism was already at Ephesus. Cerinthus, a Hellenistic Jew, had come from Alexandria, and adopted Christianity into his all-absorbing system of belief. Judaism had before been received into it. The Logos, or World-maker, was not the Supreme Being who dwells apart in his awful and unchanging purity, but an inferior deity, the Jehovah of the Old Testament, who was partial, changeful, and passionate. God himself could not create corrupt matter, nor come in contact with it. Cerinthus made Jesus and Christ two persons. Jesus was a man like other men, with a human father and mother; but at his baptism the higher *Æon*, Christ, descended, and entered him as the Holy Spirit, but ascended again and left him before his crucifixion. Cerinthus would hear and know nothing of a suffering and dying Messiah, but only of a heavenly one, whose splendor was undimmed and untarnished by flesh and sense, and of whom the man Jesus was not an incarnation, but only the passive organ and vehicle. This man was at Ephesus in the last decade of the first century.

Almost everything else was there at this conflux of the eastern religions and superstitions. The arts of magic, which are always in vogue where there is no enlightened faith in the supernatural, were practised by strolling astrologers, who infested every principal city from the Euphrates to the Tiber. They, too, were at Ephesus, exorcising demons by charms and incantations. The worship of Diana of the Ephesians had become a species of sorcery. The silver shrines, bearing the image of the goddess with magical letters — the famous "*Ephesia grammata*" — were worn as charms and amulets by votaries from all the provinces of Lesser Asia. Moreover, a more fantastic Gnosticism than that even of Cerinthus, had been imported and diffused from Syria. Abhorring the idea that God could appear in this bad world directly, and thus stain with matter his immaculate purity, it made God himself a great Magician who could bejuggle the senses of men by projecting appearances upon them, which appear-

ances, though not matter, were the semblance of it without its substance. Thus were explained the theophanies and angelophanies of the Old Testament. These men had no difficulty in receiving Christianity, of adopting and sublimating the Christ as the eternal Logos of God. He was simply another and higher theophany than those of the Old Testament; not a real incarnation, but a magical projection into the world of matter of what men took to be a human body, but which intrinsically had none of its texture or susceptibilities to suffering and death. Thus the scandal of the cross was avoided, and by a magnificent ruse Jewish malice was cheated of its revenge.

Gnosticism could develop either way, into the most rigid asceticism, as we have seen it did in the monasticism of the church, or into the most unbridled sensuality. It could deny and macerate the body as corrupt and vile; or it could let its lusts have way as belonging to the world-maker but not to the pure God himself. By the spiritual nature enshrined far within the fleshly one, we commune, said they, with the Highest; by the senses we commune with the world-maker only, and therefore, the most unbounded licentiousness merely concerned the body and its Creator, while the spiritual man far within was untouched by its pollutions. This form of license had become rife before the close of the century, had extended to Lesser Asia, and, there is strong reason for believing, had invaded the churches there. Unmistakable evidence is found in that part of the Apocalypse addressed to the Seven churches, rebuking those who commit lewdness and 'defile their garments' under the sanction of some well-known heresy, that there was licentiousness which threatened the whole body with leprosy.

It is certain that John was in Ephesus in the last decade of the century, presiding over the constellated churches of that region, purging them from corruption and guarding their purity. It is certain that he here met Cerinthus and opposed him. The immediate disciples of John so reported, and there is not the least reason to question their truth. Many anecdotes are told of him; of his meeting Cerinthus at

a bath and fleeing instantly away from it; of his apostolic watch and tender care over the churches of Asia; of his going into the fastnesses of the mountains to reclaim a young man who had apostatized and joined a gang of robbers—such as is well known infested the provinces when fleeced by the Roman proconsuls; of his serene and beautiful old age when, too weak to walk alone, he was borne into the assembly and out of it with exhortations to brotherly love ever upon his lips till the monotony tired them; of his banishment to the island of Patmos in the persecution under Domitian, and his return thence in A.D. 97; of his death about the close of the century, when past the age of ninety; of his burial-place, which Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus, towards the close of the second century, speaks of as a sacred spot well known in his day to the Christians of that region, who cherished tenderly the local traditions of the beloved disciple. The anecdotes are strikingly characteristic, allowing in the details for some additions and colorings, just such as a fond and gossipy tradition would be likely to give.

That the Apostle was called to a post where Christianity was centralizing its sublime forces at the most fearful crisis of its history—a post which needed the personal presence and commanding authority of one who had not only seen and heard the Lord Jesus in the days of his earthly life, but, who held open converse with him still; that not only the exigencies of the times called him there, but the Divine Providence openly manifested to protect the nascent church and the rising faith,—is perfectly plain, we think, from all the memorials of this period both sacred and profane. It is most convincingly evident, when you study the Johannean writings and character, and regard them as a collective force, thrown in at one of the most perilous conjunctures in human development to control it and guide it and hold it under benign spiritual laws. Christianity had escaped one danger and had fallen upon another vastly more threatening, and was in the breakers already. It had broken the bondage of Judaism,—thanks to the intrepid power and inspired logic of Saint Paul—and the poor and vanishing sect of the Ebionites, which the church

had fairly thrown off, was the last fragment of the broken chain. It had cleared the synagogue completely, and on the side of the Jew the peril was past. Not so on the part of the Greek, whose nimble intellect and soaring imagination could put all the philosophies and religions of the world together, and fuse them through every changeable and gorgeous shape which could captivate the fancy of man, inflame his passions, or flatter his pride. Christianity, left to its natural course, as a mere human system evolved out of the common and seething mass of opinions, would not have brought down the proud imaginations, and humbled the philosophies of this world at its feet. It was in imminent danger now of being drawn up and absorbed by them ; of serving as the fringe of a new Pantheism, or having a place in a heathen Pantheon enlarged and decorated for its reception. Such plainly was the crisis when John went to Ephesus. How clearly he put them through it, the subsequent history of the seven constellated churches will show. Polycarp, the disciple of John and bishop of one of the seven churches, lived long afterward, and left memorials of his teacher, and a writing which breathes the very temper of John, showing how broadly the spirit of the Evangelist fell upon the disciple and upon the Seven churches, as a mantle of beauty and holiness. s.

O LORD, who art the light, the way, the truth, the life ; in whom there is no darkness, error, vanity, nor death ; the light, without which there is darkness : the way, without which there is wandering ; the truth, without which there is error ; the life, without which there is death : say, Lord, " Let there be light," and I shall see light, and eschew darkness ; I shall see the way, and avoid wandering ; I shall see the truth, and shun error ; I shall see life, and escape death : illuminate, O illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darkness and the shadow of death ; and direct my feet in the way of peace.—*St. Augustine*, 354 - 403.

THE VALUE OF A YEAR.

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON, BY REV. JAMES WALKER, D.D.

Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that." — JAMES iv. 13, 14, 15.

It marks the inconsistency, or at least the inconsiderateness of human expectation, that men should generally count with so much confidence on the continuance of life from day to day, and from year to year. Not that they need to be taught another *doctrine* on this subject: the observing and thoughtful of all ages, Jew and gentile, Christian and pagan, have but echoed the doctrine taught in the text. "For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." The difficulty does not originate in any serious difference of doctrine; but, as in many other cases, in a slowness to apply the doctrine, each one to his own case.

Some may think that, as the doctrine of chances has been reduced to a science, and applied to human life, helping us to determine the actual "value," as it is called, of a man's life at any given age, it has done something to make life itself less uncertain. But not so. The boasted calculation of probabilities has nothing to do with single events, such as your death, or mine; and even where a large number of events are taken together, it does not help us to determine what events *will happen*, but only the ratio between *the probability* of their happening and *the probability* of their not happening. By means of a large induction from bills of mortality men have arrived at what is called the Law of Mortality; according to which, of one hundred thousand persons supposed to be born at the same time, fifty thousand may be expected to survive the twenty-eighth year. But, according to the same law, it must also be expected that the other fifty thousand included in the original number, will die before reaching

the age last mentioned; and to which of these two fifty thousands this or that individual will belong, no mortal can tell, either as a matter of certainty or probability. Again, of ten thousand persons supposed to have attained the age of twenty-one, the reasonable expectation is, that not more than eighty-three will die in the next year; but who will be included in this eighty-three, and who not, cannot be made out on any ground of reasonable expectation. On this point, — which, as you will observe, is the only one of any importance to individuals, as such, — we are still in just as much darkness as men were before they began to dream about settling mathematically the law of mortality. Or, take what has been called the Hypothetical Law of Mortality, which has been laid down thus: out of eighty-six persons born one dies every year, till all are extinct. According to this computation of human life, one, it is true, out of every eighty-six is supposed to live as many years; but, on the other hand, one is supposed to die the very next year; and who is to be the former, and who the latter, no science can help us to know, or even conjecture.

We come, then, to the conclusion that modern science has done nothing whatever, and can do nothing, to lessen the essential uncertainty which hangs over future events. It is as true now as it was in the days of the Patriarchs, that no man knows "the day of his death." "There is no man that hath power over the spirit, to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of his death; and there is no discharge in that war."

Nevertheless the illusion referred to above is universal, and, as I believe, *incurable*. I doubt whether it would be possible to find a single individual, in the enjoyment of present health, who does not count with confidence, with practical assurance, on one year more, at least. And, as in the case of other illusions which are at once universal and incurable, I believe this is not an accident, or a perversity: I believe it was designed, and wisely so. Under one aspect of our duty, it is doubtless right that we should live as if we were to die tomorrow; but under another, it is equally important that we

should live, as if we expected to continue here for an indefinite period. Except on the last mentioned condition we can hardly have either the motive, or the heart, to begin a course of self-discipline; to set about the cultivation of good dispositions, the formation of good habits, or the correction of bad; or to take that interest in the future of this life which is necessary to the virtue of prudence, or to save us from the vice of recklessness or indifference in our worldly affairs. Illusion though it be, it is well that we should begin, presuming that we shall live long enough to carry out and finish what we begin. A proper sense of our dependence will lead us, of course, to enter upon an undertaking, requiring as much as a year for its accomplishment, with the reserve, "If the Lord will;" still it should be with no practical misgivings lest opportunity should fail.

Thus, as a new year opens upon us, our first thought should not be that we may not live to the end of it, but, What can we do in order to turn it to the best account? What is the value of a year, what can we make a single year to be worth to us? is, then, a fit subject for our reflections at this time.

In considering what a single year may do for us, we are not to content ourselves with calling to mind what the last year *has* done for us, nor yet with surmising what this year *will* probably do for most persons. The question before us is, what the present year *can be made to do* for one who is entirely faithful, and thoroughly in earnest. And to answer this question it is not necessary to resort to theory, or to general reasonings of any kind: we can appeal to facts. If we turn to historical personages—the Cæsars, the Cromwells, the Napoleons—we shall find few of whom it cannot be said, that a single year was sufficient, I do not say to build up their fame, but to lay its foundation, and decide their whole future destiny. So likewise in respect to the saints and great reformers of the church. Character, indeed, meaning thereby confirmed, matured character, is the result of a gradual process; but revolutions in character are seldom gradual. What Luther did in less than a year determined his whole subsequent course, and, to a considerable degree, even that of protestant-

ism itself. Again, if we come down from the high places of influence to the level of ordinary life, where most of us must be content to labor and pass our days, we shall still find that almost every life has its critical periods, and it is our conduct during these critical and comparatively short periods which determines what we are to be. I do not believe it would be easy to find a single individual in any condition of society, who, on looking back over a long life, cannot point to one particular year which determined, in a great measure, the bent of his character and fortunes, for good or for evil. Some step which he then took, some connection which he then formed, some habit which he then began, is clearly seen to cast its light or its shadow over his whole subsequent being.

What makes us slow to believe how much *one* year can do for us, is, our not reflecting that life, with most persons, is not a continual *beginning*, but a continual *unfolding*; a continual unfolding, too, of what began, perhaps, but once: sometimes they can tell the month, or the day, when it began. Take, for example, a good man: he is not continually striking into a new path; he is but following up the path which he struck into long ago. Years are but maturing a form and style of thought and behaviour, to which a single year gave birth. The same is also true of bad men. They do not, certainly they do not as a general rule, deliberately renew their purpose of evil from day to day; but having become entangled with evil, (and it often takes less than a year to entangle them almost hopelessly,) their life henceforth becomes a miserable struggle or servitude to the end. In thus intimating that a man's whole life may, and often in fact does, take its cast and complexion from what he does, or neglects, in a single year, I do not mean that it is always easy, or possible, for the individual himself to see this in prospect, or be convinced of it. Paradoxical as it may seem, cause and effect in the moral world are often separated from each other by long intervals of time. Seed-time and harvest do not come together; neither do they succeed each other immediately: we sow in the spring, and reap in the autumn; *nevertheless, we reap what we sow*. As the Scriptures say: "Be not deceived; God

in not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

And this leads me to observe, that if a single year may be made of so much worth to men in general, the statement is doubly true when applied to the young, for the obvious reason, that theirs is pre-eminently the seed-time of life. *One year* in a young person's experience is of little moment, perhaps, to others, except to the few who are immediately interested in him; it is of little moment to the public, at least directly; but it is of unspeakable moment to himself. He is then laying down his course; he is then tracing, hourly and almost visibly, the great outlines of his future character; he is then beginning to form, or rapidly forming, one after another, the habits of thought, and feeling, and action, of which his subsequent life will be little more than the slow unfolding and maturing. I am aware that a vague opinion is sometimes entertained, that human life may be divided into the part which precedes manhood, and the part which follows, and that the two have no natural and necessary connection with each other; so that the former may be idle, frivolous, profligate, and yet the latter be active, thoughtful, pure. You might just as well divide a stream into two parts, and say that here the rivulet stops, and here the river begins. The rivulet *becomes* the river. The only grain of truth in the error here exposed, considered as a general rule, is, that until a man becomes a *man*, we cannot tell what he will be, because until then his habits do not assume a fixed and determinate shape. Until then his habits are only in process of formation, and on this account are easily liable to modification and change; but precisely for this reason, *because his habits are in process of formation*, every moment is fraught with important and lasting results. After he has become a *man*, that is, after his habits have taken a fixed and determinate shape, it is almost certain what he *will be*, and this, too, in consequence of what he *has been*.

I do not care to maintain the extreme doctrine, advanced

by some, that radical changes *never* take place in an established and mature character ; for I believe that good men are always in danger of falling away, and also, that bad men, under extraordinary influences and with Divine help, are sometimes regenerated even in old age. But the latter especially are exceptional cases ; much more exceptional than is commonly supposed. Even when such changes are thought to take place in mature life, I believe it will generally be found that what pass for radical changes are only seeming, or at best, superficial. A man may give his early years to dissipation and excess, and afterwards become disgusted with the folly ; but disgust with sin is not love of holiness. Such a change may argue an altered temperament, perhaps an altered judgment and taste ; but not necessarily an altered character, certainly not in its radical and constitutive springs. I do not believe it is *often* that the Ethiopian changes his color, or the leopard his spots.

I repeat it, therefore : the value of a year, at least in a moral point of view, is greater to the young, than to the old. With respect to those of us whose characters, whatever they may be, are not only formed, but hardened into a consistency which it is difficult to modify or impress, the probability is that the current year will leave us very nearly where it finds us ; but it is hardly possible that it should pass over a single young man, with its various discipline and temptations acting on a comparatively unformed and impressible nature, without making him materially better, or materially worse.

If the question should now be asked, what is the best thing which another year can do for us, different minds would probably turn to different objects, according to their different natural or acquired tastes or preferences. Some would think of coming into large possessions ; others, of signalizing themselves by some brilliant success ; others, again, by forming some ambitious connection in society. But to all these, and such as these, there are two capital objections : in the first place, they do not depend on ourselves ; and secondly, even if, through a coincidence of events over which we have no control, we should obtain what we desire, it does not follow

that we should be any better, or any happier, than we are now. The best thing which this year can do for us, or rather, the best use to which we can put it, is, to make it the occasion of correcting whatever bad habits we have contracted, and forming good habits in their place. Here we have a work, which, under God, does depend entirely on our own efforts; if successful it cannot fail to make us both better and happier, for it consists in making us better and happier; a single year is also ample space for its accomplishment, at least, for the accomplishment of the only part of it which is difficult; and, to crown all, the correction of bad habits and the formation of good ones will be almost sure to lead to every other good thing.

Let us begin, then, by devoting the new year, in the first place, to the correction of our bad habits. Let no one be offended or alarmed at my thus assuming him to be guilty of bad habits; for I do not restrict the application of this term to *very* bad habits, to habits implying self-abandonment,—habits for which handcuffs and prisons are the appointed restraint, and not moral lectures. I am speaking of bad habits, many of which are consistent, as the world goes, with a respectable standing in society, and even with a love of virtue, and considerable proficiency in virtue. Among these are a querulous disposition, injustice to the principles and character of others, indolence, self-indulgence, occasional excesses, levity or indifference in the treatment of sacred things and in the neglect of sacred duties. Nobody will deny that these, and such as these, often grow into habits, or that they are *bad* habits, obscuring, if not spoiling, characters otherwise of acknowledged worth. Let us begin the new year by resolving that, in respect to us, they shall do it no longer. And oh! if any have sunk still lower, if sin in its darker and more malignant forms has gained dominion over them, — as they feel and know that “whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin,” let them resolve to recover the liberty, the self-respect and the peace which they have lost. A single year is sufficient for the purpose. I do not mean that a bad habit, after having been broken up for a year, never returns; or that longer per-

severance in the reformation will not induce and justify greater public confidence. But, after all, the first step is the difficult step; the spell is broken when the foot is put with a resolute mind on the neck of the vice; and if it is kept there firmly for twelve months, it will be the penitent's own fault, it will mark the decay even of his wish to be free, and the return of a reckless and doomed spirit, if he allows himself to be overpowered again.

But it is not enough that we correct our *bad* habits: a man may have *no* habits, and in that case he will have no proper character, good or bad. A man may have good impulses, but not good principles, for his impulses may act irreflectively; he may also have good impulses and good principles, but not a good character, for his impulses and principles do not become *character*, until they take the consistent and abiding forms of habit. Let us, then, hallow the new year by an earnest endeavour to turn our good wishes and resolutions into habits of life, that they may no longer indicate merely what we *prefer*, but what we *are*. Here, also, a single year is sufficient for the purpose. The habit of generous thought, the habit of self-control, the habit of benevolent activity, the habit of faith, of meek submission and of prayer — let these, and such as these, be persisted in, daily and hourly, for a whole year, and they will become, as it were, a second nature. I do not mean that they will not still need to be watched over and guarded by that perpetual vigilance which is made necessary by temptations without and frailty within; but this I say; the strangeness and awkwardness of the first attempts will be no longer felt, and what was begun under the constraint of duty, will be continued in the joy and freedom of love.

My friends, another year of our probation on earth is past. Its record is made up, and we cannot alter it, if we would. But the record of the year which has just begun, remains to be written, and it will be written in our own deeds. If I can persuade any of you to correct a single bad habit, or to form a single good one, I do you an infinitely better service than if I were to teach you a new language, or a new science. It will be of more benefit to you even in the life which now is;

and as sure as there is a God in heaven, and as sure as He will judge us at the last according to what we are, the day is fast approaching when our habits will be everything to us, and everything else nothing.

The last year will long be memorable for its honored and revered dead. "For, behold, the Lord, the Lord of hosts, doth take away from Jerusalem, and from Judah, the stay and the staff, the mighty man and the man of war, the judge and the prophet, and the prudent and the ancient, the honorable man and the counsellor, and the cunning artificer, and the eloquent orator." Shall such men die, and no man lay it to heart? Or does our whole duty to their memory consist in garnishing their sepulchres? No. "Rend your hearts, and not your garments." Let us be devoutly grateful for the good they have done; let us treasure up the wisdom which they uttered; and, above all, let us meekly follow in their steps, in so far as we believe they were followers of Christ. Then, though it will still be true, as said in the text, that our earthly existence is as a "vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away," it will do so only that this corruptible may put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality, and death itself be swallowed up of life.

THE Word itself calleth me to return to that place of rest where love is not forsaken, if it forsaketh not to love. I behold how some things pass away, that others may replace them, and so this lower universe be completed by all his parts. But Thou dost never depart, O God, my Father supremely good, Beauty of all things beautiful! With Thee will I fix my dwelling, for now I am tired out with vanities. To Thee will I intrust whatsoever I have received from Thee, so shall I lose nothing; and my decay shall bloom again, and all my diseases be healed. Thou madest me for Thyself, and my heart is restless until it repose in Thee.—*St. Augustine.*

ARE THE HEAVENS OPENED ?

Is our Bible a Revelation or only a book of Ethics ? Did Christ teach us only our duty, or did he also unfold our destiny ?

Let us see how this question stands in the light of our higher moral experience. Two things are necessary to make a perfect religion,—a knowledge of moral duties and a knowledge of spiritual truths. We want to know what we shall do and where we are going. Keeping the commandments is one thing; a revelation of heaven is another thing. The young man who came to Jesus inquiring what he “should do to be saved,” said that he had kept the law from his youth up. Still he lacked *one* thing, and was it not the higher element of spiritual truth and life ? He was not living in communion with God. Christianity, claiming to be a complete religion, reiterates the commandments, but it also opens the heavens. It is both a law and a revelation. It tells us both what to do and what to believe, inculcating and comprehending both faith and works. While not many men ever reach so high an actual state as to be perfectly upright in their moral relations, who believes that life has not a further capacity and a higher end ? Who believes that Christianity will not carry the soul into an ideal height and a spiritual beatitude that infinitely transcends all mere moralities of the present world ? How many sainted spirits, not a few of whom we ourselves have known and walked with, who have made us feel while in communion with *us*, they had “their walk and conversation in heaven !” Jesus himself went through the world as we are going through it, but what a divine glory encircled him all the way, hallowing every thought, transfiguring every act, lifting up his whole life and making it spiritual and heavenly !

On one point Christianity is peculiar. It does not put off our immortality into a vague and distant future, but brings it near, even within us. The other world that Christ announces, is here, it is now. If our eyes could be opened we

should see it and know that we were in it, just as we already see this world of matter and know that we are living in it. Day by day we live in the presence of God and his angels. This spiritual life, always opening into the heavens and abiding there, is the revelation of the gospel. It is not merely a future or an everlasting life, not something to come hereafter or beyond the grave, but our own life at this present moment and wherever we are. And this is the perfection of life, life in Christ; to be in vital and immediate relations with heaven while dwelling on earth; to feel in our souls that the two worlds are united, and that the life which we now live in the body is the same that we shall live when the body is laid by forever. The life of duty is imperfect until it is exalted and refined into a life of spiritual communion. There is a higher reach to the soul than keeping the commandments. We are made to do greater things than *that*, to lose ourselves in God. At the baptism of Jesus it is written, that "the heavens were opened," and John "saw the spirit of God descending and lighting upon him." This is pure revelation that supplements all duty and obedience; that part of religion which succeeds the keeping of commandments and affirms the soul's higher experience of communion with "the spirits of the just made perfect." While we try to do what is right and keep ourselves "unspotted from the world," how deeply we long to know what awaits us in the great Beyond! Where are we going? Who does not ask that question as often as he looks *within* and feels the mysteriousness of his nature; or as often as he looks *without* and sees what changes and desolations pass over the face of human society and make every man a stranger in the home of his childhood? Duty is a visible way when, keeping the commandments, we walk by sight, but who does not know by sad and suffering experience that there are many dark and narrow passages in life where we *must* walk by faith? Man is a poor creature if he does not believe and feel and know more than he sees; poor creatures are we all if our visible wealth is the full measure of the riches we hold in our minds and hearts. Have we nothing but these earthly goods, and no treasure in heaven? Is there nothing opened

to us but the book of mortal life, and to find our way and learn our destiny, have we no "sure word of God?" Then what shall keep us from wandering, and losing our way? Then what is there to make our mysterious destiny either certain or plain?

Therefore let us dwell on that part of our religion which is purely revelation; on spiritual truths, not on moral duties. Sometimes we must ask what we shall do, but there are other times when we must ask what we shall believe, or what God has made known. Christ has done more for us than proclaim a law of duty; he has also opened the heavens. I cannot believe that any man is able to deny that he longs for such a word of revelation, to look in on that world to which he is going. What is life there, what are those who have already gone there, what are we ourselves to be when entering upon that untried and invisible scene? Will it not help me to live *here* to know something of the mysterious *hereafter*? I would behold "the pattern in the heavens," and shape my present being after it. Sometimes let us look upward, give ourselves to aspiration and prayer, — perhaps we shall see the heavens opened.

It is the popular saying that life lacks breadth and comprehension and charity; that men are narrow and want wider sympathy and more liberal ideas, which is all true. But do they not also lack height and spirituality? Life is mundane, not heavenly, not divine. Men's thoughts extend over broad intellectual spaces, but they are not in the same proportion exalted and refined. Those of us who live catholic lives with one another, do we live high and holy lives with God? Is not this also a want, that we are not elevated in our thinking, and loving, and working? We toil too much as drudges, from hard necessity, not as masters of our lot, and not from love. To make duty easy and the world bright, we must be above them. To see the glory of man our brother, we must be in communion with God our Father; we must know man's divine parentage. Christ, it is written, "*was lifted up* that he might draw all men to him." We need to feel his attractive power and be also lifted up. We live on a low plane of being,

not where Christ lives and where he invites us to come. How few of us know that there is an abiding mount of Transfiguration forever set up in our world ; a mount of prayer and vision where the heavens are always opened and the prophets of old meet the apostles of to-day ? This certainly is among our chief religious wants, height of being, height of thought and affection. We need, to cheer and sustain and calm us, the knowledge that flows down from the open heavens, the inspiration that is caught from frequent and intimate communion with the "high spirits of eternity."

The first point in our inquiry is a question of fact. Are the heavens opened ? Who knows it and how can we believe it ? Who has ever seen what is related of the Baptism and Transfiguration ? And even if such visions were granted to Jesus and John, can we believe that similar ones may be granted to us ? Can our longing and prayer and aspiration ever rest in the certainty of conscious knowledge ? Who knows or can know such high and wondrous things ? Many a saintly soul, we believe, would be false to his experience of religion, limited as that experience may be, if he did not give positive answers to all these questions. He may have seen but little, and that dimly, but enough to verify the Scripture, and as well as he knows the reality of any unseen and immaterial object of thought or affection, he knows that the heavens are opened and that the Holy Spirit like a dove descends and lights on every beloved son of God. Not that you can see these things with the eye of the senses. Spiritual visions are only granted to the spiritual mind not to the mortal sight, and the open heavens can only be spiritually discerned. But we ask the believer experienced in trial and suffering, if there have not been times when "peace flowed in on him like a river," and he has seen like *that* ? He has seen his duty, or the present wish of a departed parent or child or friend, and more clearly than he ever saw anything in this world by the light of the sun. So there is a clear seeing of the soul when the veil of darkness is over all the earth. So there is a voice when there is a hush on the lips and deep silence in the house. This is the way to look into

the heavens, and when you look like that with the eye of the spirit, you will know that they are opened.

When we first read the Bible, or read it only in the light of common earthly experience, before we have had any sore trial or suffering or loss, before anything has been taken from our firesides or hearts, its greater passages which we call revelations, so unlike all that we yet know of life, strike us with wonder and fill us with doubt. We ask if they are possible, if the hidden things of God can thus be shown to man? That scepticism is natural and perhaps inevitable. But wait a little, and let the years roll by bearing off what is their own, bringing the changes ever nearer, claiming as theirs what we thought was ours, till our hearts feel the need of new comfort and support, and we begin to look within and cry to God, — wait till our dearest companionship is no longer with the living and we must enter the heavens to find the friends who have ceased to walk with us here, — then we shall *know* that they are opened, because we ourselves go in and out through their open portals and keep unbroken our cherished spiritual visitings and communion. Then all the wonder and doubt of things beyond the reach and cognizance of the senses, vanish away, — the open graves and the open heavens, — the regeneration and the resurrection, range themselves in the order of our human experience, and we know that they are true as we know the reality of any emotion of the heart, of any common joy or sorrow. What we go through we know, — what we lose and receive again, we know. When we are troubled and the Comforter gives us peace, there rises a new light on our path and the higher truths and miracles of Revelation seem clear as the day; our deep souls respond to the deeper words of Christ, and we feel by our own witnessing spirit, that his life was a real life, that he saw divine realities himself and laid them open to men. The Christian soul experienced in trial and suffering, that has been sustained and comforted beyond all earthly help or hope, has a right to say "I know." Men are apt to use this confidence when speaking only of their opinions. Sectarians speak thus of their ecclesiastical rituals and doctrines, — philosophers of their speculative theories and methods. But spiritual truths

like the Comforter's advent in the troubled heart, like the conscious Divine presence in the regenerate soul, like the wondrous revealings of heavenly things to heavenly minds, are neither beliefs nor speculations, — if anything they are facts of the spiritual life, what all men can know when once they have gone through them. When sorrow is turned into joy in one's own soul, does he not know it? When a friend has gone out from you and returns in the power of the Spirit, a new and mighty influence from the heavens to guide your earthly steps, do you not know what is the truth and glory of the resurrection? That highest miracle of Christ has come true in the experience of your own heart. So the true Christian soul more than believes. It knows where it is going, that there is a spiritual world, and death is not an eternal sleep. Cicero and the ancient sages had a *hope* of immortality. Men say now with hesitating breath that they *believe* the grand doctrine. But we have ample warrant for a stronger and positive affirmation. At this late era of our religion we ought to be able to use undoubting language. Whoever has felt the new life kindling within him, that he is a new man in Christ Jesus, — is he not already immortal, has not faith passed into sight, is not death swallowed up in victory? Can he not say out of an assured experience, "I know"? Those greatest passages in the life of Jesus, his spiritual triumphs when no arm of flesh brought him aid or gave him strength, how they all get proved as saint after saint grows up to their high moral plane and illustrates anew in suffering and martyrdom their sublime reality! When Stephen was dying he "saw the heavens opened," what the Lord had seen and revealed before; John, in the Apocalypse, says, he was *in the Spirit* on the Lord's day," language that implies and intends an elevation and unsealing of the inward senses till they become cognizant of the scenes and objects of eternity. Later disciples, without number, have repeated these experiences and verified these heavenly revealings of Christ in their own lives till the profoundest mysteries of the gospel have become the clearest facts of human history. Thus the Christian has not only his hopes, his faith that overcomes the world; but he also has, even in his mortal weak-

ness, a foretaste of "the powers of the world to come." To all high Christian experience the answer is most clear and direct, that the "heavens are opened." The saints of all ages answer. In seasons of purest sacrifice and prayer, when we are under the full power of divine love, our own hearts answer. The departing, with their calm, earnest and forward look, answer. They all assure us that the heavens, so silent and mysterious, do yet open to every true prayer we breathe and to every ascending spirit.

Again, the inquiry grows more practical when we ask, for ourselves, how can the heavens be opened *unto us*? To Jesus in his perfect purity such clear vision may have been possible. Sometimes an Apostle may have been permitted to look in on such transcendent scenes as had appeared to his Lord. Perhaps a martyr in his burning agony, to assure his faith, may have caught a glimpse of the cool waters of Paradise already flowing so near him. Perhaps the soul, just ready to spring away, and made all pure by its earthly trial, may see the coming glory and for a moment reflect it back to us. But how shall *we* in our impurities and imperfections know such spiritual truth; how shall our eyes be opened? We may not see clearly or perfectly, for while we walk in the flesh we see only in part, or darkly, as through a glass. But do we not all see enough to make the sublimest visions of the New Testament possible? Could our own best moments last, moments when prayer is a joy and God a very present reality, — why should not *we* also behold the spiritual world as evangelist and saint beheld it in their exalted communion? The Father of spirits is not partial, and we are not exceptions in his universe. Let us climb the heavenly heights, and then we shall also have the far and clear sight that looks in on the heavenly world. Here is the secret of the spiritual vision, in the pure heart. We must look out from sincere and earnest souls and live with God, in order to see Him. If our eyes are holden and we continue to see only in part and darkly, let us not therefore conclude that there is nothing to be seen, that the heavens are forever shut against us. Even our goodness is apt to lack elevation and spiritual refinement. At best we live only on the common level of being and the

grand mounts of spiritual vision seem far away and unapproachable. But let us not rest in any abiding doubt. God has made every soul for the best possible destiny and able to reach after, to discern and attain the most divine things. All our high aspiring and hoping are simple but certain prophecies of the moral heights to which our being may rise. We have faculties never satisfied on earth, but given to wake us up and exalt us into heavenly places. Prayer, aspiration, hope, faith,—how they all look upward and bid us seek the highest good and crave the holiest beatitude! Let affection seek the pure spirits of heaven, not cling always around its earthly objects. In thought and silent communion, go and dwell with them in their immortal abodes. Dwell often apart and let the soul take its own free way. Dwell with God and live those strong desires that seek his blessing and long to behold his face. Too much we linger about the tangible and visible, too little with the unseen but ever-present glories of the upper sphere, where man may always walk with God. Rightly we are urged to “set our affections on things above,” for where they take us there is our real and essential life. Are not these affections always entering in to the open heavens?

So we come back to our one chief need. We want not only breadth but height of being. Our virtue is common not divine. We praise liberality and overlook spirituality. We cling to friends on earth and let go the friends in heaven, because we think the heavens are not opened to the vision of our souls. So also we forget God and live without him in the world. On the contrary our living ought to be continued aspiring, ever rising into new states of being. We ought, as Paul says, “to be renewed day by day.” Even so we ought, day by day in our actual lives to repeat the resurrection. These lives ought to prove true the whole Gospel of Christ. They ought to be a continual working of wonders, a continual revelation of mysteries,—not only a glorifying of the earth but also an opening of the heavens. Therefore let us live not less in duty, but more in aspiration! Let us be children of the Beatitudes, but let us also be children of the Resurrection!

D. C.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

WE propose to continue through another year the article hitherto furnished under the above heading. A large number of the best newspapers and reviews, regularly received from all denominations, will enable us to cull extracts, such as we think will be acceptable to our readers, to the extent of ten or a dozen pages for each number of our magazine.

We find the labor of doing this more welcome through the recent great improvement in the character of the religious press. In the department of newspapers especially, very marked progress has been made during the past year. Men of commanding ability have relinquished the care of important pulpits, to address a hundred fold larger number through the press. Here and there denominational papers are conducted in the old humdrum manner; but into the greater part has been poured a refreshing amount of life, earnestness, enterprise, and scholarship.

We are glad to add, that the temper of the religious press has improved as much as its ability. It breathes a more Catholic and generous tone. Surrounded as we are every week with the kindly and earnest words of Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Congregationalists, we seem to be lifted out of the rut of a sect, to be set, as the Psalmist said, "in a large place," and we rejoice that we find so much to sympathize with among all who love our Lord Jesus Christ. We think we see a spirit working underneath all sects which must ere long break up traditional barriers, and bring them to see eye to eye. What a Church our land might furnish if those who really are one in thought and feeling would stand shoulder to shoulder together! In the presence of such a union, how could the brazen unbeliefs and clamorous sins of our times lift up their heads? To the furtherance of this spirit of Christian love and unity we would give our humble endeavors.

— We take the following from a late number of the New York "Methodist." It shows what vast progress the most active, enterprising, and successful religious organization in our country is making. We should feel that we had no claim to the name of Christian or patriot if we could read these statements without a thrill of satisfaction.

"The Centenary year yielded an increase of members which surprised us all — 102,925; but the present ecclesiastical year shows a gain of 112,579. The gains of the two years amount to 215,504, over twenty-three per cent. on the whole membership of 1865 — hard on to one-fourth of the entire Church membership.

And it is a gratifying fact that the principal increase of the last year has been in 'members in full connection.'

"Every material interest of the Church has advanced, also, during the year, except the missionary cause. The increase of church edifices, for the year, has been 676; of parsonages, 256. Most of these buildings are, doubtless, of a more substantial character than our earlier structures, and have therefore cost more. The returns show an increase of the value of this kind of property amounting to nearly seven millions of dollars, the parsonage property alone being about a million. These are most grateful facts. They show substantial progress, progress that guarantees, eminently, the future. Our regular ministerial force has been re-enforced, meanwhile, by 413 preachers; the local ministry by 333. The local ministry has always been more numerous than the travelling; but the relative gains indicate a change, a fact worthy of reflection by our Church administrators.

"While these inspiring reports come suddenly upon us, the Centenary returns come in with equally surprising significance. They can now be safely estimated at *seven millions!*—the greatest voluntary contribution ever made to religion in one year in the history of Christendom. Yet, this grand contribution, it should be borne in mind, is aside from the stated liberality of our people. The membership of American Methodism shows it to be a main moral force of the age, but its doings show, still more demonstrably, its power and importance.

"We have begun, then, the new century of Methodism, in the right style. Let us be conscious of our great responsibility, as revealed in our resources and power. We should forecast the grandest plans for the country and the world; no American church has more reason to do so. While we devise liberal things, God will continue to give us resources for them, and to break open before us a highway for our career over this land and over the globe."

—The Convention lately held in Philadelphia to bring together the two great bodies of the Presbyterian denomination, was remarkable for the spirit of fraternal affection which seemed to preside over its proceedings, and steps were taken for a basis of union. Here, in New England, we know little of the vast influence of the Presbyterian Church in the middle and southern

States, an influence which will be greatly extended by making up the family quarrel between the Old and New School. We find in the "New York Observer," a full record of the doings of this Convention, and have read with special interest, the account of the exchange of salutations between it and a large body of Episcopal clergymen and laymen in session, at the same time, in Philadelphia. We hope our readers will not deem the following extract too long:—

"The remarkable spiritual interest of the occasion culminated, and the wonderful breaking down of the barriers to Christian and ministerial fellowship between churches, was most strikingly manifested in the scenes of Friday, 'the last day, the great day of the feast.' At an early stage of the meeting, the Convention having been informed that a large body of evangelical clergymen and laymen of the Episcopal Church was in session in the city, deliberating on matters affecting the common interests of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

'RESOLVED, That this Convention send its cordial salutation to our Episcopal brethren now assembled in convention in this city, praying that grace, mercy, and peace, may rest upon them from God, our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.'

"A committee consisting of Rev. Henry B. Smith, D. D., Robert Carter, and Hon. Charles D. Drake, was appointed to bear to the Episcopal brethren the salutations of the Presbyterian Convention. Prof. Smith subsequently reported that the committee had waited upon the assemblage of Episcopal clergymen and laymen, and said: 'The business before them was suspended in order that we might be received. We expressed to them our cordial felicitation and salutation. The address was responded to by the presiding officer, Bishop McIlvaine, in the most cordial terms. I wish all had been there to hear the eulogy pronounced by that estimable man upon the Presbyterian standards, and the sympathy he expressed in the movement for reunion. Mr. Drake also spoke in our behalf, to which responses came from all quarters, and, on motion of Mr. Tyng, a committee was appointed to respond personally to our resolution. On that committee are such men as Bishops McIlvaine, Eastburn, and Johns. After we had performed our duty, the delegates crowded around us and extended

a friendly greeting to us. They all regretted that they had not had the privilege of taking the initiative in this matter.'

"Friday morning was entirely devoted to the reception of the Episcopal delegation. Near the close of the morning prayer-meeting, more than one hundred of the Episcopal clergymen entered the church together, and the Convention rose to receive them. The President called upon the Rev. Dr. Newton, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, to lead in prayer, and gave out the 133d Psalm, which was sung by the whole congregation standing:—

'Behold, how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell!'

"The deputation, consisting of Bishops McIlvaine and Lee, Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., and Hon. Messrs. Conyngham and Brunot, entered and ascending the platform were introduced by Rev. Henry B. Smith, D. D., when the President gave them a cordial greeting.

"Bishop McIlvaine then addressed the Convention saying: 'Dearly beloved Brethren: We reciprocate your prayers on our behalf. Those prayers have been answered, not directly, but more auspiciously than most of us could have anticipated. God has answered them in the spirit of love. The entrance of your deputation was a grateful surprise, and every heart was opened at once. We are here to-day for the purpose of expressing our love and our desires in response. It may seem to you a remarkable indication of Providence when I tell you that when the Episcopal General Convention was assembled in this city in 1856, the matter of promoting co-operation with other churches in measures for the bringing about a better understanding was brought before the House of Bishops. A committee of five was appointed to take advantage of any opportunity that God in His providence might devise in promoting a nearer union. It is remarkable that I am the only surviving member of that committee. The rest have all gone to the blessed union above. I am rejoiced to think it is reserved for me to stand in this place to discharge the duty which I believe to be of the sort contemplated by the House of Bishops. The right hand of fellowship was extended to us yes-

terday in prayer, and now in this manner. I greet you in the name of the House of Bishops, and I greet you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. [Applause.] These are times when, instead of there being a desire to magnify our differences, we should aim to bring about such measures as will unite us in the advancement of the Church of Christ. The foundation which the Church builds upon is a sure one, and we stand here to testify to our common standing on that foundation. Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ. Let us be careful, however, how we build thereon. We live in a most solemn age of the world, and we have serious evils to face; we have to war against infidelity; we have to war against the power which has stood against the Church — a power which at this day has its eyes upon this country and that on the other side of the water. It becomes us, therefore, to unite our endeavors to further every right effort to advance the truth. May God bless us in our endeavors in this great work.'

"The President, then taking Bishop Lee by the hand, introduced him to the Convention, saying: 'The last time that Bishop McIlvaine, Bishop Lee, and I met, we were at the gates of Richmond, asking Jefferson Davis to allow us to enter Richmond and minister to the starving Union soldiers who had been battling for our beloved country. Now that we have one united country, may we not hope that soon we will have one united Church?'

"Bishop Lee said the deputation had come to reciprocate the courteous and Christian greeting that had been extended to their body. He felt, in common with the one who had preceded him, that this interchange of fellowship and Christian love was unprecedented and unexpected. This certainly cannot be attributed to the will or wisdom of man, but to God our Father. As the deputation entered this house, the first words that greeted their ears were those uttered in the prayer that was offered, 'Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father: to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.' We come to acknowledge each other as belonging to this royal priesthood. He felt that it was a privilege to be permitted here to speak of the feelings of love which we entertain for all the family of Christ. He expressed his sympathy with the members of this Convention as members of the household of faith and as engaged in the same

great and blessed work, and we all wish that mutual sympathy may prevail among us. We call to remembrance that the truths of the Reformation have been maintained by your communion. We rejoice that you are preparing to stand unitedly against the powers of darkness. In that great day, when we shall be assembled before the throne of God, how insignificant will appear the differences which have here distracted us as members of the Church. He concluded by thanking the Convention for the warm and fraternal reception which had been given to him and his colleagues.

"Prof. Smith then led in reciting the Apostle's Creed—all present repeating,—after which the hymn,

'Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,'

was sung by the entire assembly with deep emotion.

"Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., and Messrs. Conyngham and Brunot, made brief addresses, when Mr. Stuart replied:—'Right Reverend Fathers, and dearly beloved Brethren, we thank you, in the name of this Convention, for the words of cordial greeting and Christian sympathy which you have been permitted, as the representatives of one of the great religious bodies of this country, to express. Your trials are ours. We have the same battles to fight, we have the same doctrines of Jesus Christ to proclaim to the world, and we rejoice that there are fields in which we can work together.' He then alluded to scenes in which he had labored in connection with Bishop McIlvaine in behalf of dying men on the battle-field and in hospitals and wherever dying men could be found. He did not believe that this honored father was ever engaged in more truly apostolic work than when, as he once saw him, he was preaching Christ, from the saddle, to 1,200 prisoners-of-war; or when, as he saw him on another occasion, he was kneeling on the bar-room floor of the Planters' Hotel at Fredericksburg by the side of a dying Indian, who had served in the army of the Union, pointing him to a crucified Saviour and commending his soul in prayer to God. He depicted other scenes deeply affecting to all present.

"The President then called upon Rev. Charles Hodge, D. D., of Princeton Theological Seminary, who addressed the deputation.

"Dr. Hodge said: 'I am called upon to speak a word of welcome

in behalf of the brethren of the Presbyterian Church, a denomination that is represented by about five thousand ministers, an equal number of churches, and over a million of souls who have been baptized in the name of Jesus Christ. I am for the moment the mouth-piece of this body, and allow me to present to you (addressing the deputation) our cordial and affectionate Christian salutation. We wish to assure you that your names are just as familiar to our people as to your own, and that we appreciate your services in the cause of our common Master as highly as the people of your own denomination. We rejoice with them in all the good that has been accomplished through your instrumentality. I hope this audience will pardon a reference to what might seem personal under any other circumstances than the present. You, Bishop McIlvaine, and Bishop Johns, whom I had hoped to see on this occasion, and I were boys together in Princeton College, fifty odd years ago. Evening after evening have we knelt together in prayer. We were baptized in spirit together in the great revival of 1815, in that institution; we sat together year after year in the same class-room, and we were instructed by the same venerable theological teachers. You have gone your way and I mine, but I will venture to say, in the presence of this audience, that I do not believe that in all that time you have preached any one sermon which I would not have rejoiced to have delivered. I feel the same confidence in saying that I never preached a sermon which you would not have fully and cordially endorsed. Here we now stand gray-headed, side by side, after more than fifty years, the representatives of these two great bodies, feeling for each other the same intimate and cordial love, looking not backwards, not downwards at the grave at our very feet, but onward to the coming glory. Brethren, pardon these personal allusions, but is there not something that may be regarded as symbolical on this occasion? Sir, were not your Church and ours rocked in the same cradle? Have they not passed through the same Red Sea of trial? Did we not receive the same baptism of the Spirit? Do they not bear the same testimony to Christ and the Apostles? What difference is there between the thirty-nine articles and our Confession, greater than the difference between the different parts of one great cathedral anthem that arises to the skies? Does it not seem to you that these great Churches are coming together? We stand here to declare

to the whole world, that we are one in faith, one in baptism, one in hope, and one in allegiance to your Lord and our Lord.'

"During the delivery of Dr. Hodge's address, tears were falling from almost every eye, and it would be impossible, with the pen, to convey any adequate impression of the solemnity of the scene."

— The Rev. Dr. Sears, the late President of Brown University, has made his residence in Staunton, Virginia, devoting himself in future to the duties of Agent of the committee of the Peabody Fund for education at the South. He has sent one or two letters to the Baptist paper of Boston, "The Watchman and Reflector," giving some account of his new home. We quote the following, premising that by "liberal Christianity," to which the courteous ex-president refers, he probably means that mixture of half-beliefs and no beliefs that sometimes goes by this name, and in this sense of the phrase we can join in the good Doctor's felicitations.

"Staunton is in the middle of the Great Valley of Virginia, (which reaches in fact, from North Carolina to the Hudson River,) and is in the upper or southern part of the Valley of the Shenandoah, which extends from this place to Winchester, a distance of about ninety miles. A richer and more pleasant valley is nowhere to be found. From my windows and portico I can look down upon cornfields where the stalks are still standing on which the ears of corn were five feet from the ground, and where, in summer, a man on horseback could ride and be concealed. Meadows, orchards and vineyards beautify the scene near by, while the widening valley, round, sloping hills, and blue mountain ranges give a charm to the more distant view.

"Staunton, which has a population of about 4,600, is not far from a hundred years old. It stands at the point where the great buffalo train crossed the valley. It is in the vicinity of the most celebrated of the Virginia springs — the White Sulphur, the Red Sulphur and the Sweet Sulphur. All these healing waters are among the hills which lie between the two great mountain ranges.

"The population of this elevated valley (about 1500 feet above the level of the sea,) and of this mountain district, which is eighty or ninety miles wide, resembles, in many respects, that of New England. The colored population is only about one-fifth or one-sixth of the whole.

"The people have much of the industry and enterprise of the North, and of the hospitable and social feeling of the South. Evangelical religion is predominant. Skepticism and "liberal Christianity" are hardly known. The Episcopal clergy are low church in their views, and evangelical in their preaching and practice. They seem not to have fallen upon the device of sanctifying refined worldliness and wickedness by outward observances and shows.

"The preaching of all the denominations here appears to me more simple, direct, earnest and practical than what I have been accustomed to hear in New England. It is less apologetic and less polished, but more racy and pungent. I have heard Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist preachers, and this remark applies to them all.

"The services of the colored people are novel and interesting. The most original and effective prayer I have ever heard was one made by a young man in the colored church yesterday. Clear and strong conceptions, simple, childlike feeling, earnestness, affectionate familiarity and unfaltering faith were its leading characteristics."

— A writer in the "Advance," under the title CHRIST'S OTHER SHEEP, has the following excellent words :—

"There is a delusion which sometimes misleads even very good orthodox Christians, that, by reason of some peculiar feature in their faith or order, God thinks more highly of them than of the rest of his flock. This boast is not commonly made in public; but in the assemblies where people of the same mind meet for confidential talk over the interests of their sect, the idea is nursed and petted like a spoiled child. Take, for example, our National Council at Boston; we can remember how, in addition to the grand designs which were there conceived and entered on, there cropped out, now and then, the idea that the Congregational Church order was like Joseph's sheaf, before which the sheaves of our brethren of other sects should make obeisance. And especially in America, was our polity destined to pre-eminence, because in it and by it came our republican form of government. The kingdom of Christ is, in fact, a republic, and because of our republican form of church government, Christ will give us this land to possess it.

"I found the same thing in a small scale the other day at an Association of Baptists.

"A good brother was relating his experience. 'I used,' said he, 'to be a Congregationalist, but I got troubled on the subject of Baptism, and at last joined the Baptist Church.' At this point an audible chuckle ran round the circle of good Baptist ministers, saying plainly, 'You're right, brother; everybody ought to be troubled that same way if he is anything but a Baptist;' and along with the chuckle there was the tone of prophecy that, sooner or later, everybody would be troubled that way, and with the same result at last. And so there would be one fold, and one shepherd, and that a Baptist one.

"A whole year's celebration of the Centenary of Methodism is a notable example of the same delusion. See how big the Methodist Church has grown in a hundred years! It has outstripped all its elder brothers and sisters on this continent; and, on the strength of this splendid fact, there comes the prophecy, that in another hundred years, this will be a Methodist nation. The M. E. Church is the favorite younger brother, to whom, instead of the elder, the inheritance of power and glory is to be given; and, taking time by the forelock, it already calls itself the National Church, and puts forth Methodist tickets at elections.

"Who are these dignitaries in goodly vestments, mourning together over the fragments of a canon, broken all to pieces by Brother Tyng?

"These are they who believe God has but one Church on earth, of whose rules they are the regular expounders, and of whose doors they bear the Episcopal keys.

"And, the other day, in company with a couple of worthy Presbyters, it was broadly hinted that 'the *general assembly* and church of the first-born' was nothing less than a company of glorified Presbyterians; and so, said they, you will all come to us at last.

"It is but natural that a man should think more highly of his own children and his own creed than of those which are less a part of himself, but it savors of vanity for him to say that God agrees with him in his estimates of the relative value and beauty of people and things.

"Doubtless God has given to every one of the children of his providence, the Christian sects, some particular feature more beau

tiful than to the others, and the same is true of the marks of his favor which he shows them for their work. He does not bestow on one a *togam versicolorum*, but he fits out every one with a coat of a color that best becomes him. Religion of all things is that in which men ought to be generous, but a miser does not hold on to his money with a firmer grip than the bigot to the peculiarities of his worship. Jesus Christ hated exclusiveness. Who ever thinks of Christ as a Jew? He was not described by the inscription on his cross. While he was an Israelite, he was so much more besides, that we never think of that. He was of the house and lineage of David, but his life was so much more royal than his blood, that nobody cares whether his blood was royal or no. They are small men who can be described by the name of their sect."

— The well known story of Palissy the Potter is thus told in an exchange paper : —

"There is a most memorable instance, illustrating both the weakness of yielding and the nobleness of holding fast to one's convictions, in the visit of Henry III., of France, to Bernard de Palissy in the dungeons of the Bastile. The king desired to give the celebrated potter his liberty, asking, as the price of his pardon, the easy condition of giving up his Protestant faith. "My worthy friend," said the monarch, "you have now been forty-five years in the service of my mother and myself; we have suffered you to retain your religion amidst fire and slaughter. I am now so pressed by the Guises and my people that I find myself compelled to deliver you into the hands of your enemies, and to-morrow you will be burnt unless you are converted." "Sire," answered the old man, "I am ready to give up the remainder of my life for the honor of God. You have told me several times that you pity me, and now in turn I pity you, who use the words, "I am compelled." It was not spoken like a king, sire; and they are words which neither you, nor the Guises, nor the people shall ever make me utter. Sire, I can die." By continually yielding, the monarch had become a slave; by continually acting up to his convictions, the potter had become more than a king."

— "The Radical" continues to publish once a month what is regarded by its friends as the freshest and freest religious thought. In a late number we find a series of short extracts from its prominent writers. One says, "I do not believe in the supernatural

Lordship of Jesus Christ, nor of any other man." Another writes. "The radical movement is not a 'Christian' one, in the common meaning of that word, although in its best meaning I believe it is eminently Christian. We profess no special discipleship to Jesus." A third expounder holds that, "The moment we take the name of Jesus, or any other human name, as a basis of union, from that moment the freedom of expression is gone." A fourth declares, "I ape no more the brute vernacular of the world, nor ask that to instruct my soul what it shall say. The genius of the living Whole is within us, it is ours, and the essence itself of our spiritual being." The Editor says, we have here "a remarkable statement of the liberal and radical religious belief of America." It certainly is remarkable.

Had the Beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount been conceived in this spirit, they would read, as we judge, in some such way as the following :

Blessed are the self-reliant, for they shall always be sufficient for themselves. Blessed are those who feel themselves to be rich in spirit, for they shall abound. Blessed are they who need no guide, for their feet shall never stumble on the dark mountains.

The respected minister of the First Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, is claimed by these writers as one of their special friends. We will quote three stanzas of a well-known hymn by Rev. Dr. Furness :

Feeble, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

Blessed Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim
Let me ever lean on Him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

We believe these simple, confiding lines have drawn more hearts to their author than all his speculations about the miracles. Men everywhere instinctively feel that religion begins in a deep sense of need; and rather than accept the opinion of these writers that we have no light and wisdom, and pardon and peace offered to us in the Redeemer, we would prefer, as Wordsworth

said, to be suckled in a pagan creed, for that would give us something out of ourselves to look up to, and lean upon.

— Under the head of “Methodism and Unitarianism,” the New York “Evangelist,” has the following paragraph:—

“Assuredly Methodism has a soul-stirring and marvellous history. The last century has witnessed a phenomenon in the religious world, surpassed, if at all, only by the revolutions of the Apostolic Age or the Great Reformation of the sixteenth century. Unitarianism was in germ in Boston when the first Methodist chapel in this country was built. It has completed its century also, with all the aid to be derived from social and educational resources, including the absolute control of the oldest literary institution in New England. Its pioneers, Mayhew and Chauncy, etc., would have scorned as contemptible the influence that was to be exerted by a feeble band, trained, in Wesley’s School, to sing and pray. And yet what is the result to-day? The Methodist Church has covered the country. Unitarianism has more than half its strength, and three-fourths of all its wealth and respectability, in the small Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Methodism has well nigh 10,000 preachers, scattered over the land, and gives no signs of exhaustion yet. Unitarianism boasts some 350 ministers all told. Surely here is a problem that invites solution.”

— A Philadelphia correspondent of the Boston “Universalist,” writing of “bad funeral customs” in the former city, has the following paragraphs suited to our own latitude:—

“It used to be the practice in Philadelphia, to have the ordinary religious exercises, at funerals, performed in the open air, at the place of burial. Standing at the open grave-side, with the relatives and friends of the deceased gathered around it, the clergyman made his address, and offered his prayers.

“On some accounts this practice seemed very appropriate. Nowhere, except perhaps in the regular temple of worship (which I regard as far the most proper place of all), can such services be rendered as impressive as in the cemetery surrounded by the tokens and monuments of the departed. But the great and fatal objection to this custom was, the frequent encountering of stormy weather, or being compelled to stand for some time on ground saturated with water, or covered with snow.

“So we have been gradually changing our practice in this respect, and now, for the most part, the religious exercises at funer-

als are conducted at the private residences of the deceased. A still greater difficulty, however, is encountered here. In private houses, most of which are small, with cramped chambers and narrow passages, the relatives of the deceased — ‘the mourners’ — are seated in a remote upper room, while the great body of attendants throng the house below. Then, in order for the clergyman to be heard by all, as far as possible, he is usually placed in the centre of a narrow, crooked stairway, where he can barely catch a glimpse of a few forms in the passageways above and below, in darkness so great that he can hardly read the lesson, and left to speak, not to people, but to a naked wall some few feet distant! And of all the uncomfortable positions that a clergyman can be placed in, I regard this as the worst. If the people whom he is called upon to address, were plainly before him, where he could look into their faces, and not only read the expression of their feelings, but enable them to read his, that would seem to answer. But to look simply at the face of a wall, and try to talk to people who are somewhere in the house, but utterly hidden from sight, — it is an abomination to put a minister in such a situation!

“People ought to know better than to make such arrangements, and if they do not, I should hardly blame a minister for refusing to speak under such circumstances.

“By far the better plan, is to go into the house of worship, where all the attendants can be comfortably seated, and where the clergyman can speak to them face to face. It surprises me that this is not the prevailing custom everywhere.”

— A recent number of the “London Quarterly,” gives an article on “The Church and her Curates.” It proves that in England, as well as in this country, the number of candidates for the ministry is continually decreasing. The great ecclesiastical prizes held out by the establishment has not prevented this. It is stated that from 1854 to 1864, there was an average decrease of 65 per annum. And the quality is at the same time deteriorating, if the standard of education is any index of quality. For the decrease in candidates from the two universities during the same period was at the rate of 80 per annum, or nearly 25 per cent in excess of the total decrease. Within the last twenty years this class of highly educated candidates has fallen from 510 to 298 — a decrease of more than 40 per cent.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED
AND SIXTY-EIGHT.

THE preparation for it has been made in months of not a little political and commercial anxiety, but we believe that the openings and the issues of the twelvemonth will be proportionately satisfactory. At the risk of being pointed at by and by as false prophets of fair weather, we shall venture to predict an era of common sense and common honesty in public affairs. We hold it to be beyond our legitimate province as editors of a religious magazine to try to aid, one way or another, in the abundantly if not well followed business of President-making; but this we may write, that in our judgment the people are beginning to recover from the delirium of politics, and are giving their attention to the serious and most needful business of practical legislation. We are the people and we mean to ask about the candidate, not merely "Is he sound, or supposed to be sound, as to his Republicanism or his Teetotalism or his Eight Hourism, but is he a well-educated, sensible, honest man, a man who can say, No! and vote No!,— who has something in view besides his own re-election, and can afford to neglect the clamor or resist the prejudices of his constituents?" There is to be less riding of hobbies at the expense of hard-working people. We mean to get back as soon as it can be done prudently to some "very hard cash," before everybody in these United States shall have paid his debts in a depreciated currency, or made what looks like a fortune by trading in what, with a certain grim humor, are called "securities." If any of our "Hon. Jabesh Windbags" have any speeches yet unmade it will be well for them to make them at their earliest convenience, for their time is short. Some of our politicians remind us of certain foolish parents who have taken a stand, as they call it, with a child about some trifle, or otherwise, and are trying to see whether of the two will be the more obstinate, the older unwise party, or the younger unwise party. What the child really needed was to be interested in something else, not merely to be told to do the thing insisted upon, but to be brought into a condition which would make

the doing a thing of course. Things have been so bad that they begin to be hopeful. When the proposition to pay the public creditor in paper begins to be seriously discussed, the people are not far from coming to their senses as to the relations of paper to coin. We have seen gravely argued in a very prominent *religious* journal that the only real dollar is the paper dollar. The day for such nonsense is gone by. The depreciation of values is what every one should have expected, and in a multitude of cases it will tell only upon accumulations and reserves, whilst all will feel the benefits of returning health.

And what shall we say of matters which lie more directly within our province? — what of churches, and charities, and missions, what of Christian culture in homes and schools? We predict that in these highest and best things the year will be marked by a deepening interest. The recognized sanctities of the world are undergoing a pretty severe ordeal, but the fire will burn up only wood, hay, stubble, rubbish of one kind and another, — ecclesiastical rubbish which always accumulates so fast in the world, as the tares spring up most abundantly in good ground. Let us understand, once for all, that Christianity has nothing to fear from the most searching scrutiny, or from the sharpest challenges. In all ages the established forms and methods must prepare themselves for the refiner's fire and for the fuller's soap. Did Christianity suffer any because in the days that are gone, Erasmus, Hutton, Reuchlin, Rabelais, Lindsay, and Buchanan, unearthed and exposed to ridicule swarms of lazy, ignorant, sensual and worse than useless monks, and asked of Church dignitaries some real work upon penalty of cutting down, or even stopping their wages? We have a better Christianity for all that, and if the work had not come to an end too soon we should not have the Italy and Spain, or the South America of to-day. There are a great many ecclesiastical persons still who need looking after. The life which, saith Saint John, was manifest, is manifest still. At first thought proposed changes startle and alarm, and we think that some essential point is threatened, but soon we are surprised to find that the truth has gained immeasurably by the change. One and another "gushing" radical has been proclaiming very confidently in these last years that Historical Christianity is hopelessly damaged in its evidences, but after all has been said that can be said on that side, turned about and marshalled, hashed and rehashed in Westminster Reviews, and the like, — the opinion steadily gains ground that the Gospels were

written, by the men whose names they bear. Explorations amongst old manuscripts yield results not looked for by deniers favorable to old convictions, as well as to new assertions, as Tischendorf has abundantly demonstrated. The rationalist works out and round at last to the admission of the reasonableness of the old faith in the incarnation, and having found "Two Religions" in the New Testament, may see what the Church has taught, in the beginning upon the pages of this very New Testament and in all its Creeds concerning the manifestation of the Christ, that the two agree in One, that our very human nature was indeed, and is indeed, pervaded and possessed and redeemed of God. Denial has done its work in delivering Christianity from a paralyzed literalism, and an unmeaning dogmatism. Many a "Christian in good standing" may well thank those who were once called Transcendentalists for putting, though a little bluntly, the questions, — What then is Christ to you? Why should you press these ordinances upon others? Why would you have me say Lord, Lord?

Two things in the future seem to us very near and very plain. The world which has been called Christian, will not care to hear those who are not mastered by the old faiths as they are found in Christ and his disciples. Discussions about Christianity, much less questionings of Christianity, are not to occupy us long. If any can keep and increase their Christian Faith, and be led by the Spirit of Christ into Truth they will be heard; on the other hand whilst, amongst bodies called conservative, the liberal teachers, preachers, writers will have the great constituencies. Free religious assemblies here, ritualism and other reactions there may seem to be exceptions to this statement; we believe that they will be found so only in appearance, and that when they are no longer novelties the crowds that are attracted by free thinkers, or by vestments and candles, &c., will melt away. The heart of humanity in this nineteenth century cannot be held by doubts or opinions, or fed with any intoned psalms, or soothed with the breath of incense. For the hour the rationalist may fill his hall, and the ritualist his church; but the fashions of our religious times will yield sooner or later to the seamless and imperishable robe of Christ. But why write about the future, when now, in this very present time, we find Christianity everywhere, and far more of it than at the beginning of the century. In the reign of George the Third the celebrated jurist Blackstone went through the

London churches to hear the preachers — none of them he writes preached anything beyond Confucius, Cicero, or Mohammed. What a different state of things would he find now! — amongst all parties, Romanists, Ritualists, Independents, Unitarians, Rationalists, yes Secularists, for many persons are Christians who stoutly and even bitterly declare that they are not. Everywhere he would find a fresh interest in the Story of Christ, he would hear of new Lives of Christ from one and another student of the Gospels; he would hear of missions to the degraded and unfortunate, and neglected of every name, and if he found, as he would, a fearfully wicked city, filled with the selfish rich, and with the jealous and embittered poor, resounding with the clamor of foolish agitators and with the just complaints of the almost hopelessly wretched, he would still say, the Power that is to redeem, the Love that never faileth and can never be conquered is here; and Christianity, laying aside every weight, and strong, even in the midst of human infirmities, shall yet prevail. Have we not gained something in exchanging Tennyson, Whittier, Arnold, for Pope and Dryden, even though we must have Swinburn still? The openings of the New Time are hopeful. Be of good cheer. The wish that the year may be happy is not idle. E.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

S. D. ROBBINS.

WE turn not backward for the star,
That smiled on Judah's plain,
And told the shepherds from afar,
The Christ had come to reign.
No angel harps ring on the air,
No anthem cheers the earth,
We ask no voices to declare
To us the Saviour's birth;
For in our hearts are beaming bright
The tokens of his sway,
And on our lives his holy light
Shines to the perfect day.
No shadow on the dial tells
His blessed Advent time
The living Christ within us dwells,
Each hour, his Christmas Chime.

GIFTS AND GIVING.

It is a little too late for a word upon this subject, for the Christmas and New Year's presents will all have been bought and bestowed before these lines see the light ; but the reader can lay up the hints against the time when another year shall come round. Like most things now-a-days, perhaps in all days, the thing is overdone, and what might be a great satisfaction and a real blessing, often becomes weariness to the flesh and vexation of spirit. Who wishes, even in these days of a depreciated currency, to go into a barter trade? Who wishes, when the marriage day is fixed, to have his house furnished, or to furnish the houses of others by presents? "How annoying," said one to us this very day, "when you have made a present, to have it, as it were, turned back upon you before the day is well over, as if the receiver had dreaded incurring any obligation. In this also, the Let us try in this thing also to come to the realities. There are sign comes into the place and the honor of the thing signified. circumstances in which there may be very large giving. Why should not love express itself, though in the costliest ointment, and even whilst the poor are at hand! The wise and loving Providence does not turn all the flowers into blossoms of wheat. There are circumstances also in which a very little must express a great deal. Sometimes it is one's duty not to meet but to disappoint expectation. Let us not get entangled in a mere fashion of giving. Let our love and service and confidence be so manifest that we can afford, if need be, to stint the usual tokens. What we want is not to copy others, but to enter into the truth of their life and the sweetness of their spirit ; then even when they give much and we give little, we shall not disappoint their great kindness by bowing down under their gifts as under a heavy burden, or persecute them with our thanks, as if it were not more blessed to give than to receive. Giving is indeed blessed when, as is so often the case, it is prompted by a large and loving soul, and it ought to be met with corresponding nobleness. "Will you go up and look at the presents?" Yes, could I see those that were free gifts, those that were not extorted by a fashion almost as truculently imperative as the highwayman with his pistol at your head! I do not care to see here what A and B felt compelled to bestow. I can look at silver ware and bronzes more at my ease in Crosby's silver room or at the gleaming corner of the Bigelow Brothers. Let those who control the fashion

break the fashion of *giving simply as a fashion!* We should have a vast deal even then of giving — princely outpourings sometimes, the widow's all sometimes, still the inward controlling the outward, and the abundance of the heart fitly expressing itself whether in the greatest or the least!

E.

CHRISTMAS A HOLY DAY.

WE want to make it, as it comes again to be observed in our New England, more than an old holiday revived, — more than a time for closing the shops and the banks and the schools, whilst we only pretend to open the churches, — more than an anticipation of the New Year in our sending about gifts. “Santa Claus” is very well, but we want something besides. Evergreens in the churches are very sweet and pleasant to the eye, — “the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together beautify the place” of many a sanctuary which for the most part looks very desolate; but we want to get deeper down; we want to get a Christian year instead of a mere secular year, — a year of the Lord instead of a year to be devoted only to commerce, or labor, or merely intellectual pursuits. We trust that this reviving Christmas is something more and better than a reaction from Puritanism, or a fashion of æsthetic piety, or a last resort of a failing religious interest. We hope it means a mind and heart turned more than ever towards Christ as he is seen in history, and as he is brought near in his church. We hope it means that religion is to be more, and not, as some predict, less distinctively Christian, — that the everlasting Gospel is about to be reproclaimed from a deeper sense of its reality and its capacity to meet man's deepest wants.

If Christmas means this, it will be blessed to have revived it; otherwise better repeat the record of the stern old New England Puritan for the first New England Christmas, “We all wrought on that day.”

There is nothing more dreary and mischievous than a misused holy day, — a day when all the shops are closed save those where nothing that will do one any good can be bought; and the jails are as full by evening as the churches were empty in the morning.

How dead, and worse, is the body without the spirit! Let us have Christ in our hearts, and Christmas will enrich and gladden young and old!

E.

Christmas Eve.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Nathan the Wise. A Dramatic Poem. By GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING. Translated by ELLEN FROTHINGHAM. Preceded by a brief account of the poet and his works, and followed by an Essay on the Poem by Kuno Fischer. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.

Poor Lessing, as one learns from "Stahr's Life," and even from the slight sketch by Mr. Holt, in this volume, "received evil things" in his life-time. Is it too fanciful to reckon amongst his compensations a better appreciation of his genius now that he is gone? Doubtless it would have comforted him not a little in his struggles and sorrows to know that this master-piece would one day be put into the well-chosen English words of this admirable translation. We say "translation," although of its special merit as a rendering of the German, we have had no opportunity to judge; but of the book as it lies here in our mother tongue, we are sure that it will give to the reader the purest and most profitable pleasure, and will abundantly reward a careful study in the directions which are indicated by Fischer's Essay. Moreover, we are confident that the German student will find it to be a reproduction of the original in English, — not a mere substitution of English words for German. It flows on smoothly, and carries us with it, and is one of the few books that will be read through at one sitting, or at the most, two. The Poem has been by some praised, by others blamed as a plea for toleration; but it illustrates something far better than that. It witnesses for the great truth that "God in the world" means everywhere and in all ages; Love in the world, and in these Christian ages, the utmost and absolute Love; By this, the everlasting religion, the religion which is Emmanuel, God with us, is to be known.

" A magic power in the true ring resides,
As I am told, to make its wearer loved,
Pleasing to God and man. Let that decide,
For in the false can no such virtue lie,
Which among you, then, do two love best? "

The Gospel is not in word but in power. It need fear no antagonism with Humanity or with Reason, for Christ is Humanity,

as it dwells in God's bosom, as it suffers and reigns in God's Son ; it is Reason, the Thought which is before all worlds, and which in the life of Christ and of Christendom passes into History, not to destroy but to fulfil, incapable of bigotry because so all-comprehending and universal ; — but we are travelling beyond our record, and must break off to add that the outward form in which the poem comes is all that could be desired. E.

Golden Truths. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Boston : Lee & Shepard. 1868.

The compiler's work has been well done, and we have another of these books for daily use in fragments of time, which help us to gather up these fragments and redeem them unto holy uses. The volume is arranged under the heads, "The Inner Life," "Trials by the Way," "Work for Christ," "The Unfailing Friend," "The Heavenly Home." E.

Opportunity, by the author of "Emily Chester," is a clever novel of its class. But it belongs to the poorer class. It has no historical richness, no remarkable dramatic power, none of the keen insight which belong to genius. It is a story of love that never runs smooth, and ends in getting the wrong people matched and married, after a great deal of manœuvring and flirting among "elegant and striking young men," and fashionable young women, — with one exception rather shallow ones. But the story never flags, the characters will interest you, and you will carry away this lesson from the book, "Always to strike when the iron is hot, at the peril of life-long suffering and disappointment." Published by Ticknor & Fields. S.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS have issued in their charming Diamond edition of Dickens's Works — "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Great Expectations."

PAMPHLETS.

Teetotalism as a rule of duty unknown to the Bible and condemned by Christian ethics. By D. R. THOMPSON, with a Commendatory Letter by Howard Crosby, D.D. New York : Richardson & Co.

Corporal Punishment in the public schools, addressed to the citizens of Cambridge. By MORRILL WYMAN, M. D. John Wilson & Son.

The Helping Hand Series. Billy Grimes' Favorite; or, Johnny Greenleaf's Talent. By MAY MANNERING. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.

A pleasantly written and instructive story. We must call attention to the defective possessive case which follows from the title-page on "Grimes' Favorite" says the writer; it should be Grimes's.

Princess Ilse; A Story of the Harz Mountain. By L. VON PLOENNIES. Translated from the Twenty-Fourth German Edition by an American Lady. With an Introduction by John L. Lincoln, Professor in Brown University. Illustrated Edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington Street. 1867.

Read in the spirit, and not according to the letter, these fair pages teach many beautiful lessons which have not suffered in the transfer from the German into the English tongue, and the publishers have made of the *Princess Ilse* a very attractive gift-book.

E.

The Layman's Breviary. From the German of Leopoldt Schefer. By C. T. BROOKS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

If any are seeking for a book to feed upon in quiet hours, not with the voracious appetite that seizes the last novel, but with the more moderate craving that needs to be kept along with delicate portions, let him possess himself of this Breviary, which, though it came originally from a layman, and is designed for laymen, has yet reached us by the hands of a sincere and faithful priest, and will be good for priests as well as for laymen. It is full of meat and full of the sweetness that comes forth from strength, good during the Christmas season, and good when the season is over.

E.

Every Saturday continues to be published by Ticknor & Fields, made up of choice extracts from the best foreign magazines, comprising a great variety of matter, serial tales, short stories, essays, biographies, sketches of travel and adventure, literary intelligence, and popular papers on science. These are furnished in cheap form for popular reading. A brilliant serial story entitled "Foul Play" by CHARLES READE and DION BOSCAULT, is announced for 1868.

S.

Prayers from Plymouth Pulpit. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Phonographically reported. New York: Charles Scribner & Company, 654 Broadway. 1867.

At first thought there is something very unpleasant in a report of prayers. "Pray slow!" said a reporter to a friend of ours. One does not like to think of the phonographer plying his pencil whilst the congregation, by the lips of the minister, are praying their common prayer. And yet if we are to have a real Liturgy how can it come in any other way? Sit down to compose praises, confessions, petitions, intercessions, and you are not in the spirit that prays. But, whatever we may think of the ways and means, the book that has come forth is full of spiritual wealth, a genuine manual of devotion, not for mere recluses and devotees but for men and women who are trying to serve God in his world. Any who may have sneered at Mr. Beecher's Church as "the Brooklyn Playhouse" will do well to read this volume. E.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS have issued an Almanac so magnificent that Robert B. Thomas of the year 1793 must look to his laurels. It contains everything that one would naturally seek in an Annual of this kind, and a vast deal more, and, like the predecessor of the whole tribe, whilst it "is fitted for Boston, it will answer for all New England." E.

MESSRS. CHAS. SCRIBNER & Co., have published an admirable descriptive catalogue of their publications, which will be sent to any address upon application.

On Both Sides of the Sea. A story of the Commonwealth, and the Restoration. A sequel to "The Draytons and the Davenants." By the author of the "Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family." New York: M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway. 1867.

The story is told of England's great Age of Faith, an age from whose heights she presently fell away, not to reach them again, except after great tribulation. The writer gives us very life-like pictures of that eventful time, and we can confidently commend this last book of the well and widely known author, as not only "good," but as generally attractive and not to be easily laid down. Our young people will be brought, as they shall read its pages, into an atmosphere charged with the most invigorating elements, and will breathe in the breath of a higher life. E.

Friendships of Women. By WILLIAM RONSEVILLE ALGER. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1868.

Mr. Alger has brought together in this volume an abundance of interesting material, as might have been expected from a scholar so laborious and so ready, and the tone of his thought is elevated and catholic. We believe that those who have criticized the English of the former books of this favorite author will find but little to complain of in this. The only paragraph which has provoked in us any antagonism, is the one that deals so gently with Goethe, whose relations with women were heartless and abominable beyond redemption by any sentimentalism. What sort of person did this demi-god close his days with? It is high time that the sins of the gifted were called by their right names, and if Culture is to be the new Religion, the sooner this is done the better. We are satisfied that only a misdirected charity would lead Mr. Alger to excuse, or to seem to excuse the great German poet, and the lectures in their whole scope and drift are protests against the sort of life, out of which Goethe seldom rose.

E.

Lee & Shepard publish *Jack at all Trades*, *Alexis the Runaway*, and *Tommy Hickup, or a Pair of Black Eyes*, stories by MRS. ROSA ABBOT PARKER, to be completed in six volumes, of which we have here the first three of the series. They are not distinctively religious, but written with an excellent moral tone and purpose with lively dashes of humor and with quick insight into the child-nature, and especially into boy-nature. Tommy Hickup is a wonderful hero, and the strange fortunes of Alexis the Runaway, are followed with lively interest. The brisk narrative style of the writer is very taking with the little people.

From the same publishers we receive Dickens's *American Notes, for general Circulation*, reprinted by T. B. Peterson and brothers. It is issued in pamphlet form, in clear type, and offers an excellent opportunity to those who have never embraced it before, of becoming acquainted with the book of travels which created at its first publication unwonted sensation with the American public.

S.

Claudia, by AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dave," etc., is a novel published by Lee & Shepaerd, which we receive just as we are going to press, — a neat volume of 280 pages, which we shall notice again.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The publishers have been mindful of the wants of the little folks, and we trust that the presents they will receive will minister to the cravings of the mind, and feed and stimulate the moral and spiritual nature.

Gould & Lincoln publish four volumes uniformly bound, neatly packed in paper boxes, under the name of "Home Twilight Stories," — that is stories for parents to read to the children during the long winter evenings. The volumes bear the following titles: 1, *Much Ado about Nothing*; 2, *Briery Wood*; 3, *The Hero Without Courage*; 4, *The Young Fortune Seekers*.

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S.


Jacques Bonneval; or, *The Days of the Dragonnades*, by the author of "Mary Powell," is a story of the persecution of the French Huguenots towards the close of the seventeenth century. It depicts, after the style and method in which the writer is specially gifted, the miseries brought upon private and domestic life by public calamities, drawing the curtain aside from the sanctities of the family altar and hearth. The pictures of heroism, suffering, and endurance are true to history, and drawn with graphic power. M. W. Dodd, New York.

S.

The Christmas Game of Dickens, for old and young. By ONE OF HIS ADMIRERS. J. M. Whittemore & Co., 114 Washington Street, Boston.

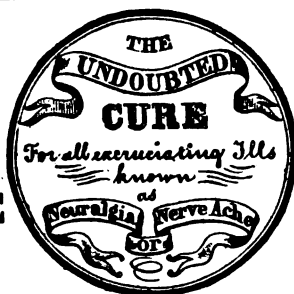
A very timely and acceptable game which will be of great service to those who try to make home pleasant, and keep the chaff out of the bushel by filling it full of wheat.

E.

 A few articles and literary notices omitted in this number for want of room, will appear in the next.



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Vol. XXXIX.

No. 2.

THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

EDITED BY
REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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BOSTON:
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THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,
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Family Journal.

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THE

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VOL. XXXIX.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

No. 2.

ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

THERE are those to whom the oppositions of Theology are very dear. They try to keep alive their denomination not only in the Christianity which it holds in common with other denominations, but even more in its protests and antagonisms; but if we wisely cherish the idea of theological progress, our hearts will be set upon something very different from this. We shall feel an interest not only in those advances which are fairly demanded by the science of the age and the historical criticisms of the student of the past, and which lead us into new and untried paths, but in other advances towards a better understanding of words that have been upon the lips of Christians from the earliest days, and have been rejected chiefly because they have been misunderstood. An earnest, frank, candid conference between Christians of different sects reveals points of agreement where, at first sight, there seemed to be only points of difference. At the risk of being reproached as reactionary and disloyal to the traditions of a liberal theology, we must persist in seeking for these points of agreement between the new things and the old things in the Church. In this paper we wish to offer a few thoughts as to the vexed questions of Unity and Trinity and Christology, in the hope that we may be able to show a real accord

amongst Christians, far beyond what our names and forms would seem to indicate. It may interest others, as it has interested us, to note, even in a very few particulars, and in a very fragmentary way, how believers who still worship apart from one another, without any interchange of ecclesiastical functions, are really saying the same things as to *first*,

THE DIVINE UNITY.

The Lord our God is one Lord. All Christendom means so to affirm, and that in the most absolute, unequivocal, and uncompromising language. In the most exact and proper and only intelligible sense of the word Person, — the only sense of the word of which we can have so much as a glimpse, there is and can be only one eternal, supreme, divine Personality. By the distinct admission of the best Trinitarian writers, the three Persons in the Godhead are not three Persons in the common acceptation of the term. "We distinguish in the one and indivisible essence of God three hypostases or persons, at the same time allowing for the insufficiency of all human conceptions and words to describe such an unfathomable mystery," so writes Dr. Philip Schaff.* Or take this from Dörner's great work on the Person of Christ.

"How is the assumption of a second and third Divine Essence to be reconciled with the Unity of God?" "This problem was insoluble so long as the personality of the Son was taken in exactly the same sense as the personality of Jesus Christ in relation to men. For were this person, regarded as simply and immediately pre-existent, to be transposed into the Divine Essence, there is no escape from Polytheism. Rather, as the Church would not receive the latter, must the idea of personality be modified, the finite exclusive form which it has in the sphere of man must be removed from the Logos, in order that the Divine Unity might not be destroyed by the Logos." One may say, "This only puzzles, and does not edify;" nevertheless, such language justifies the assertion that the Trinitarian does not mean to be a Tritheist, or to sacrifice the Divine

* The word *person* is in reality only a make-shift, in the absence of a more adequate term. — *Schaff's Church History*, Vol. iii. p. 677.

Unity to his Trinitarianism. Some of the most thoughtful Christians of these days are found in what is called "The New Church," and we understand the New Church to be very earnest in the desire and effort to protest against dividing of the Supreme Object of faith, love, and worship. We are told that in the devotions of all, save Unitarians, prayers are addressed to the Saviour, even to him who was called Jesus; but we submit that the worshipper must have in his thought God in Jesus, the Supreme Being as he reaches down to us through our own nature and in our own life. We all affirm the Divine Unity. There are not three Eternals, says the Athanasian Creed, but one Eternal. "Three Persons," says the Litany, "and one God." But here, it will be said, is the end of your agreements, this is the first and last of them, if it be any agreement at all. It may be thought that, in what will seem to many Unitarians a vain effort to affirm, whilst we are denying the Divine Unity, our common creed must come to an end. Let us see, however, if this is indeed the case, — whether all that the Trinitarian tries to urge upon the Unitarian as to Father, Son, and Spirit is without foundation in Scripture, reason, or the religious consciousness, and under any and every form of conception irreconcilable with the fundamental doctrine of the Divine Unity; whether we must conclude with some that the Creeds of Nicæa and that called the Athanasian have no proper place in Christian experience, are of the schools of philosophy, and not of Christ. For ourselves, we are moved to set down as a second point of agreement a certain

THREEFOLDNESS OF DIVINE ESSENCE.

It is impossible to conceive of the Godhead as a solitary Unit, alone until the creative word broke the silence of eternity. *Ubi amor ibi Trinitas*, writes St. Augustine. The Divine Oneness must be in some mysterious way a life of most sweet and everlasting companionship. This transcendent perfection is realized without any dividing of the Divine Substance or any multiplication of the One Personality. God is Father, and Father supposes Son, but Father and Son are

one. God is Father, the unfailing Fountain and Source, the Hidden Love, the Being who is First not in order of time, — we have here nothing to do with time, — but in order of thought, having therefore a certain supremacy. God is Father, but is it more divine to be the loving, giving Father than to be the loving, receptive Son? To obey is as divine as to command. To suffer is as divine as to rejoice. To be afflicted is as divine as to be at peace. The love which evermore returns to God is as divine, as truly a part of God, as truly God, as the love which evermore flows down from him. Again, is it blessed and perfect and heavenly to be self-contained and self-possessed, abiding in one's self? Is it not just as blessed to go forth in creation and redemption, to be the Light of the world, and the Life of men, the Indweller, the Comforter, the Inspirer of prophets and saints, the Christ in us? Until our conception of the Godhead is enriched and made really living in this wise, what have we more than Jew or Mahometan? The Saviour deals with this high theme of the Godhead only in *proverbs*.* If he could treat of earthly things only in this way, how much more must he so discourse of heavenly things. We must not take him literally. If we are to read the Bible only according to the letter, how can we avoid setting up in our thought a throne in the heavens, with the Father seated thereon, and the Saviour at his right hand, and how even so shall we escape the confusion in which we are involved by Scriptures which place the Son upon that same throne? When Jesus says, "the Son can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the Father do," we must free our minds of all thought of two distinct divine Beings, the One subordinated to the Other, or the One equal to the Other: to cherish such a thought, is to do, whether as a Unitarian or a Trinitarian, the very thing which must not be done, — it is to divide the substance of the Godhead and to distract the devotion of the worshipper. Some expounders of the Scripture have hoped to escape from the difficulty by the explanation that the Saviour is to be understood as speaking in his humanity; but disinterested inquiry and study of the New Testament language

* John 16 : 25.

more and more lead to the conclusion that this understanding of the words is inadmissible. The Lord was discoursing, as he says, in proverbs. He was not showing us plainly of the Father. That should be the office of the Spirit at some future time. *Speaking in a figure*, he is doing all that human speech enabled him to do to bring the ONE God before us in his completeness, as a perfect Sonship, as well as a perfect Fatherhood. He is speaking of God himself, not of a second and subordinated God; of God himself who is forever One, and only One. He is teaching a world which can see no beauty save in reigning, in being worshipped, in being ministered unto; that to obey, to worship, to minister, are *essential* to the everlasting glory, native to the very Heaven of heavens, divine and to be worshipped, not as the Romanist calls upon the transfigured saint, but as the Christian ascribes glory, honor, and power unto the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne. It is a gross, and merely human conception of the Godhead which ascribes a personality like ours to Father and Son; equally gross and human whether we make the two persons coequal or not. The one Divine Personality infinitely transcends our personality and includes wondrous fellowships, and proceedings in Creation and Redemption of which our being affords types indeed, because we are made in the divine image, and yet only types, because the creature differs not only in degree but in kind from the Creator. In popular Trinitarianism, the Son is made more attractive than the Father, until at length the Father recedes from the sight of the spiritual sense, and the Son is worshipped in his stead. This seems to be the outcome of such theology as Henry Ward Beecher has attained to; for in some way we must be Unitarians. In popular Unitarianism, the Son, instead of mediating between man and the Father, and bringing man to the Father, and being, as it were, the human side by which we come to God, occupies us with himself, sometimes to our great spiritual confusion. When men ask us, If once you have found God, is he not enough? we know not how to answer them, so long as Christ stands between us and God, and we

have not learned to say that the Father can only be seen in the Son, and the Son only in the Father, and that the Father and the Son in the unity and joy of the Holy Spirit are One God. The three grand elements or distinctions in the Godhead are so distinct, and, we must add, seemingly so inconsistent each with the other, that the temptation of Rationalism — and Trinitarianism, spite of its appeal to the Bible, is Rationalism, and always has been — is to say, under the breath indeed, and declaring that the words employed are not used in their common sense, that there are three Gods. In resisting this Rationalism, the Unitarian must not deny Son and Spirit; he must not try to explain what is said of the Son as if it could have been said properly of Jesus of Nazareth, however filled with the divine fulness; he must not reduce the Spirit to an influence from above, or a glow from within. An able writer in the "Radical," in a paper entitled "Two Religions in the New Testament," has shown how impossible it is to read the Gospel according to St. John, and not understand the writer as setting forth in the Son an essentially Divine Being. Other Unitarians — as, for example, John James Taylor and Martineau — have taken the same ground. Are we prepared with them to leave that Gospel out of the record in our discussions with Trinitarians? or shall we rather thankfully accept it as revealing in part the mystery of the Son in the Father's bosom, glorious with him before the world was, the Word by whom all things were made, the Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, the Word that was with God and was God? Will it not be well for those who find only *one* Religion in the New Testament to be looking with more care in the directions which we have so feebly indicated, and see whether Unitarianism, without accepting any Tri-personality or quasi Tritheism, cannot still appeal confidently and joyfully to a Gospel which careful inquiry more and more surely assigns to the Master's beloved disciple? Not that these unfoldings of the mystery of the Godhead are confined to the Gospel of St. John. Matthew, who by some of our rationalistic critics is reckoned humanitarian, puts such words as these into the Master's mouth: No man knoweth

the Son save the Father, and no man knoweth the Father save the Son. We repeat that we must utterly divest ourselves of the conception of the Father and the Son as distinct personalities; the ONE God, who is a Person as we are persons, only in a way which immeasurably transcends our mode of being, is Father, for he is the Infinite Love that evermore flows down to bless, is Son, for he is the Infinite Love that is content to be of no estimation, and is as ready to serve on earth as to reign in heaven, is Spirit, for he is the Infinite Love that seeks and saves, redeems and inspires its own. When we are told that God made all things by his Son, will any picture one Divine Being dwelling in the heavens whilst another Divine Being, coequal or subordinate, creates things visible and invisible? Shall we say that the Son literally intercedes for man's pardon with One who, inasmuch as he is the fatherly God, can need no such intercession? "I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you, for the Father himself loveth you." It may be said that our Saviour's use of these figures has misled his disciples into Tritheism; but the answer is that every communication which is not a mere truism is liable to be misunderstood, and that, spite of the rationalizing tendency, Christians have been on the whole and practically monotheists, and in a fruitful way beyond the measures of any other monotheists. They have worshipped and loved the Father in the Son, and have walked in the Spirit. They have had written upon them the new Name, which is more than the name Deist or Theist. But we must not dwell upon these revealings of the Godhead; we must pass on to say that the Church universal is coming together more and more in a confession of the

PROPER HUMANITY OF CHRIST.

There has ever been a tendency in the Church to regard our Saviour as simply God in a human body, personating a man, but in truth no reality of our manhood. There has always been a danger of losing the human in the divine. Even in the Athanasian Creed "perfect man" stands written as well as "perfect God," — and this, also, "One, not by

conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God," nevertheless, the Rationalism to which we have already alluded, finding it impossible to conceive of the blending of two natures in One Person, has been ready to leave out of sight sometimes the human, sometimes the divine. But more and more, amongst all denominations of Christians, the fact of the true humanity of our Saviour comes into the light, and is recognized as a fundamental of our faith. Those who know him only according to the flesh have done much to promote this end. Their "Lives of Jesus" have set him forth as gloriously, sweetly human. The Gospels are perfectly clear upon this point. They describe, without any least token of a desire to exaggerate, a Son of man. He grew in wisdom and in stature; he was subject to his parents; he was exposed to the infirmities and pains of the body; he was sometimes weary, sometimes sorrowful; he was tempted; he was called at times to walk, not by the lamp of knowledge, but by the light of faith; and the Church takes home these facts of the Saviour's life more and more, and, instead of being offended by them, finds this humanity unspeakably dear. We believe, says the Christian to the humanitarians, all you say about the manhood of Christ. Make him just as real to us as you can; describe his home in Nazareth, his journeys to Jerusalem, his companionships, his encounters with bigots; show how real, as flesh and blood and a reasonable soul are real, he must have been to his disciples and friends, and how his miraculous gifts, being exercised with a certain reserve, and not for his own private occasions, did not lift him out of the sphere of our human living. Even St. John, who gives us the divine side, gives the human, too. He is weary at the well, and hungry, too, we doubt not; though the opportunity to feed the soul of the sinful woman made him insensible to the want of outward meat. He must needs remove from the multitude, lest they should force royalty upon him. He went away to avoid for a time the death which threatened. On the cross he cried out, I thirst! Yes, we say, Thou wast the man, Christ Jesus, and more and more

the Church of God rejoices in the humanity of the Lord, and that He who is appointed to judge the earth was a man amongst men, himself made perfect through sufferings. What we need is the Bread that *cometh down* from heaven. If it seems to any incredible that our Saviour should have been so thoroughly human, — no halo about his head, — it is just this incredibility that our faith will overcome; we must not think so meanly of our humanity as not to find in it a prophecy of a divine indwelling; for here, too, Christians are coming together in the glad confession that

GOD WAS IN CHRIST.

Jesus stands supreme and alone amongst men in cherishing, uttering, and living from the calm conviction that he shared the divine consciousness, that his thought was the divine thought, and his love the divine love, and his kingdom the divine kingdom. Between the human, however exalted, and the divine, there is a difference, not only of degree, but of kind. The word and the work of man may be very gracious and precious, but it is not the word and the work of God. They shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is "God with us." It is one of those descriptive names, like Isaiah, or the "Salvation of Jehovah," of which the Old Testament is full. Others, before and since, have borne the name; but it has been fulfilled only in him. *In him was life*, — life in this supreme and transcendent sense. The sacred writers never leave out of sight the essentially divine in the Gospel. They have no story of a man who, in obedience to conscience, and in the strength of the devout sentiment, and in the abundance of a loving heart, and through that grace which is granted unto all, had lifted himself nearer heaven than the rest of the world, and had become the prophet of humanity. Large portions of the Gospel are devoted to the sweet humanities of the Lord's life; but these humanities are all pervaded with divinity. We enter into no metaphysical discussion of the mystery of the Divine Nature. We recognize no division in the Object of divine worship. Enough that, in the account of the ministers of the Word,

the One God over all, the Person of persons, the Father as truly as the Son, the Son as truly as the Father, spake out his loving thought, and poured out his loving Spirit in Mary's blessed child. Whatever else we may be unable to gather concerning this Son of Mary from the most ancient records of his life, we gather this. Strangely silent upon many points, and strangely fragmentary, they are eloquent and complete upon this. We are not sure that what we call incompleteness in these priceless histories may not be best explained as the inevitable overshadowing of all else in the story by that which transcends it all. The Gospels seem to be, in some sort, a justification of a saying current in the Saviour's time : " When the Christ cometh, no man knoweth whence he is." They have not given the day, the season, or so much as the year of the Lord's birth. From St. John we learn only by implication that he was born at all. In the present state of inquiry as to the time of the Nativity, the two best authorities are as far apart as autumn and spring, whilst tradition and the poet Milton tell us "'twas the winter wild." It has been impossible as yet to make a proper harmony of the Gospels, to arrange the events in the order of time, to determine the length of the Saviour's ministry, or to write a satisfactory Life of Jesus ; and, where we crave the brightness of perfect day, we have only patches of light. St. John tells us that only the least part of what the Lord said and did had been set down. And yet they who tell us so little of Christ after the flesh steadily present him to us in the glory and beauty of the Eternal Spirit, the Father knowing the Son, the Son knowing the Father, all else shut out from direct divine knowledge, — the Master's word and work, altogether divine in its source. We may believe them or not ; but what they have written they have written, and their writing will, in the long run, be explained by candid readers only in one way. Moreover, we are persuaded, that, even though our records should be subjected to a much more searching criticism than the ordeal through which they have already so triumphantly passed, this testimony, concerning the essentially divine in Jesus, would remain to be a bond

of union for all who profess and call themselves Christians and a rallying word against rationalists and naturalists of every name.

In him was life. And this innermost came into the light of our world an essentially divine character, the Divine in human lineaments and proportions. This character has borne the penetrating gaze of friend and enemy for more than eighteen centuries. I know what men are, said the First Napoleon to a group of sceptical officers, and I tell you Jesus Christ was no man. Read what Bushnell, Furness, Renan — each from his own stand-point — has written about Christ, and you will more and more wonder, and be glad in the Lord. We, too, know what men are, and in their best and their most Christian estate. We know that even so they are compassed about by infirmities, and are weak sometimes in their very strength, and, however admirable in this or that, fail of completeness and symmetry, and, when we turn from the holiest and loveliest of earth to this Wonderful and Mighty One, we can only say it has pleased God that, through his own indwelling, there should be one perfect human life.

In him was life. In a moment or by degrees the eternal fulness flowed down into that receptive nature; in a moment or by degrees God became all in all in that child of earth and time; the Word which was with God and was God passed into man's history, to work evermore through man upon man, like the leaven which the woman took and hid in the three measures of meal until the whole was leavened, for the Life was, is, and ever shall be the *Light of men*. Mankind was right in looking and praying for such a light. Man's very nature, however fallen, is an invitation to the Divine Indweller. That was the burden of Jewish prophecy, the desire of the pious Gentile, the reasonable expectation of a weary and wandering being created in God's image and for God's glory. "Among many," writes the historian Tacitus, "there was a persuasion that in the ancient books it was written that at this precise time the East should become mighty, and that the sovereigns of the world should issue from Judea." Such a sovereign came. As the Christ said to the woman of

Samaria, even whilst unfolding to her highest spiritual truth, "Salvation is of the Jews." If we had not our Gospels with their stories of the Son of God on earth, we should be almost driven to invent just such writings to furnish an explanation of what else would be an effect without a cause, we mean the change of the world from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to the power of God. The life that was in him is the explanation. What he was explains what he did. Curious persons have busied themselves in showing that the great immortal sayings of Jesus having their counterparts in Jewish and Gentile Scriptures, in Plato, in the Talmud, and that, in an age singularly superstitious, the most stupendous miracles would have made no great impression, or would have been passed by as necromancy and witchcraft. Do such persons understand how they are helping to echo and enforce the testimony which, under one form or another, has gone forth from the Church in all ages that God was in Christ." How else was it that the Old World grew steadily worse under the best teaching, that Grecian civilization illumined by philosophy and adorned with miracles of art faded and waned, that the great Roman world strengthened by law, and iron clad at every point was only a huge body without a soul? How was it that in those old cities nothing flourished but sins and superstitions whilst the very temples, beyond all other places, reeked with foulness? How else was it that the Christ, coming into the midst of these decays and corruptions, awaked the dead to life and called a world from its grave? How was it that the Morning Star of Judea, sending its feeble ray through that deep gloom, became a light to lighten the nations? Others you say had said the same words which he said, and had done what looked like the same works; be it so; but their words died upon the air, and their works were only the wonder of the moment, and as they went forth upon their errands, no wilderness blossomed into a garden, no kingdom of God drew nearer. Is it not plain that Christ was himself the Truth which others only spake, the Way to which others pointed, the Life for which others only longed? In him was Life, and the Life was the

Light of men, — a perfect Light from the beginning, a Light shining like the sun in his strength; Light of Light, eternal, unchanging, in us, and yet not of us; not a poor flickering flame in man's heart, blazing up a little to-day, and dying down to-morrow; an unfading Brightness even amidst shadows and mists of earth, sure to penetrate farther into all dark places, until the world shall be filled with light, an unsetting Sun, though its rays are not poured through cloudless skies and fall still upon so many desolations. We celebrate the glorious rising, the beginning of the world's day, though we cannot tell the moment when the Night came to an end, and passed into that most blessed Dawn. We go into the sunlight and bathe ourselves in the healing beams, and see how they change the poor clods of earth into glittering gold. We kindle our own lamps at that undying Fire, and bear the light with us into the corners of the earth, and the dwellings of sin and misery. We bear witness how, thanks to this Light of men, the faith, hope, and love which would have signalled Jew or Gentile as chief amongst saints and sages are every-day Christian possessions. Always capable of religion, never entirely deaf to the voice of conscience, never quite forgetful of the heavenly home, man is now religious, conscientious, heavenly-minded, so far as he is truly Christian. Now, it is but in keeping with the Saviour's fortunes in all his redemptive work, that his very triumphs have come between himself and the eyes that should discern his divine glory. Seated with him in heavenly places, we forget that he came down from heaven to lift us into that estate of light and blessedness; we mistake the poor lisplings of our feeble lips for the words of Him who spake as never man spake, and are brought so near to God in Christ, that we are sometimes misled into that new idolatry which gives to the creature the glory that belongs only to the Creator, and to him who is celebrated in the Church forever as his only begotten Son; we forget that whilst there shall be millions upon millions of the Christlike who, through Christ, should learn to love God and man, there can be but one Christ, none other who in his sober mind would speak as he spake, none other

who stands within the Light which only himself can so much as approach, and out of a humanity which the Fire doth not consume, speaks the words of a new life. How well must he have educated the world, that the world should seem to some to need him no more! But, spite of these high imaginations, we find that the world does need him; that from age to age the Spirit takes of the things of Christ, for the world's guidance and comfort, finding ever inexhaustible wealth in him; that in the fulness of the divine love he has answered the questions which man has but just begun to ask; that when civilization has spoken its last word, and that a despairing word, and the earth is dumb in sorrow, the angels that compass the throne, as they bent over the cradle, again fill the midnight air, with their sweet songs of hope, and the Gospel, which perhaps had well-nigh perished in the letter, lives again in the spirit, hidden, as of old, from the wise and prudent, but revealed unto babes. In the providence of God, the thoughts and affections of our world are freshly turned towards Jesus and his gospel; the glorious and gracious Personality of the Christ is coming anew into the light of our life; the Scriptures into which he breathed his wisdom and love are breathing forth again that reviving breath; more and more the thoughtful are coming to the study of his humanity to find in the end, as even Renan seems to have found, — at least, such are his words, — that “whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed.” There is a new persuasion, that Religion is to be revering and deep and abiding and practical, is to keep its place of power and service in an age of great material progress, is not to be overshadowed by the awakening, growing intellects, or to die out of the aching hearts of our new time, is to help us where help is most needed, in bridging over the ever-widening gulf between rich and poor, is to be a power amongst the heathen that swarm in our cities and are spread over our rural districts and have possessed themselves of our vast territories, because it is to be Christian, — Christian through and through, and from personal contact with Christ.

“Three times every day,” says a Roman Catholic preacher,

"from every church tower, the Angelus bell proclaims the incarnation of the Son of God." Might that only be the token that the divine life is evermore flowing down more and more full and free from the heights of Christ's Transfiguration into every part of his earthly domain? Not for a time but forever, does God draw near to us in his Son; and as our King was altogether glorious and gracious, so should everything human be fashioned into the divine likeness as by the Spirit of God. Let chimes of the heart, which Christ has made a holy of holies, celebrate the Lord's perpetual abiding in that hiding-place of power; and let us all pray in the old Hebrew words: "Drop down dew, ye heavens from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One, let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour."

We are sometimes asked, "What is Unitarianism?" We answer this is *our* Unitarianism, and we believe that it is the Unitarianism of many who still allow themselves to be called Trinitarians, and that, regardless of the one name and of the other, the disciples of Christ may well unite in this confession.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSE.

BY R. F. FULLER.

WHAT angel is it, you intend?

His presence, whose almighty power

Is with his people, to defend

And keep from peril, every hour?

No! Heaven forbid we him forget;

But we've another angel yet!

Your guardian-angel may it be,

Whose charge it is, of love divine,

To foster, from nativity,

Till all the days of life decline?

No! Such we owe a sacred debt;

But we've another angel yet.

Some dear, dear kindred, once in this,
From life above have borne to thee
A heart-light of mysterious bliss
And halo of felicity?
No! Precious boons have such of cheer;
But we've another angel here.

In tears to this the children fly,
If mind or body come to grief,
For pity pass the father by,
And trust her only for relief.
Ah, now I see! Home has no other
Angel, for children, like the mother.

From day's beginning till it end,
She toils to do the children good;
Their clothes to make for them and mend,
And fit for them the daily food.
Her smiles are sunshine, day and night;
And love makes all her labors light.

Their lessons, too, she helps them learn,
And all the school-day trials bear;
And, with a mother's kind concern,
Their moral welfare makes her care.
And, if their father fails them, she
Will try to both their parents be.

The mother's love is apt to teach
And make the love of Heaven known;
To lead in prayer the lisping speech,
And kneel around the Father's throne.
Ah, yes! the tender mother mild
Is a good angel to her child!

IN vain does our own foresight strive to escape the snares that surround us: danger comes from below, but deliverance only from on high. Temptations are without and within us; we should be lost, O Lord, without thee. To thee I raise my eyes, upon thee I rest my heart; my own weakness frightens me. Thy all-powerful mercy will support my infirmity. — FENELON.

THE YOUNG WOMAN IN HER POSITION AND INFLUENCE.

BY REV. J. P. W. WARE.

I ACCEPT at once the popular belief, that no man understands a woman. I do not pretend to. There is that peculiar to each sex which the other cannot comprehend. How it may be when the relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, shall become properly estimated and offset, the one against the other, I cannot say, but I suspect that the subtle, radical distinctions of sex will always preclude the complete understanding of the one by the other. And yet a nearer, juster conception of each other is possible, is desirable, is imperative. Without possessing the clew by which to read the female riddle, I feel I have something to say, not as when I spoke to young men out of my own experience, but now from observation,—that other faculty given to man, whose conclusions are as exact and valuable in their sphere as those of experience in theirs. Wiser, perhaps, were the discretion that should forbear than the hardihood that attempts, but I feel that since the sex does not or cannot appeal to its young members as they need appeal, I must discharge a duty as I may. No class in society more needs enlightenment as to its position and influence, its duties and dangers. From nothing is society to-day suffering more than from the ignorance or the neglect of the women of it fully to meet their responsibilities, and make their own lives and the lives of those about them what God demands.

Let me try to sketch the young and simple, unperverted girl at the point when she begins to live, becomes somewhat her own mistress, law, and guide, and then show what relations and obligations devolve upon her. Not necessarily pretty, frank, joyous, and warm of heart, life is to her a sunny day. Free from care, tenderly sheltered, inhaling an atmosphere of love, her thoughts come and go unquestioned

and unchecked. Her sky is clear, and she hears no muttered prophecy of storm, or if now and then trouble, like an April cloud, comes up, like the April cloud, it passes, and her day is the brighter for its tears. Thinking in her heart no evil, she thinks there is no evil in the hearts of others, and with trusting confidence and winning sympathy lends herself to the wants and woes, as well as the successes and the joys, of others, her swift imagination weaving in the brighter colors where a sober fact would give the graver tone. Respecting herself, she respects others, and reverencing the truth, she is found its handmaid. Her glad affections run out and embrace all things, and into what she does, she throws a heartiness of will and interest that rejoices hearts worn and weary with the strivings and the falseness of the world. She knows nothing of proportions, can do nothing moderately. Everywhere and about everything she is the most provoking of enthusiasts, her flashing eyes and quick movements and heightened color and bounding pulse all betraying the earnest spirit underneath. Quick to feel, she is quick to chasten and subdue emotion, her smile chasing the tear-drop as the flashing sunlight chases the summer shower, while for injury she has swift forgiveness, and wipes out the memory of evil against herself. Somewhat impetuous, if she wound, so gracefully she heals that one might almost think the wound a trick to show her grace in healing. Daring in danger, because ignorant, her foot will tread where man's brain fails, and she will go intact, because of her innocence, among perils a maturer wisdom would not brave. Duty calls her, and she is ready, nor of herself will she think, where her affections are, but a very narrow way will tread and a very heavy burden bear. Buoyant in movement, as in spirit, her light step, her early song, her merry laugh make glad her home, and over her homeliest duties cast a charm that makes even servile labors shine. As her arms clasp themselves about the forms of those she loves, so her affections and her labors twine themselves about their hearts. She makes all glad, her winning ways, her high morality, her quiet sympathy, her faithful love revealing the possibilities of her womanhood, and making one sigh that, even

as into paradise there came the disturbing spirit, so, too often, in among these harmonies shall that same spirit steal. With her faith is sentiment perhaps rather than principle, yet a joy and a support. She has her places and her times for reflection and for prayer, and schools herself to the orderings of the higher will. No tender Madonna gaze more pure and satisfying than her upward look of trust; no weeping Mary more quickly, really penitent, more sincerely contrite.

These are some of the virtues better than mere charms and graces with which a young girl emerges from an unspoiled girlhood, clad in which she stands, drawing all hearts toward her, a creature all loveliness and hope, at the mysterious threshold of life. These are the advantages with which she starts in her career, the means of an increasing happiness and a constant usefulness. These are the implements which God has given her, with which to make her first impressions upon life, and if no disturbing causes intervened, if there were no errors of education, of society, of parents, if there were no follies of fashion, no specious arguings of custom, no relaxing of the early intuitive idea of virtue and duty, no letting go of faith and worship, this bright promising would unfold into the perfect woman:— and once we have the perfect woman, a perfect race is not far away. I shall probably surprise you by what I say, but indeed it is neither said lightly nor for effect. I think the first conscious act of woman should be *gratitude to God for the honor and privilege conferred upon her in making her woman*. What the angel said to the wondering Mary might well be repeated to every woman, "Hail, thou that art highly favored! The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou." At the top of his creations has he put her. Nothing has he created above her. Peerless is she amid the things of his hand. Whatever there may be in other spheres, worlds, lives, *here* she is the divine master-work. Not till she was made were the creative acts complete, and if, last from the hand of her Maker, she is best, weakest and yet strongest, and since her birth, for good or for evil, except where barbarism has virtually obliterated her existence, she has been the ruling power of the world. You may doubt or deny, but history and experience alike prove the fact.

This is something fearful to think of, and yet it is something to thank God for, and at once lays before you the purpose for which you have come into being, your work and your destiny. It is to be God's agents in the training and salvation of man. I do not want any flippant laugh to turn any one away from the full weight of this most important and solemn statement. I want young women to understand and accept their destiny, and prepare to enter on their mission. I want them to grow up knowing what God has appointed them to, what duty demands of them, what is the place they are to fill and the end they are to accomplish. I want them to feel that for weal or for woe they are created to live with man, and for man, and that all that is brightest, best, most hopeful in man and history are because of woman's fidelity, while all that is saddest, most degrading and hopeless is because of her infidelity. In his "Sesame and Lilies," which, despite the affectation of its title, you may all read with profit, Ruskin says, none too strongly, "There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it. There is no suffering, no misery on the earth, but the guilt of it lies lastly with you;"—and there is more that he says there which ought to make every woman pause and tremble. The fate of the world lies in woman's hand, and the generation that is coming, and so generations succeeding, shall be as the young women of this day are. Men may make the laws, and establish dynasties, and figure in those events which have a place in history. Men may assume to rule and seem to be the power which turns the current of affairs, but woman is the power behind the man, moulding and swaying him from the cradle, through every stage, in every sphere of life. If she be what a woman should be, if she have trained herself in all womanly excellence, her power is felt for good and shall be to public as private advantage. If she be false, if she neglect self-culture, and, thoughtless of her high vocation, content herself with frivolities, admiration, and self-indulgence, if she be blind to her duties, and selfishly self seeking, untrue to herself and untrue to her God, then shall the world feel it for evil. She

not only blights the little circle of home, but the bane falls on all she comes in contact with, spreads to and contaminates society. Men may say what they please; it is the women we know as mothers, wives, sisters, friends, companions, who make us. The law of God is not more potent than the influence of woman, and many a man will resist the law while he must yield to the influence.

I think, therefore, that the young woman should grow up with the consciousness of a great and mighty work to do, — not on herself alone, not in large places or conspicuous positions, but directly and immediately, just where, from the first and inevitably she is placed, — for which she should now be preparing herself. It is work enough and grand enough to satisfy anybody's ambition, tax anybody's power and time. Woman need never ask for her sphere. Lo! it is here.

Let no one object that this is to bring care upon her too soon, and a sober life too early, and to take away the buoyancy which is her charm and her hope. No, the God who gave her the duty will furnish her with the power to accept and bear it, and yet leave her all that is loveliest and happiest. She must lose no time. She must know, accept the fact, brace herself at once, and look about and gather in all helps. You mistake in allowing the young to look on youth as only the season for present, careless enjoyment. You mistake in supposing that to show early what life is for, to teach how to prepare for it, is to blunt or abridge pleasure or break the spirit. You so do her woman's nature gross injustice. If done in the right way, fairly and largely, it cannot injure or depress; rather, it must elevate and inspire. Let the young woman know that life is not pleasure, or herself a toy. Let her understand that God did not give her youth and grace and power to please, that they might be exhausted upon levities. Let her feel that she is not a something appended to man, but created as his helpmeet; neither shadow nor slave, but something God saw man could not do without; and let her early training and thought be turned that way, that she may see how divine her mission is, and

how great that work her God has given her ; and, seeing, let her rejoice and make haste to do.

Now, what a young woman wants to help her in this work is a high standard of womanly character, up to which she is to urge, and by which she is to measure herself. It is not sex that makes the woman, but character. The power is not in the gift of sex, the ordainment of nature, but in what is made out of the gift, — what the sex grows up to. She will not find that the duties which devolve upon her reveal themselves. She will not abound in all womanly virtue simply because she is a woman. Her sex will only be a disgrace to her if she seek not to develop its capacities by an early and severe self-culture. I say severe, because nothing of value is to be attained, except by an application that amounts to that. You may think that because the elements are in you, therefore they must develop as you grow. You may think that the mere fact that you are a woman gives, or ought to give, all you are entitled to, does, or ought to do, all that can be expected. So the elements are in the vine, yet you do not let it grow wild, thrusting its abounding life where it pleases. The fact that it is a vine does not secure its end. The life of nature needs education, training, and that, too, according to a standard. As the gardener, with his knife clips here and there the vine, — not at random, but by the standard in his mind, — checks it here, encourages it there, in short, subdues it to his will, so should each young woman train the womanly nature in her, that it may by and by represent the perfect womanhood. A long and severe task ; but as there can be no question of woman's capacity, so should there be no hesitation at anything that will fit her for its development.

A thoroughly developed and balanced character is, if possible, more needed by woman than by man. It is her one implement. In that lies her strength ; with that she does her work. Some foolish persons consider character as something masculine, and think it appropriate to woman that she should be yielding, with no fixed opinion or will of her own. They shrink from anything like a "strong-minded" woman, and

a woman of decided character they call "*strong-minded*." That ought not to be the opprobrious phrase it is. A *strong* mind is what a woman wants,—not a masculine mind, or masculine activities; but her feminine mind requires all the strength she by culture can give it. A decided character is not necessarily masculine. Nothing can be more truly feminine and lovely than a woman with fixed principles and thoroughly-schooled energies, broad vision, and firm will. She is the companion and friend and ally of man. To her it is that he looks in his perplexity and weariness. He may amuse himself with the weaknesses of women, foster their vanity, flatter and encourage them in what many consider "lady-like" ways, which are apt to be very weak and trifling ways; but he is soon sated with these, and longs for and turns to the true womanly woman, who has something to give out of her own experience and life. Such women are the hope and the support, not merely of the family, but of society; and just so fast as such women are developed will society be regenerate.

Let me impress it upon your minds, young women, that without character you cannot be that noble thing, a woman,—a word of all words most glorious, a condition of all conditions most to be coveted. Why is it that so many shrink from it, and feel themselves insulted unless called *lady*, the mere artificial distinction of society, and which never can cover the noble attributes of womanhood? I do not want to help you to become young ladies. Become *woman* and you *must be a lady*; content yourself with *being lady*, and you never become *woman*. Woman is the grand distinguishing epithet our Anglo Saxon tongue has bestowed upon the sex,—broad and deep in its derivation and application, as the other is shallow, conventional, and fickle. Not the ornamental lady, but the useful woman, do I desire you to be, laying through self-culture and wise self-restraint the basis of character, so as by and by to enter upon and pursue the various and arduous duties of life with as little loss of time and courage and powers as possible, so thoroughly prepared for life that virtue must go out from you in all intercourse. I will not so

lower my idea of the sex as to suppose that any young woman will be less happy because she is thoughtful of duty and mindful of her own character, or that she will shrink from her task when once she understands its necessity, or that she will hesitate to lay broad and deep the basis of that influence which is to be in all relations and positions her one power.

I could not exaggerate the influence that a young woman has, because of the fact that she is a young woman. It is a birthright power of the extent of which she is not conscious, and which none can gauge or limit.

Over the young man she holds almost the power of a charm. "The soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails." He invests her with all that he has heard of or desires in woman. He craves her society, her good opinion, her friendship. Her word, her smile, her approval, are what he seeks and what he lives on, while her silence, her coolness, her disapproval, he deprecates. She sets up the standard beyond which he will not go. What her real character is, that will she impress upon the young men who seek her society. They will have no loftier aspirations than those she inspires. If she be true, love virtue, respect religion, — if her life be lovely with all true grace, young men can no more escape the influence than the tides can escape the influence of the moon. If she be selfish and heartless and frivolous, her dear self the one thought, nothing high about her, again the young man cannot escape. She may not lift so high as herself, but she is sure to thrust below. Men may not attain her good, but they will fall below her evil. "In every circle she fixes the standard of morality, above which few men care to rise. Woman's perception of virtue is generally understood to be more nice than that of men; and what satisfies her is sure to meet their approval. In this respect she is the lawgiver, and we are the subjects. The only hope for society is to keep woman in the advance guard. Let her point the way, and lead it, and the right progress is made."

I hold it to be a truth against which many of you will pro-

test, — nevertheless, a truth which fails to convince you only because you have not thought about it, — that what the young men in any given town or city are is largely owing to the young women. I say that there is a point in every young man's life where he is made or ruined by female influence, and influence of the young women with whom he associates, whose principles are evident in word and conduct. Let me know the prevailing characteristics of the young women in a place, and I think I should not mistake in describing the young men; or let me know thoroughly a young man, and I doubt if I should be far wrong in saying what was the character of his female associates.

How is it with the young men of any town or city? However it is, behold the product of female influence. Are they honorably industrious, with broad and generous culture, liberal principles, generous sympathy with the high and good, ready charity, on the side of justice, liberty, truth, and God? Then it is because the young women have never forgotten their high position and privilege, never have stooped to things which have so largely desecrated womanhood, but in a corrupt world and a corrupt day have maintained intact that which God gave them as their own security and man's help. Are the young men simply servants of custom and fashion, with no lofty aspiration, devotees to things which only can degrade, giving life to the outside and to self, living for nothing high, stooping to much that is paltry and low, and leads down to the gates of sin? Then it is because young women here are paltry and shallow and fashionable, slaves to form, custom, etiquette, dress, living for outside and for self, no high ideas, no great purposes, no grand end before them into which life shall culminate, but simply living to the hour, and for what the hour can return. And, if this be so, then I say the only way to save these young men, and to change this tendency of things, is for the young women of society to turn themselves with all their hearts to the embrace of those things which, while they alone adorn and dignify women, alone also elevate and purify man. "There is little hope of reforming young men, and keeping them in the path of virtue,

unless we begin by reforming young women, and teaching them to give their best influence to the cause of goodness and sobriety." "Depend upon it," said a young man, — when speaking of his own bad habit of intoxication, — "depend upon it that if they mix the drink for us, we will not refuse to take it; if their lips first touch the glass, we are sure to drain it; if they think us better company when our tongues are loosened by wine, and join in the laugh when we tell them of our follies, ministers may as well stop their preaching unless they can go a step farther back, and begin at the right place." And what he said of one thing may be said of another; and, it is because I want to strike at *the right place* that I say to you, young women, beware! Guard jealously your heaven-given dower. Use it nobly, fearlessly, — as a true woman should, — and you will save souls, too frequently only encouraged and urged toward their ruin by the foolish levity and selfishness of your age and sex.

Young woman! I have wished to make you understand who and what you are; the position you hold, the influence you wield, and from this I leave you to decide upon your duty and consequent responsibility. I am not sorry to make it seem to you that you have grave and solemn duty; for, until something of this possess the soul, I do not conceive that life has taken its just significance. I want you to recognize and accept what God has put upon you, to feel glad and grateful that he has so honored you as to trust you with so great a mission, and I ask you earnestly and reverently and instantly, to set yourselves to prepare for a task whose obligations press immediately, and press but the more as life goes on, and its relations become more in number, and more intricately interlaced with other lives. I want you to feel how much is in your hand, — the very purification and salvation of the race. What you are determines what society is to be; what you are, brothers and friends will be. Society has too long been tainted by woman's frivolity; too long the level of its tone and the demand of its law and the sanction of its custom have been low and unworthy, because she set the standard and made the demand. You must

redeem society. You must elevate its tone and its purpose. You must infuse a new spirit into it. You must impregnate it with a higher life. Your sex suffers, our sex suffers from it. You are the regenerator, the saviour of us both. Drop out of your lives these soul-destroying shams and counterfeits which are so much society's demand. Let the holiest and best of woman have its way in you. Grow as God would have you grow, more true, more pure, more brave, and the false, the low, the mean, the deceitful in us must fade away before the coming of your serene spirit, as the foulness upon nature's face vanishes at the re-creating touch of spring.

MAGDALENE'S PRAYER.

THE world-paths are shut to the feet gone astray,
But forever stand open, by night and by day,
The white gates of Prayer, — and at these will I stay.

My garments are soiled, and the wonderful crown
Of roses I gathered all dewy, lies down
In the dust where I cast it: you shudder and frown!

But say, in the pride of your fairer estate,
Who knoweth the morrow? What demon of Fate
May grasp you in turn? Ah, despair comes too late!

There is no returning to purity lost:
No spanning the stream which young Innocence crost;
No spring to efface the dark blight of *that* frost!

I wander in speech; yet the Comforter saith,
(His voice rings triumphant o'er ruin and death!)
"Believe but my words, there is balm in their breath."

I come unto Him who the sinful can heal,
Bowing low till some accent or touch shall reveal
That I am forgiven: — unworthy such weal!

Though pilgrims are thronging the white gates of Prayer,
None sadder have entered all tremulous there,
To fold the Lord's feet in the veils of her hair.

C. M. P.

POOR MISS MATILDA.

"THIN, indade, it's to the big almshouse I'll have to go."

"Then, indeed, Rosey," said Mrs. Thornton, "I think you might have a worse place to go to, though I am sorry. You'll have food, shelter, and warmth, no doubt, there for yourself and your children; and you ought to be thankful for that, in such a hard winter as they say is coming."

"Is it thankful I'd be thin, Miss Thornton, for yer takin' yer washin' away, jist whin I'd need it the most, — from me that niver wasted yer soap nor saved me knuckles? Thin, indade, that's smallest favors thankfully resaved; humph!"

"Rosey, I hope you will not forget yourself. I thought I explained to you, as plainly as I could, that I was very sorry to give you up, on my own account as well as yours; I do it only because I cannot afford to pay you any longer. But when we cannot do as we like, we must do as we can, and make the best of it."

Rosey looked significantly around upon the pretty furniture of the little parlor, — gorgeous perhaps it looked to her, fresh from her attic, — and lastly brought her full blue Celtic eyes back to bear steadily upon the silk and *bugles* of her interlocutor, — in vain. Mrs. Thornton saw, understood, and winced inwardly, but not outwardly. Rosey was rather provoking, but was still more unfortunate; and the late employer commanded herself as became her better breeding, and dismissed the late *employée* with a large bundle of children's half-worn clothes.

That over, Mrs. Thornton threw herself back in her cushioned chair, and gazed into the fire with an expression of care and regret. She could not do as she liked, in many respects. She was honestly trying to do the best that she knew. That best was really very unpleasant to herself as well as to Rosey, — so unpleasant that she could not but, by all the rules of ascetic morality, believe it must be right. Besides, did not the penny-a-liner producers of tales, for the instruction of the

unreasoning sex, fulminate the proposition that it was highly holy for ladies to do their own work?

For one, I own I do not see how it can (as a matter of choice and not of necessity) be exactly right, either in point of political economy or of Christian charity, for intelligent and educated persons, in a land swarming with red Roseys and woolly Phillises, to take out of their hands the only work, except Satan's, by which they can earn a livelihood. But then I am not a penny-a-liner producer of tales for the unreasoning.

To return to Mrs. Thornton. The times were hard, and it was growing harder for her husband to meet his domestic expenses. Though she liked luxury, she would willingly have foregone it for his sake; but he, although not what eighteen-hundred-year-old Christendom would agree to call a bad man, was little better than one of the æsthetic. If, when he came from his office to their late dinner, he found her fashionably dressed, in a warm, bright house, with ribbons in her hair, and flowers and dainties on the table, he was apt to give her a kiss, and tell her she looked like a dozen years ago, and that, if she would give him some music in the library, he thought he would "get his slippers on, and do up a few arrears of courting." If, on the other hand, he found her simply clad, economizing light and fuel, and presiding over a plain repast, he was too apt to nod to her across the table and say, "My dear, how wretchedly haggard and jaded you look to-night! You will go to bed early, I hope; and don't be uneasy if you don't hear the latch-key till late. I believe I shall go to the opera or somewhere."

And then, without his father to entertain or restrain him, it would be hard work for his mother to keep Master Edgar Thornton within doors. He was fourteen years old, and unluckily tall, and thought it "preposterous for a man to be kept cooped up like a girl in a gloomy, dark den of a room like that, away from other men of an evening, when there was plenty of fun to be had outside, for a chap that knew life."

Wherefore, in short, Mrs. Thornton had determined in

her own mind that whatever retrenchments she made must straiten herself alone — and her work-people. Accordingly, as we have heard, she dismissed her former washerwoman, giving the heavier part of her washing to the chambermaid and taking upon herself the getting up of cambrics and muslins.

About the middle of the ensuing winter, Mrs. Thornton came in a crowded street upon Rosey, as dingy as ever, redder than ever, and with an odor of whiskey about her that was quite a new addition to the list of her personal attributes. “Why, Rosey, where in the world did you come from?”

“Sure, an’ didn’t I come, — praise the Lord! — from a bad place, Miss Thornton, that ye sint me till yerself, ye did, Miss Thornton, wid me childer an’ all; — an’ I hadn’t been in it a week jist whin the blessed child was kilt, so it was! An’ isn’t that a nice thought, Miss Thornton, for yer dyin’-bed?” shouted Rosey, in a torrent of volubility, while her dirty face was striped with a sudden burst of maudlin tears.

“For pity’s sake, hush! See how you are making everybody stop and look. What do you mean by making such a noise?” exclaimed poor Mrs. Thornton, shocked out of all presence of mind by such proclamation of her name in so public a place.

“Is it what I mane, Miss Thornton? Sure, an’ it’s murder I mane, Miss Thornton, that ye an’ the likes of yees’ll have to answer at God’s jidgmint,” screamed Rosey; and she might have added much more for the information of the gathering bystanders, had not a timely glimpse of an approaching policeman cut short her eloquence, and put her to flight.

“Poor thing, quite crazed!” thought Mrs. Thornton, as she made her escape homewards. “Strange people, the Irish are! Rather than stay in a comfortable place, where she and her children could be lodged and fed for nothing, to make her way back, like a starving cat, to her old haunts at any rate and drink her few wits away, I do believe for sheer want and despair. However, I gave her good advice; and that was the best thing I had to give her.”

She had no time to think more about the matter, for it was late, and her uncle was coming to her, as usual, for his Sunday dinner. He was spending the winter in town, as a member of the General Court.

"Well, Uncle John," said Mr. Thornton, as the soup-tureen went out of the door, "what particular irons have you in the fire this session?"

"One in particular that I wish we hadn't, Fred; for it's like having a pond to sound, that goes clear through the world and out on the other side."

"Ah, what is that?"

"The State Poor Laws. We haven't generally had any special luck in bringing up the Tewksbury babies; and now out comes the physician of the almshouse, and testifies he has no doubt they are murdered."

"What?" cried Mr. Thornton; and his wife's pale face and starting eyes repeated the question. Was that what Rosey meant? — and was it true?

Uncle John did not notice her, and answered his nephew-in-law concisely, "That."

"Why, how? Who, do you mean, does it?"

"The other paupers, to be rid of the care of them, drug them or strangle them."*

"Original, I must say! Well, poor little victims! 'Better is death than life,' I suppose, is a true enough maxim for most of them. Have some port?"

"Thank you, — sherry!"

The conversation wandered off to other topics. Mrs. Thornton could take little part in it. Her heart beat as if a giant, standing behind her, were squeezing it like a sponge. At the earliest possible moment, she rose, left the dining-room, and hid herself in her chamber. It was cold

* "Dr. Wakefield, physician at the Tewksbury Almshouse, concurred in what had been said by Superintendent Marsh, as to the mortality among the infants in that institution, and the cause of it. He [further] had no doubt that many of the deaths were caused by the paupers having charge of the children, who drugged or strangled them, in order to be relieved of their charge. — *Legislative Hearings.*"

enough there ; but drops of perspiration gathered upon her forehead faster than she could wipe them away. She was an over-wrought woman, and naturally scarcely fit, without the support of a calmer mind, to deal with such subjects as those now forced upon her. For a time she almost felt herself to be the murderess that Rosey had declared her. But soon the strong habit of thinking of others before herself began to come to her aid ; and there was a knock at her door, and Edgar came in and found her crying.

The boy, if wayward, was affectionate. He stood aghast one moment ; the next he threw his arm round her neck, told her there was nothing in the world he would not do for her, and asked what the matter was.

She told him, and added, smiling faintly through her tears, " You want to see life, you say sometimes, Edgar. Will you come and see some very sad life with me ? "

" To see the woman again ? Dear mother, where she lives can't possibly be a fit place for you. "

Mrs. Thornton thought within herself that no place could be fitter for a follower of Christ than one where the lost were to be sought and saved ; but her saying so might have sounded like cant to the lad. Therefore, she answered, simply, " Dear Ned, if I don't see her, I am afraid I sha'n't go to sleep all night ; " and they set off.

Meeting a policeman, Mrs. Thornton engaged him to accompany them and wait without, wherever they should enter. There was much doubt about their finding Rosey ; but Mrs. Thornton remembered the (anything but model) lodging-house where she used to live, and went there first, hoping to obtain a direction from her former fellow-tenants. It was discovered that she had regained her former quarters. Mrs. Thornton and Edgar groped and climbed, by the light of their little lantern, up a rickety stairway, from which half the balusters had been broken, probably for fuel. They came at length into a close, cold, dark attic, about which thin, blue children were crying and creeping, dressed in torn, soiled garments, — some of which Mrs. Thornton presently recognized as having once made a very different appearance in her own

warm, airy, sunny nursery. She asked the little swarm for their mother.

"She's yon!" and the chorus pointed to Rosey in the corner, asleep on rags and hay, a senseless heap upon a senseless heap.

Mrs. Thornton's heart was too full at first for more speech. She distributed among the famished flock some of the food that she had hastily snatched from her own full larder, and prepared to make a pot of tea. Edgar, meantime, half pitying, and half pleased by what seemed to him some scrap of Dickens realized, unpacked the great basket of logs and chips which he had brought, and kindled a fire with all his might.

At length, when the water was fairly boiled, and the tea set to steep, Mrs. Thornton nerved herself to know the worst; and beckoning the oldest girl to her, she said, —

"Now, my child, I want you to tell me all about your little brother that died at the almshouse."

"He didn't die."

"Your little sister, then."

"She didn't die, — aint none on us dead."

Mrs. Thornton clasped her hands, and Edgar burst into a loud, hearty laugh of amusement on his own account, and relief on his mother's.

"There, mamma, you see the creature was too far gone to know what she was talking about."

The noise he made seemed to cause a sensation in the corner.

"Who be ye, an' what be yees wantin', an' let alone me childer, will ye?" exclaimed one of the heaps of rags; and Rosey came forward with a threatening aspect and unsteady gait; but, seeing fire on the hearth and the children's poor little claws and lean cheeks full of buns, she subsided again in tears and a heap on the floor.

"Rosey, poor Rosey!" cried poor little Mrs. Thornton, "now, do tell me the truth! Are your children all here?"

Rosey cast a frightened glance around and over them.

"Sure, an' they be! Can't ye see for yerself?"

"But are you sure?"

"Sure? An' why wouldn't I be sure? Isn't there Bridget an' Michael an' Patrick an' Maggy an' Tirrence an' Florence an' the twins an' the babby? Ye'll niver thrust me no more, 'cause I tuk the dhrap the day. On'y wait, Miss Thornton, till the winther day comes till yees, widout a breakfast nor a dinner on the table for yer childer, nor a spark on the hearth, nor a sup in the tay-pot, an' thin see if ye wont want a little somethin' to stiddy yer legs when ye goes out a-beggin'."

"Rosey, I did not come to blame you. I came to try to help you, if you will help yourself. Here, drink a cup of good hot tea, and try to eat some bread. You did not know what you were saying, you poor thing, when I met you. I'm only too thankful it was not so."

"An' what would I be sayin'?"

"You said you had not been more than a week at the almshouse, when one of the children was killed."

"Indade, an' it was, as sure as this is the best tay as iver had the run o' me mouth; but it wa'n't no child o' mine, at all, at all. 'Twas poor Miss Mateldy's."

"Oh! Well, Rosey, it is too late for me to stay any longer now. Eat your supper, and go to bed; and be very careful of your fire. In the morning you can come to me for a week's washing,—if you will come without drinking anything stronger than tea, remember."

Rosey's loud blessings as they followed her down the stairs sounded to Mrs. Thornton like but a faint echo of the blessing of relief within her own soul. She was planning a thank-offering,—a costly one for her, but she did not grudge it.

Rosey presented herself duly the next morning, shaken but sober. As soon as the little Thorntons were gone to school, she was summoned to her mistress' sitting-room, and came in with a downcast air, wiping the suds from her sadly shrunk arms.

"Rosey," said Mrs. Thornton, "I engage you again to wash for me regularly while you drink nothing that you ought not. By and by, I hope you will take the pledge; but it would be an awful thing to break it; and you must try

your strength first. Now will you tell me about that poor Miss Matilda?"

"Why," said Rosey, grateful and yet not sorry to change the subject, "'twas wid her parper an marmer I lived, when I lived out to S——. They rinted the finest house in the town, they did. They wasn't young folks, ye see, whin they was married; an' they niver had no child but her; an' I tuk car' on her. They was mighty scarce on her; an' she was hardly iver let run out beyant the gate, for fear o' her comin' to some harm; and she was a shy little thing and loved home, and was still a-playin' keep house, by herself, under the trees wid her dolly and her kitty; an' whin she'd grow bigger, 'twas still a-sittin' in the summer-house she'd be, wid her wurruk or her book. Whin I went away to be married, she cried; an' she still sint me a prisint ivery year come, Christmas, by her parper's man; an', whin her weddin' come, she bid me to the churruch; an' thin her husband tuk her away, wid her white lace an' silk an' orange-flowers an' all; an' I niver see her more till wonst, to the almshouse, I wint through the sick-ward; an', says somebody, wake-like, out o' one o' the beds, 'Oh! isn't that Nursey? Stop, Rosey, do stop!' an' there was her a-pillared up, all white and wasted away; an' she had to tell me who she'd be, afore I'd believe me own eyes."

"But how did she come there?"

"Sure an' she told me; but it was more nor I could see the rason of, let alone remimber. I mind it was somethin' about her not havin' her parper's old tax-bills to show whin they'd ax her; an' the town's ricords was burrunt; an' his not ownin the house he'd live in; — but he still paid the rint reg'lar indade, till he failed, an' lost all his money; an' he an' her marmer died; an' she'd still had throuble, a-losin her childer an' all."

"But could not her husband take care of her?"

"'Dade, an' 'twas little she wint widout that he could give her. She said it was the greatest engineer he was as iver was; an' all the factories was a-pullin' him out o' the others' hands. He'd lay down on the sofy, an' bid her not spake,

an' knit his brows ; an' in an hour up he'd jump, an' draw a picter of a machine as would do iverythin' for 'em but walk an' talk. An' loads an' hapes o' money they'd give him ; an' so' he'd still go a-travellin' round wid her, this-a-ways an' that-a-ways, from the top o' the country to the bottom, an' hardly be months together in a place, let alone years. But he pit all his savin's intil the mines, an' lost all in the war, and tuk a brain-faver an' died. She jist got back wid nothin' to her parper's house ; 'cause she hoped 'twould seem a bit like home to her. 'Twas full o' Irish ladies an' gintlemin thin, it was ; an' she was a rale big lady, — the likes of yees ; but some on 'em was good to her ; an' there her last little darlin' child was born, an' she made shift to stay till the winther come ; an' thin she was afraid 'twould be froze, an' so she jist let the town officers sind her where they would. She'd still been used to bein' tuk car' on, an' niver larned how to stan' up for herself. 'Twas on'y sence she'd been there, she'd kep' her bed. The doctor said her heart was gettin' affected, — broke, I expect. She'd have tirrible turruns o' throuble for breath ; an' whiles they'd make her faint dead away. She had 'em one night awful ; an' they tuk her babby away. I wa'n't thar, an' didn't know ; but next morning she was sinsible, an' see me an' called me, an' caught hold on me apron, an' begged me would I go, that minute, an' fetch it right back to her. So I wint. 'It's dead, that babby is,' says the old woman as had it to tind, a-lookin' at me fixed an' stern-like. 'Dead!' says I ; 'now don't tell me that,' says I. 'What would make it be dead?' says I. 'Sure, an' that's more nor I know,' says she. 'It jist give a kind of a choke an' a kick in the night, an' turruned cold, do what I would wid it,' says she, a-lookin' wicked. 'Let's see ; 'twas you that was a-sayin' 'twas subject to fits, wa'n't it?' says she. 'Sorra sich a wurrud iver I said,' says I ; an' thin I felt somebody give a kind of a fumble an' twitch at my gound the t'other side ; an', out o' the corner of me eye, I seen the blind woman, as was still a-shakin' an' a-quakin' an' a-feelin' her ways around, nigh by me. She give me one more twitch ; an' thin I surmised somethin', an' turruned me back, an' wint

on afore her widout lookin' round, wid her thumb an' finger still in me gound a-drivin' on me, till we got round the corner, an' thin she pulls me up short an buzzes in me deaf ear. 'Spake louder,' says I, a-givin' her the t'other side o' me head. 'That babby was smothered the night,' says she; 'an' that old lady it was as done it,' says she. 'Now, don't tell me that,' says I, and fell to cryin'. 'Dade, thin I do,' says she; 'an' it wa'n't the first babby nither. It's still mighty fond she is o' the babbies as comes in our hearin', an' 'specially the cryin'est; an' they don't throuble nobody long arter she gits 'em to tind. That babby cried last night till we was all wore out, an' wint to sleep; but I'm used to havin' to see wid me ears, along o' me infirmity,' says she; 'an' I waked up whin she was a-chokin' on it, and heard it quaacklin', and her a-sayin' so as nobody else could hear, "Take that, ye little divil, you!" So I sot right up on eend o' me bed,' says she, 'jist to let her know somebody was a-stirrin'; an' she says out loud, "Shoo, shoo; come to its Mother Abby. Did she git a-talkin' in her sleep, an' scar' de itty precious?" But the babby gin niver a sound more.' 'Why don't ye go an' tell?' says I. 'I dar'sn't, I dar'sn't,' says she, a-shiverin' till her back-hair-comb clackered at the wall she laned agin. 'Now, don't ye be afther sayin' a wurrud, whatever ye do,' says she. 'That old lady would do me some awful ill turrin,' says she; 'an' it's awful asy she'd do it, too, along o' me infirmity.'

"But did you not tell?" asked Mrs. Thornton, shivering almost like the blind woman.

"I dursn't, along o' me childer."

"But you did not stay there with them!"

"No longer nor I had to wid Miss Mateldy; an' that was but tin days till she died."

"Oh, how dared you?"

"Sure, an' how would I lave her in her throuble, that was still good to me when it was well off she was, an' that clung to me, the last old, wonted face she knowed? Sure, an' may ye niver find out for yerself, Miss Thornton, how hard it would be to die all alone amongst strangers! An' I still set me big little girl to mind the little ones."

"Jenny," said Uncle John, gazing approvingly at Mrs. Thornton over his next plate of Sunday beef, "I'm very glad to see you looking so much better. Last week I was afraid that something serious was the matter."

"So it was, uncle, — your own distress, the Poor Laws of Massachusetts."

"What?" cried Uncle John.

"What I wish very much to tell you, if you can only stay to tea. And I should like to have Fred hear, too, if he will, and Edgar."

Accordingly, when the children were all in bed, the story of poor Miss Matilda was heard in the library.

"'Her father's old tax-bills!' 'Hired house!' Absurd, Jenny! How can you listen to such a rigmarole?" said Mr. Thornton. "There can't be any truth in it, of course; can there, Uncle John?"

"Yes," said Uncle John.

"Well, then, I shall have to set about seeing to your settlement betimes, that's all, little lady," returned Mr. Thornton; and he lighted a cigar, and gazed into the smoke.

"Thank you, dear Fred; it is so kind of you to think of me first; but I'm afraid that is not all. Uncle John, can't something be done?"

"About the babies? I hope so. That is what we are aiming at."

"But old and sick people are twice as likely as dear little babies to wear out their nurses' patience, I should think; and they are often very helpless, too. Cannot the State almshouses be put into different hands?"

"Not into better, so far as I hear."

"Oh, Uncle John! — not if they suffer such things to be done?"

"My dear child, imagine yourself, with the best heart in the world, set on guard over some seven or eight hundred paupers at once, some of them experienced in artful malignity, some too poor-spirited to complain, and many too great liars to be believed!"

"But then, Uncle John," interposed the grafted philanthro-

pist Edgar, not a little proud of being called into council, "if such things must be done under the best possible hands, when seven or eight hundred paupers are crowded together, isn't that a certain proof that they never ought to be crowded together at all?"

"Very well reasoned, my boy; but, on the other hand, it is urged that cruelties are less likely to be practised at the large almshouses than the small, because so many more people have business that obliges them to visit the State almshouse than the town."

"But is it the rule, then," persisted Master Edgar, "for the visitors to stop after their other business is done, and count the Paddy babies?"

Uncle John laughed. Edgar was called to the door to show a schoolmate where his lesson was; and Mr. Thornton looked out of the cigar-smoke, and took the floor.

"Uncle John, you know I don't pretend to have much to do with these questions, practically, and so perhaps you won't object to my saying my say about them, as a matter of pure speculation?"

"On the contrary, Fred."

"Then I should say that, in general, pretty nearly as many able-bodied people had business that obliged them to visit the town's poor, sooner or later, somehow or other, as there were Christians in a town. Now, I'm not a Christian myself—"

"Oh, Fred, how thankful I am Ned isn't here to hear you! How can you say such a dreadful thing?"

"I supposed you knew it, and he, too, by this time, Jenny. I don't do anything worse than make money, I hope, my dear; but then I don't do anything better. If there is such a thing as a worldly Christian, then I am one with all my heart. However, what I was going to say was, that if a town almshouse remain unvisited, it struck me that the town's Christians must be a most queer and illogical set. They all expect to be saved, of course. Now those of them who expect to be saved by grace, I should suppose, would, out of pure gratitude, follow the example and wishes of their Saviour

upon earth; and as to those who expect to be saved otherwise, they know the story of the shepherd, the sheep, and the goats. Here is Jenny, who is a Christian, as we should all agree, if she were *not* here. We couldn't spare her from parlor and nursery long enough for her to go skylarking off to Tewksbury; but if Rosey had been within reach, she would have seen after her, and so, in consequence, after poor Miss Matilda besides."

"It is dangerous work making new laws," said Uncle John, putting the previous question as his nephew left the room; "you can hardly ever tell, before you see them working, how kindly or unkindly they will work. My scholarship is pretty rusty; but if I recollect right, in one of the States of old Greece they had a custom, according to which anybody, who brought forward a new statute in the public assembly did so with a halter round his neck to be put in force instead, if the statute should not prove to be a good one. The ancients might not be philanthropic, but at least they were practical. I am not sure but the custom would have its uses here."

"Then, dear uncle, don't you think nice little nooses of zephyr worsted, at least, would be becoming decorations for lawgivers who send persons as helpless as poor Mrs. Matilda and the baby, where there are too many to be taken good care of?"

"Ahem! They say that cases not already provided for by the State had better be left to private charity. What are you going to do about Rosey?"

"Fred has consented to my giving music-lessons, twice a week, to a little daughter of my dearest old schoolmate and playmate. She was telling me, a few days ago, that she had given up in despair hiring masters for Fanny. The little witch is so giddy that it is impossible for them to make her learn, without such scoldings as make her cry; but she is fond of me, and promises to do her best if I will only try her. With my wages, I shall pay Rosey's. If she only has some little regular work and pay to depend upon, it is surprising to see how she will manage to eke them out with odd jobs."

"That is very good of you."

"I wish I could be sure it was, uncle. It often seems as if my very best was the least of two evils. Teaching tries me more than anything else. I have a good deal of it to do already, for our own little girls; and the only hour in which I can receive Fanny Hare is one which I have usually contrived to keep, hitherto, to rest and read and gain some little knowledge of such things as interest Frederick and Edgar; but now, twice a week at least, it must go."

"Take care. It is doing no good service to the State to overtask her wives and mothers."

"The remedy lies in your own hands, remember then, Uncle John," answered she, kissing him as she helped him on with his great-coat; "what will you do?"

"I will consider," said the member of the General Court.

E. FOXTON.

"VIA ET VERITAS ET VITÆ."

THOU art the Way. Thy feet have trod
 The chosen path to mortals giv'n,
 That surely leads us up to God,
 The holy way, the gate of heav'n.
 Thou art the Truth. The Father's mind
 Inspired thee with divinest light;
 And he who seeks, in thee, shall find
 The essence of the Infinite!
 Thou art the Life. The perfect soul
 Shone in thy cloudless being clear, —
 A mirror of the mighty whole,
 Englobing the eternal sphere.
 Still be the Life, the Truth, the Way;
 Lead on the nations from above,
 Till earth rejoices in the sway
 Of God's unfathomable love.

S. D. R.

THE FAMILY.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON, BY REV. KINSLEY TWINING.

And ye shall return every man unto his family. — LEV. xxv. 10.

THERE is, perhaps, no more pleasing view of the human race than that which presents them gathered in their several families, devoted to the duties, and enjoying the delights of their homes.

It is not necessary to mar the tranquillity of the scene by forcing ourselves to gaze on the habitations of cruelty, or the abodes of misery which are known to exist. There is so much of light thrown on the world's dark surface from the cheerful windows of domestic happiness that, in a rapid survey, the eye lights upon nothing else. The shades pass for nothing.

On such a day as this, at least, bright views alone throng the mind. The sunny memories of other Thanksgivings are no small part of its good cheer. To hint at this festival is at any time enough to give a genuine son of New England his best spirits. Cold son of an inclement region as he sometimes is, the memory of these glorious days of his boyhood lights a fire in his breast as big and as glowing as the great fire upon the great hearth of his grandsire, where the flame of the cord-wood went up the huge chimney, and the boys sat on their stools in the fireplace corner, and never tired of looking up the great sooty funnel into the blue sky above. At a time when Fast Days were more rigidly kept than Sundays, when Sundays were Sabbaths, enforced by two laws, and when religion wore a face that seldom smiled, the annual Thanksgiving was the religious festival which young hearts welcomed; when, for once at least, in the year, the great heart of love and goodness in our father's piety made itself felt. Whatever impressions had been made by the strong doctrine presented at other times, *now* was brought forward unmistakably the friendliness and the good hope of the gospel.

Rich and glorious as those days of yore stand in our recol-

lections, the observance of them has lost nothing in coming down to our time, so sound and well preserved is this custom of the fathers. I doubt whether the whole year knows another scene so truly good, so noble in itself, as that gathering of families which this week rejoices in, — the return of every man to his own home.

The school-boy and the school-girl away from home for the first time have these many weeks counted the days forward, eagerly waiting the family festival to-day. The only son away on his work, setting himself up in business, making his start in a profession, or learning, as clerk or apprentice, the rudiments of his craft; the father, brother, and husband, who were lately at a distance from the paternal roof, have now hied them home; and they will all tell you that the pure joy and soul benefit of these hours is something which money cannot buy, and which nothing but the domestic instinct and family affection can supply.

And, when all are gathered together, when every man is returned to his own family, when the fathers and mothers have welcomed the last that was to arrive, when the son and the daughter from the distant West are once more within the old home, when the sister sits down with the brothers, as in years gone by, when the young lads and the maidens, born and reared under other skies, take their place in the home they have been taught to venerate, when the board is spread, when the praise ascends, when the social cheer of hearty words of quiet recollection goes on, how good, how happy will be the scene!

To-day such scenes will be witnessed all over this broad continent. Wherever the sons of New England have carried their families, they have carried the festival of the family. There will be great joys through all the sturdy homes along our northern line. There will be generous provisions, and no less generous remembrances, in the new homes which gladden the Pacific coast. Dispersed families reunited, lonely parents joying again in the midst of their sons and their daughters, silent and deserted homes, made vocal with pure festivities unknown during the twelvemonth gone, proclaim this the

bright and happy day of all the year. Not again, until the annual course is run, will this great people, throughout all its habitations, be disposed in such happy groups. When tomorrow the dispersion begins, there will not again be such tranquil joy, such festivity of the heart, such lights shining in homestead halls, such warming and cheering of homestead chambers, until the festival of the family again return. Others may pronounce a different judgment; but, for me, this is the grand hour of the year, the happiest scene of all our people witness in the twelvemonth course. And the reason is, that so many now return to their own families, and there give out the truest, deepest, most pure, and most spontaneous tone which is in them. In these family gatherings we most truly see and feel what man is, — and man is the greatest thing which God has made.

I, too, with others love — and how much I cannot tell — the beauties, the wonders, the glories, of earth and sky. The serene landscape, the wild crag, the mighty waterfall, the sunny summit, the broad ocean, the dawn, evening, and the starry night are to me what they are to others. But, above all, give me true and good men and women. Give me man in all his differing phases and aspects of life, — his work, his thought, his feeling, his figure in the scene.

I felt this once, in the profound wilderness of the remotest west, where the immense pines of the unpeopled Occident wave their tops over the Pacific, toward the so densely peopled Orient.

Those sublime scenes, — those forests, dim as twilight, beneath the mid-day sun, that lofty canopy of green, with those grand living columns rising from the dark and tangled brush, those majestic streams, those lofty summits, so proud beneath their eternal snows! Here I thought is pure nature. But why is this stream, so broad, so clear between its glorious banks, so much less impressive than our eastern Hudson, or than the ancient father Rhine? And this I could not tell, until one day, looking out alone from the unbroken wilderness, the half-monthly steamer from below, with its black hulk, and smoky banner trailing behind, moved up, slow and

grand, against the wind and tide. Here now, I thought, is come the greater thing. Here is man and his achievement. Here was the one thing wanting. The modest *châlet* on the mountain side is a feature which the landscape painter, who knows his art, cannot omit. If, on his canvas he depicts a quiet pastoral scene, somewhere he must draw outright, or clearly suggest, the work or form of man. It may only be a swineherd in appropriate attire, a shepherd with red mantle or coat of skins; but man is an element so much greater than all else on earth that, without him, what he makes becomes a cold photograph of a barren field, and not a picture of the great world. It is the work of man, the steps of generations, the clustered memories, the mythic lore, the verse, the song, which makes the Rhine; and tame as its banks are, poor and thin as its forests are, they will remain grander and greater than our Columbia, prominent as it is by nature, till man has dwelt there in his varied power, and centuries of his life have drawn over them the rich mantle of human thought and feeling.

The art of Greece did well to devote its genius to the human form. For there is no other so grand, so expressive, so perfect form. The Son of God took that form when he dwelt here. Man is a greater figure than rivers or mountains, or than the old ocean can bear.

The great painters did well to devote themselves to the simple drama of human life. The artless positions of a human group contain more in them, rise higher, spread out more broadly, and express what is more varied and more worthy of attention than any landscape can. And even the landscape must have, at least, its hut to warm and enrich the picture with the suggestion of a human home, or it must show a trodden path to lead the thought away unconsciously into the abodes and life of man. No matter how rude, how lowly these things are, it is man, and not circumstance, we look for; it is humanity, not pomp, which glorifies the scene.

And home — the family home — is the great human centre. Without his family home, the human being is scarcely man. The Indian savage cannot subdue the wilderness; his wig-

wam encampment will never enrich the Columbian wastes; his barbaric fisheries are poor substitutes for the storied ruins of the Rhine, the noble dwellings and flats of the Hudson. Reared in the bosom of the family, the youth becomes really a man. There he is a man. There we behold him in his varied power. There the rich light falls on his being, and there the great qualities of manhood display the muscles.

The superiority of northern to southern races is a fact which has long been observed, and one which is to be explained by very many concurrent causes. But among them, no doubt, is the influence of a severe climate upon the family. Where men cannot live abroad, where inclemencies of the weather, require them to be well housed, the family becomes of necessity, far more important.

It is a habit we have to complain of the rough winds, the rigorous winters, the sharp heats of summer, the sudden changes, the violent rains which befall in these latitudes. But these all drive us to our homes, compel us to build them more commodiously, to organize them more carefully, and to guard, with a more jealous care, that family in which so large a portion of our lives is spent. These rugged visitors, with their hoarse voices and rude manners become the executive officers of the divine law which bids "every man return to his own family." A blustering east wind has kept many a gay young man at home, away from vicious company. The prospect of winter has taught many a lazy body the virtue of industry. Around the expensive fire, which winter weather and long nights require, domestic affection has crept into many a selfish heart, and subdued many an unlovely life. Under the soft amenities of a tropical sky, the children, as soon as they can go alone, flutter, like young birds, from the parent nest. The generous soil provides them a spontaneous growth of delicious fruits, so that hunger does not ring the dinner-bell, and summon them at regular hours to their homes. The mild atmosphere of the open air is more sweet and more grateful to the slumberer than to be housed within the pent walls of a heated chamber, and thus the convenience of repose creates no bond between them and their homes.

Wandering abroad, they become, indeed, the libertine children of nature. And if any one has indulged the imagination that the tuitions of nature, of rocks, hills, and the open air, were better for a lad than that which human society and human homes provide, let him observe how swiftly barbarism creeps upon man, when the luxuries and amenities of a tropical home relax those physical necessities which draw us into families.

It is said that the sandy moors of Scotland have, many of them, been reclaimed by planting across them frequent rows of strong fencelike growths to check the flying sand, and hold it down until it may be fertilized into soil. Such, beyond doubt, is the influence of the family on those who grow up in its bosom. The restraint of home is required to hold down the vagrant disposition of youth, to subdue its wild growths, and to keep them in one course long enough to give time for better influences than boyhood originates for itself to be felt,—long enough for the sober sense of the elders to act on them,—long enough for the fertilizing influence of parental love and home discipline to do their work and make them ready for responsibility and usefulness.

I pass next to the remark that domestic life requires for its success domestic virtue. A wrangling family cannot fulfil its mission, nor will that end be reached where the mother is devoted to frivolity, and the father to a libertine life. The first great virtue upon which the family rests is what I may call the virtue of a sacred wedlock.

I deem it proper to say, on this occasion, that our atmosphere is not wholly clear of clouds which threaten mischief to our homes, and destruction to the domestic happiness of our people. I refer, in part, to the alarming and scandalous frequency of divorce. In one of the States of New England, the cases of divorce, during the year past, were ten per centum of the whole number of registered marriages. If those divorces were obtained on too little cause, they mark an alarming increase of libertine love. If there was sufficient cause for them, they prove that vice of some kind is corrupting the marriage relation, and making it impossible for the family to

rest upon it. One supposition is scarcely better than the other.

I appeal to fathers and to mothers, to use the great power of their home office — that office to which the great God himself appointed them, and from which no human caprice can remove them — to arrest, in their jurisdiction, the progress of the fatal ideas which lead to those alarming results. I appeal to those who proclaim the truth of God from the pulpit, that they speak out the voice of religion, and add its solemn denunciations of that destructive license which turns so many youth away from the safety of married life. I call upon the teachers in the public schools, upon the guardians of learning and the counsellors of the youth, to impress these truths upon their pupils. I invoke all the influences which guide public opinion, that they give aid and correct the lax sentiments and demoralizing practices which affect domestic life so disastrously. I call upon all who hear to visit upon every offender against those chaste ideas on which the family is founded, whether he be sustained by the laws or not, to visit upon all such the severe penalties of social disgrace. Let no foot that has trodden down the marriage vow pass your threshold in welcome. Let no hand that has ruptured the bonds which secure our homes be offered in acknowledged friendship in those homes. Let no heart which has dishonored the sacred name of virtue, or flung away those common ideas and common moralities which form the basis of character receive those hospitable rites which the family only can give, and which should not be prostituted to the service of those who invade and destroy it. Let no social practices continue to exist which conceal the approach of danger. Let the progress of amusement and social festivity toward the dangerous ground be arrested. Rather be "the noise of the viols" forever "brought low," than the noble art of music and the relaxations of social festivity become the death-bed of chaste social sentiments and practices.

But unhappily there are other clouds in the sky, which promise no good to our homes. There are sentiments abroad

which undermine all virtue, and which strike at those sacred ideas and immovable convictions which brace up domestic life on its tried foundation. The spiritualistic necromancy which substitutes the suddenly-discovered and as suddenly changing law of personal affinity for sober rules of life has carried away vast multitudes, and, throughout the land, broken the bond of more families than any and all other causes of evil. What multitudes of unoffending wives sit alone with their children, or without them, containing, as they can, the agony of a separation which those new ideas have made! How many generous husbands have been bowed with shame in the conduct of a wife whose fidelity had never been shaken had not those vagaries gone abroad! How many families have been thrown upon the world dishonored, to pass their childhood as they may, and to fall to pieces like the staves of an ungirded cask!

There are some, too, who, with most excellent intentions, are, nevertheless, giving an unwilling aid, but nevertheless an aid, to the demoralizing influence.

There is nothing in this world more difficult to manage than social reform; and whoever steps forward into that field should first have his eyes wide open to the destruction a man may work in the well-meant endeavor to set a wrong thing right. Let no word go forth from these pulpits which are raised to give men the new wine of the gospel to rivet the chains of an old bondage, or to weaken the force of a new-found and true liberty. But not every one who cries reform will, at the last, be considered a reformer.

I have my eye at this moment upon many of the schemes which are proposed for the advantage of woman. Concerning those schemes in general, I have nothing now to say. This only it is in my mind to bring forward, and it is proposed not as an attack upon anything, but merely in the way of a caution. The family is woman's great defence; and her best friend the laws, customs, and moralities which defend most vigorously the marriage bond. O woman, poor, unfriended, suffering, perhaps, and feeling that the great world has no place of common comfort for thee, sad, sad, indeed, is

thy lot! And I, too, have often felt thy burden of care or woe drop on my heart, as, passing one of thy daughters of sorrow in the street, I have seen only too plainly the plaintive story told in the face. But there is more hope for thee when strong laws uphold the marriage bond, and where woman's grandest sphere, the family, rests firmly on broad and sure foundations. Trades may open to thee, and public place receive thee, but if in venturing into the rough sea, thou lose that defence of chivalrous sentiment which abides in manly breasts, if thy genius for home, and thy light in the family expire, if exposure bring stain, and if thou lose the true and woman soul, ah, then, more has gone down, lost to the bottom, than those new openings can possibly bring thee. If, at the end of all these debates, we come out with woman illustrious in the public sphere, but the domestic life swept away, with wedded life of small account, divorce made easy, the family unstable, then look you, my sisters, then will there be woe enough in your ranks!

I do not like to say these things. I especially dislike to advert to them to-day; but the family, organized as God has appointed on the foundation of a wedded life, is too sacred, too good, and at the same time, too sensitive to the vice of the community to be allowed to be corrupted without a defence. And I have thought that perhaps my time to speak would be this occasion, — this festival of the family, when all parties are so full of its happiness as to be sensitive to the dangers which threaten it.

How pleasing, how noble the scene which to-day in our land presents itself to the right-minded observer! Who would spare himself the pains which are required to preserve green, pure, and happy that institution of the family which has followed the race in all its progress from the first, and is now at the foundation of our virtue and of our prosperity?

This fair scene of gathering and rejoicing families which we witness to-day, and of which we are ourselves a part, could never be, without a vigorous virtue among our people, nor unless domestic life were, in the main, sound and pure, the marriage bond upheld by a sacred reverence, parental

authority established, and libertine ideas of all kinds frowned on by public opinion.

In the physical man the tide of good spirits is, to say the least, very much affected by the constitution and physical health of the man. And in our homes joy and brightness shine from their sound and fresh condition. Let a man be dyspeptical, and he will neither sing nor shine. Let French ideas corrupt the hearts of our families, and French roofs over their heads will not cheer the family below.

Let us, then, to-day rejoice in our homes, and bless God that in them he has opened to us so much happiness and so much profit. Let every man return to his own family, and there let him see on what foundations these homes are built, what principles will preserve and increase them, and what corrupt and overthrow them.

As Venice looked to the sea, the source of her wealth, and annually, with great ceremony, pledged it with a ring, so let us look to the broad ocean of the Christian family as the better source of our better prosperity. Let us pledge it with the ring of those happy domestic circles which surround our boards and rejoice in our homes. Let us pledge it with the ring of domestic affection and connubial joy. Let us pledge it with that quick and generous courage which hates stain more than it loves life; with those sentiments at once Christian and chivalrous which have raised woman to her equality of station, and which will remain in all generous breasts as long as woman, presiding in our homes, crowned in the social sphere, and unfolding her nature in grace, beauty, and influence, shall continue to inculcate them.

REASON has its outposts, from which it is continually driven back defeated; it rules, but under a perpetual check; it cannot take account of its own wealth, or fill the region it presides over. — THE PATIENCE OF HOPE.

SIX WEEKS IN WASHINGTON.

BY REV. JOHN C. KIMBALL.

WASHINGTON, though not one of the great historic cities of the world, — not a London or Paris or Rome, — has yet many things about it which render it, at least to every American, an object of special interest. It is the nation's capital. The relation of our people to it is different from what they have to all other cities, — all others even of our own land. Boston, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, whatever excellence may be claimed for them, on their own account, are only of local value. The outside world can go into them only as strangers. And their streets and parks and public buildings are matters in which the nation at large has no direct personal interest. Washington, however, belongs to the whole country, and is the only city which does. Every man who goes there, whether he be from North, South, East, or West, can feel he is treading in his own streets, and beholding his own property and his own work. It is the place where all the separate parts of the nation's body find their unit, the highest peak of our political continent. And the sensation comes to one here, as it does nowhere else, of what it is to be an American citizen. Six weeks may not afford a visitor a very extended acquaintance with it, may not enable him to write its history, or even to Partonize it; but they may, at least, give him some impressions not quite the same as those which are set forth from day to day by the multitudes of "Our own Correspondents."

The city has this peculiarity in its history over all others, that it did not grow, but was made; that it is not the result of the operation of natural laws, but a deliberate perpetration by act of Congress. When it was found necessary, in the early history of the Government, to select some point for a National Capital, sectional feeling in regard to it was excited at once, — the North fearing to have it located among the influences of slavery, and the South among those of liberty.

Many other places were spoken of; and the present was finally decided upon, prophetic omen! only by a compromise. Its early growth, even under all the interest taken in it by the great man for whom it was named, was slow. There was no decided popular feeling in its favor, no national sentiment gathered around it; and, for a long time, it was doubtful whether it would not be given up for some other locality, — doubtful whether ultimately it would echo with the voice of senators or those of frogs, — an indecision, some marks of which it bears to this day, in a sort of commingling of the accommodations appropriate for the two kinds of inhabitants. Up to the breaking out of the war, it was at best a dirty, inconvenient, half-made Southern city, a hanger-on to Congress for everything done in the way of improvement, and filled with the worst spirit of slavery. And it is only since this incubus was removed, only since a real, living freedom has sent its breath and blood into it, that it has begun to look up, and to be worthy, in some degree, of its name and grand position.

The first thing which a stranger sees on approaching it is, of course, its public buildings. Prominent among these, the observed of all observers, is the Capitol. It is hardly possible to speak of this building in terms of admiration too strong, either as regards its outward structure or its inside finish. The wonder is, considering the piecemeal manner in which it was made, and the hands of the many Congresses through which it had to pass, how such a grand result was ever attained. It may, indeed, have its faults of detail, annoying to the eye of the artist; but its general effect is imposing. It is the only building in the country which has a presence. It can be felt, whether you are looking at it or not, all through the city.

The White House, that shining goal of all politicians, and the possibility of which is supposed to be open to every American boy, and — girl that marries him, large, square, built of freestone painted, having an immense portico in front too large for the building itself and for any of the men, thus far, who have gone into it, and inside, in spite of paint and carpets and upholstering, cheerless, vulgar, and unhealthy alike for

body and soul, a jail in appearance, and, as some think, in the use to which it is put, is interesting chiefly for the reflections it calls forth. There is no other object in our country which has had such an influence on American politics. What ambitions have centred around it! What plottings and plannings to open a way to its door! How many eloquent speeches has it inspired! How many somersets of opinion, how many sacrifices of manhood and principle, how much falsehood and bribery and corruption! It has been the *ignis fatuus* of our history. There is hardly one of our great statesmen whom its white walls have not led astray. Easy and plain appears the road to its door, as you stand on Pennsylvania Avenue and look up through the gate; and yet, as seen through history, there is nothing, not the old Cretan labyrinth itself, which has been more involved and perplexed and hard to find. The thread of it is neither ambition nor virtue nor intellect nor great public services. The sword, perhaps, has found it oftener than anything else. But, in the great majority of cases, it seems to have fallen to its occupants by the merest chance, seems to have been a great white dice which the skill of politicians could toss up, but whose fall was governed by laws outside of all human calculation. Let anybody in America be prepared for it. But woe to the man who seeks it. He might as well start for the philosopher's stone, or the secret of perpetual motion;—commonplace moralizing, perhaps, yet so recondite that five thousand of our country's rising men to-day have never learned it,—one of the lessons which ought to be taught in our Sunday-schools.

Nobody has seen Washington, or indeed America, who has not been to the Patent Office. There is nothing else in our country which is so characteristic of it as these immense halls, overflowing with models in miniature of all the countless objects which have been presented for patent rights. The contrast is very striking between the fruitfulness of the talent which has found a place here and that which has sought it at the White House. It is the glory of America as set against its shame. The machinery it represents has done

more to make our land what it is, to give it such wealth and power and wonderful development, than any other earthly thing. It comes nearest to creative power of aught the human hand has ever wrought,—far nearer, to my thinking, than anything which has been shaped in canvas and marble, has more of American brain in it than all our books. And, as I walked among the silent aisles in which it was stored, I confess to a thrill of awe and reverence for the genius—surely, God's own gift—which had called them forth. If there is one set of men of whom America has reason to be proud more than another, one which, in our age, is peculiarly the channel of inspiration, it is not its poets, philosophers, statesmen, orators, theologians, but its great inventors. All honor to the noble army—and they, most of them, have been martyr souls—who have put their lives into these noble deeds of brass and wood and iron.

The Treasury building—whatever we may think of the currency which is issued from it—is certainly, in itself, a most substantial structure. Standing among its massive columns, it was impossible not to have them bring up what is now one of the most important questions of our country's good name and prosperity,—that of its financial integrity. How strange, amid all the discussions which are going on upon this matter, and all the contrivances which are being devised to remedy the evils from which we are suffering, there is not a clearer insight that the only possible course, as well as only true principle about it, is that of simple honesty! Every plan which has been thus far proposed, and every one which can be proposed to lighten the public burden, is merely the effort of the little boy who has eaten his cake to have it again in his hand. The fact is, we have had a great war, and have spent immense sums of money in carrying it on; and now the only possible thing for us to do, either as honest or dishonest people, is to pay it up. There is no financial scheme, not even that of repudiation, no printing of money, certainly, which can bring back the wealth we have put into powder and ball and fired away. And the man who does not think we have got its worth in the safety and freedom and new hope

of our country,— the man who grumbles at his taxes, and at the general prostration of business, and is seeking for some scheme to sacrifice the nation's honor, is no more a patriot than he who took sides with the South in the time of actual war. Oh that we might have the country's honor as fair and clean and substantial as this vast building in which it keeps its accounts! This is not exactly about Washington, it is true; but then it is about the most important thing that will be done there the present winter.

In wide contrast with the thoughts suggested by the Treasury are those which come to one in the Army, Navy, and Medical Museums, places which are filled with relics and mementos of the war. The department used for the illustration of gunshot wounds is especially impressive. Here are long cases, shelf above shelf, filled with bones of soldiers taken from every part of the body, many of them with the bullets still remaining in their shattered substance. What agony must have been endured before the sleep of death came to give them relief! There is no description which can afford one an idea of the horrors of war like the sight of these shattered bones. It is a price of our liberty such as no figures can reckon up. And, as one goes here from the Treasury, he cannot help exclaiming, When these poor soldiers have endured so much for what we, not they, are enjoying, how wicked, how unmanly, how unutterably mean for us to murmur at any burden, however great, which it may have cost in money and mere business prosperity. It is cheaper to have any amount of gold come out of a man's pocket than one of those little bits of lead go into his body.

After visiting the public buildings of Washington, the next thing to see is the Capitol in operation,— the warm, living heart which beats in these walls of stone sending out its pulses to the land's extreme. The ordinary sessions of Congress are not very imposing, as indeed they are not of any legislative body. The members are engaged in walking about, writing letters, whispering to each other, and calling for pages; and everything apparently is in hubbub and confusion very much like a district school when the teacher has

slipped out; and it looks, sometimes, as if the presence of a good smart mistress, with a stout ferule in her hands, would very much facilitate the transaction of business. The members gathered together from so many parts of the country, and the victors of so many fierce political contests, have, of course, a certain degree of interest attaching to them. But, though representatives, they are not, for the most part, representative men. It is not weight of mind or character, but only a certain talent for manœuvring and wire-working, not necessarily dishonest, but not amounting to half so much, perhaps, as is required in carrying on many branches of manufactures and commerce, which enables a man to write M. C. after his name. The great intellects of the country, the philosophers and scholars and reformers, men who dare to think for themselves, and to stand for what they think, with some exceptions are not here. It is a body to follow, not to lead. The source of its inspiration is the morning newspaper, — not God and duty. And, after listening a few days to its debates, one comes away with the sorrowful conviction that the hope of the country for salvation, moral, political, and financial, is altogether outside of its walls.

It was interesting, in the galleries, to notice who were regarded among the people as the marked men. In the Senate it was always Charles Sumner who was inquired for first. Every man of the country, whether he came from north, south, east, or west, wished to see him. And you might almost know where he was any time in the morning, by observing the fingers all around the galleries, like the rays of a sun, pointing him out. So much for the infamy of having stood up thirty years for liberty and right. In the House the first man asked for was Thad. Stevens, the second, Ben. Butler, and the third, — I hate to say it, but it was what I did myself, — John Morrissey. Thaddeus Stevens is a wonder. So weak he has to be brought in in a chair, he is yet the greatest force there is in the House. The point of his finger has more influence in it than the points of most men's speech.

The prominent officials in the various other departments

of the government were to be seen chiefly on New Year's day, when it is customary for them all to keep open house, and receive the public. The President is a much better appearing person than he is commonly represented. He shook hands with everybody in a manner equally removed from an aristocrat's coldness and a politician's fawning, and his face certainly betrayed no signs of habitual intoxication. Because we do not like his policy, it is no reason why we should belie the man. If he had kept his faith as a Republican, I am inclined to think he would have been found as temperate and Christian a gentleman as the average of those who have had his place. It is wonderful what a difference it makes in a man's private morals, among "our own correspondents," as to whether they are looked at from their side or the other of the party lines.

The number of persons calling at the White House was very small. Grant, Colfax, and Chief Justice Chase had the most. Seward appeared the most affable, Colfax the most easy and popular, Chase, the most gentlemanly and courteous, General Grant, with his little daughter playing about, the most homelike and domestic, and Ben. Butler had the most of easy talk and good cheer. Grant appears, on the whole, the most trustworthy man in Washington, — the one who is most truly a part of the people by his very nature, and who does things the least for effect. It is hard to realize that you see in his slightly-stooping person and his simple, honest face the victor of so many bloody fields, the hero and chief figure in one of the grandest wars ever waged, and the man, almost beyond a question, who is to complete in the presidential chair, what he has carried forward so nobly in the field. Yet you have only to look at him to feel sure that what he has accomplished has been by no side shrewdness and political tact, but only by main force and straightforward, downright ability.

The city, apart from its great men, has an army of clerks and minor officials, most of them, in spite of all which is said to the contrary, worthy persons, going there from all parts of the country with the hope of getting an easier living, but find-

ing generally that bread and butter do not come at Washington, any more than at other places, without toil and tribulation, and sometimes, perhaps, without political trimming. There are, however, some exceptions. With the strongest desire to speak well of women, and to see their sphere of activity enlarged, it must be owned that those who are the best judges do not represent their course here as clerks to be, on the whole, a very strong argument for their efficiency. Apart from what is said of their immorality, for which, judging by the notorious character of some of the men who are retained over them in prominent places, they probably are the least to blame, business habits are what they lack. They expect to have in the office the same time-wasting courtesies and roundabout way of asking things to be done to which they are accustomed in the parlor. Looking-glasses and combs are apt to be smuggled in behind the desk. And one young lady is said to have left her place in high dudgeon, or rather was transferred by her patron, a high official, to another department, because she could not go out in business hours to take lessons in music and French. Then, too, one of the most painful things now going on in Washington, — one which tells loudest against the administration, — is the number of downright rebels, men and women, that are being brought into its service. It is they who seem to have the ear of the President, they who are fed most largely at the public table. And the widows and daughters of Union soldiers, they who gave their all for the country, and have to-day only themselves to depend upon, because the arms on which they leaned are mouldering in a Union grave, are turned in poverty away.

It would be wrong, however, to represent Washington as made up wholly of government officials, either good or bad, or even of that other class; lobbyists, office-seekers, and panderers to vice, always found at the centres of power. It has a population and life of its own now beginning, for the first time, to make themselves felt, and to give it character. It ought not to be judged to-day by its old reputation, — ought not to be judged by what disappointed office-seekers, coming

away from it, may say. Northern men and Northern ideas, Northern enterprise and talent have been flowing into it. Its population, since the war, has more than doubled. Flourishing schools have been established. Improvements are being made rapidly in its streets and drainage and buildings. And outside of the influence of the hotels you will find as snug and genial and pleasant homes as anywhere in New England. The spirit of society, too, has improved. The frankness and ease of the West have united, in some degree, with the refinement and culture of the East. The breath of freedom has gone into its parlors and saloons. It is no longer a disgrace in the capital of a democratic country to hold that all men are born free and equal.

But with all this change, it would be too much to say that the work is complete. It is not yet complete anywhere in the country. There are some men in Washington — you will find them, too, in New England — who have not yet learned there has been any great civil war. The proclamation of emancipation has hardly reached them, so far back are they behind the age. And they have not got the new spelling-book yet, where negro is spelled with only one g. It was this state of things which gave rise, perhaps, to the trouble, last month, in the Unitarian church about the colored Sunday-school. We of New England, however, ought to be very careful how we judge them. It is to be feared there are very few of our churches which, under the same circumstances, would not have done the same thing; or, if they did not turn the children out, it would be because they could never have got a vote to let them in. It must be remembered that the movement is not an outside one which the Church opposed, but one which arose from its own ranks. The heart of that society, both parts of it, is sound and true. They have a band of live, true, brave young men there, of which any church in the land might be proud, eager to do all Christian work; doing it, too, not only at the sacrifice of time and convenience, but at the risk, sometimes, of its bringing their official duties suddenly to a close. By their very situation they are the vanguard of the movement in behalf of the

freedmen, exposed to peculiar difficulties and trials, worthy, therefore, peculiarly of our sympathy and help. And though it may not be done at once, they will never rest till Unitarianism in Washington plants itself on the broad, divine platform that in the brotherhood of Jesus Christ there is no distinction of race or color, and till it recognizes especially its duty to those poor and despised children with whom he has made himself evermore to be one.

There is one other thing, not directly a part of Washington, but intimately connected with it, which every Northern man, who goes there ought certainly to visit,—the old Lee estate, and the great cemetery of our soldiers, overlooking the city from Arlington Heights. The bodies of two thousand one hundred and eleven soldiers, unknown, are buried in a single vast grave; and on the estate around them are many thousands of others brought up from the Wilderness, and from minor battle-grounds far and wide over the field of war. They cover acres; and the slabs above them, painted white, inscribed with their names and regiments, and standing in long and serried ranks, as when they marched upon the foe, speak to the heart with an eloquence of meaning such as no tongue of orator has ever known.

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldiers' last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
Their ranks in proud review.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards with solemn sound
The bivouac of the dead."

It is fitting to have them buried here in the soil they redeemed from its curse, and so near the great capital of the nation they died to save. Though dead, they yet speak. They pour a mighty and purifying influence ever and ever over the broad river into the living city's heart. They rise up between the President and the rebel horde, to whom he would give again the rod of power. They admonish our legislators to be true and faithful to the great principles for which their bones are bleaching there. They are the broad, white page, written

with the proudest chapter of the nation's history. And, if there is one among us who would make their sacrifice in vain, one who would vote to give back to the bitter heart of the South what they fought so hard to take away, one who is hesitating whether or not the nation should press forward to reap the full fruit of their work, let him go to Arlington Heights, and stand amid those acres of Federal graves, — let him listen to the pleading of their twenty thousand silent tongues to be firm and true ; and if he has one drop of patriot blood in his heart, he will come back thrilled with a new love to country, and bound to crown them with that monument, grander than all that hands can build, a land for every human being, of pure and perfect liberty.

It is in this faith, confirmed by his visit as a whole, that the stranger will take his leave of Washington. The city is to be worthy of its martyrs, and worthy of him whose name it bears. Just and equal laws are, sooner or later, to radiate from its walls to every part of the country, binding it together ever and ever in a truer union. And the day at last will come when the great statue of Freedom which stands so fitly on its Capitol, shall be able in all its vast sweep to see not one institution or one prejudice which is inconsistent with the glorious principle of which it is set there to be at once the prophet and the emblem.

THE Word itself calleth me to return to that place of rest where love is not forsaken, if it forsaketh not to love. I behold how some things pass away, that others may replace them, and so this lower universe be completed by all his parts. But thou dost never depart, O God, my Father, supremely good, Beauty of all things beautiful ! With thee will I fix my dwelling, for now I am tired out with vanities. To thee will I intrust whatsoever I have received from thee, so shall I lose nothing ; and my decay shall bloom again, and all my diseases be healed. Thou madest me for thyself, and my heart is restless until it repose in thee.— ST. AUGUSTINE.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

— “THE PANOPLIST” is the name of a small monthly publication issued in this city, and designed for the defence of the elder and sterner orthodoxy. It is conducted by an association of gentlemen, *laudatores temporis acti*, who see nothing but evil in the present tendencies of thought. What fundamental modifications New England orthodoxy, in their judgment, is now undergoing, are indicated very plainly in a recent article on the question, “Is New England Theology Calvinistic or Arminian?” This is the way the question is answered:—

“The Theology of New England is neither the one nor the other, but has long been diverging from both these systems. Since the introduction of Dr. Taylor’s views, which in their main features were accepted by the Andover and New Haven schools, the drift of the New England Theology, so called, has been towards Rationalism. It has made rapid progress in that direction. German influences have accompanied German criticisms on the Bible, until that divine book has lost much of its authority in the New England mind, and is no longer the unerring standard of truth. Symbols and creeds are substantially the same, but these do not represent the undercurrent of religious opinions. Broad definitions of these are the forms in which these sceptical tendencies are visible, and utilitarian notions furnish the apology for the support of these creeds.

“But this opinion ought not to be expressed unless it be supported by competent evidence. If this evidence exists, it ought to be presented, and the fact that little or no alarm is felt on this subject would imply either that there is no ground for these fears or that there is a general blindness on the Christian mind, which prevents any discovery of this most alarming declension.

“We have four Theological Schools in New England belonging to the Congregational churches. Of these, Andover and New Haven are the most prominent in laxity of doctrine. The Seminary at Bangor occupies a middle ground, if such there be, and the Hartford Institute remains firm in the faith of the Puritans and the theology of President Edwards.

“We do no injustice to the two former, when we say that the old doctrines of original sin, of the plan of redemption, of the atonement

and regeneration, and of the inspiration of the Scriptures, are widely different from those which are now taught in these schools. We go farther, and say that in regard to miracles and to the historical portions of the Old Testament there is a criticism abroad which denies a supernatural agency in the one and a valid authenticity in the other. This criticism comes from the schools, is uttered in suppressed whispers, is visible in the little importance attached to religious opinion, in the deference and respect which is paid to those learned critics who have uttered this wisdom, and in the public and private declarations of professedly orthodox men; these men declare that the story of the creation and fall of man has no historic truth, but is a symbolic expression of truths which are more fully developed in the subsequent pages of the Bible, representing at once the power of God and the force of temptation, and forming a text for moral teachings in all subsequent ages.

“So, too, in regard to the doctrine of the eternal punishment of the wicked which is so clearly stated in the Word of God. There is a practical disbelief of this doctrine which extensively prevails among orthodox churches, and if doubts are expressed as to its truth, it does not much disturb the standing of ministers, nor is it always insisted that this doctrine is essential to an orthodox faith, and there are ministers and laymen whose views of it are so modified as to destroy its influence over their own minds and those of others; and then how little this doctrine is preached! How seldom does it appear in the pulpit, and with how little interest is it regarded! A nominal adherence to it seems to be all that can be claimed for many of the orthodox clergy, and all that is demanded by the churches.”

— A writer in the “London Times” gives an account of the present results of the explorations now carried on by an English party in Palestine. Much time has been consumed in fixing the exact latitude and longitude of important places, as the basis of a new and more accurate map of the Holy Land. The altitude of hills and the extent of plains have been measured for the same object. After naming these, the writer adds:—

“But, perhaps, the wonderful discoveries of Mr. Farren in and around Jerusalem will create even a deeper feeling of interest in the minds of the general public. These have already been sketched in the reports published from time to time in your columns. Their importance to the biblical archæologist can scarcely be over-estimated.

He cannot but feel that the great vexed questions of the topography of the Holy City and its sacred monuments are on the eve of solution. In common with many others, I have been watching with the most intense eagerness every fresh stage in the excavations, as it corroborated some fact in history, or illustrated some statement in the Bible. The courses of the three ancient city walls, so minutely described by Josephus, are now being gradually traced. The exact sites of the most hallowed spots on earth — the Holy Sepulchre and the Jewish Temple — are in a fair way of being determined.

"The colossal foundations of the Temple wall, in which are 'stones of ten cubits and stones of eight cubits,' laid by Solomon, or his successors on the throne, are now being laid bare at the enormous depth of ninety feet and more beneath the present surface. The bridge that once spanned the ravine between the Palace on Zion and the Temple on Moriah is now proved to have been upward of one hundred and fifty feet high. If this be as it seems, the 'ascent' to the house of the Lord which Solomon showed to the Queen of Sheba, we cannot wonder that on seeing it 'there was no more spirit in her.' The 'pinnacle of the Temple,' on which the Tempter placed the Saviour, has just been uncovered to its base, and is found to have an elevation of one hundred and thirty-six feet. The statement of Josephus is, therefore, no exaggeration: 'If any one looked from the battlements into the valley, he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth.' Sections of the ancient wall of Ophel have been exhumed, showing that, as Josephus says, it was joined to the south-east angle of the Temple. Aqueducts, cisterns, and rock-hewn channels and passages have also been discovered within and around the Haram, throwing new light on the buildings, the arrangements, and the services of the Temple.

"The great work of a complete exploration of ancient Jerusalem is thus fairly and auspiciously commenced. The opportune visit of the Sultan and Grand Vizier to this country, and the representations made the latter by the Archbishop of York, followed up, as they have been, by the energy, the wisdom, and the tact of Lieut. Warren and his admirable staff, have smoothed down Moslem prejudice, removed local opposition, and thus brought about opportunities for excavation and exploration such as never occurred before; and, besides, large numbers of Arab laborers have been trained to the work, and are eager to be employed; and the exact points for successful exploration are now well known."

— Just as the Old and New School Presbyterians seemed to be fraternally coming together, an unexpected source of disturbance has sprung up. What shall be sung in their churches? Some say the best devotional hymns, by whomsoever written; others say, nay, but only the Psalms of David. Would it be believed that men who can make their creeds accord on all other points should fall to blows on a question like this? Such narrowness and pugnacity seem incredible, yet we find the case stated as follows in the "New York Christian Observer," the best Old School authority, though that paper, we are glad to add, rebukes the schismatic spirit it describes: —

"As one of the results of the late Presbyterian Convention, held at Philadelphia, it has become evident that the greatest obstacle to a union of all the Presbyterian churches in this country is not difference in doctrine, but a difference of views in regard to what shall be sung in the public worship of God. A portion of the Reformed and of the United Presbyterian churches have maintained the ground that nothing may be used in this part of divine service but inspired Scripture; that the Psalms of David were given, and have been preserved, for exclusive use in God's praise. There are those who hold that it is sinful to sing any psalm that is not a literal translation of one of the Psalms of David, or any hymn, no matter how closely conformed in sentiment to the inspired Word, or how elevated in its spiritual character; and they refuse to commune with any and every one who sings such hymns. They are willing that Christians should address their heavenly Father in prayer with words of their own choosing; nay, they *require* in the ministry that extemporaneous prayers should be used in leading the devotions of the assembled church. But when it comes to *praising* God, no matter how full of evangelical joy the heart may be, it is a sin to give expression to it in one of the beautiful and truly scriptural hymns which make up our church collections, or in any other words than those which were in use under the Jewish dispensation. Those holding such sentiments will not, of course, be willing to form a church union, on terms of Christian equality and fellowship, with others who do not believe it wrong to praise God in the psalms and hymns of Watts, and others equally conformed, in spirit and sentiment, to the Holy Scriptures."

— We find in an exchange the following account of a movement in England to purify and preserve Protestantism. The Association referred to will find work enough to do, since a large part of the

English aristocracy, though nominally connected with the Church of England, never have in fact been converted from papistic dogmas and tendencies. The Romish religion has no stronger bulwark than this powerful English party: —

“Six hundred gentlemen, from various parts of Great Britain, were assembled under the auspices of the Church Association in London, on the 26th and 27th ult. Preservation of the Protestantism of the Church of England is the object of the society. Resolutions in regard to Sacramental Errors, Auricular Confession, Vestments, etc., were discussed at length, with great ability. One of the speakers, in answer to the query, ‘What does the Association mean?’ answered that it intends to test the great fundamental question, ‘Whether the doctrines of the Church of England express Romish or Protestant opinions.’ A resolution was carried by acclamation, providing for a guarantee fund of not less than fifty thousand pounds, to enable the Council to assist parishioners who may apply to them for advice, and expenses of appeals to the law courts, undertaken for the purpose of ascertaining the law on any point involving Romanizing doctrines or ritualistic practices.”

— That clear thinker and strong writer, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Sturtevant, has an article in a late number of the “New York Independent,” on the relation between Theology and Religion. We quote a portion of his sensible words: —

“It is not uncommon of late for persons who express great respect, even reverence, for religion to speak in a tone of disparagement of theology. Of religion, they would blush to acknowledge themselves either ignorant or negligent; of theology, they do not *confess*, but boastfully *profess*, their ignorance, and indicate their purpose to remain ignorant. They care nothing what the creed of a church is, if only its members are a good, religious people. Ministers may be found who declare their purpose to be very earnest in preaching religion; but with theology they mean to have very little to do. Writers for the periodical press are perhaps as apt as any other class of men to fall into this mode of speaking, and often more than intimate that the less a man has to do with theology the wiser and the more religious he will be.

“It is a curious, and might prove a not unprofitable, inquiry how much religion any one of us, even the most gifted with genius, can teach without teaching any theology. Of God he must say nothing;

for theology is pre-eminently the doctrine of God. Whether the true divinity is the impersonal, unconscious god of the Pantheist; the many gods of the Pagan, each the impersonation of passion, sensuality, and lust; the god of the Mohammedan; or the God of the Christian, he must forbear to inquire. These are topics on which he can give those who look to him for the spiritual aliment which they need no instruction. The immortality of the human soul is eminently a theological question; on this, too, he must be silent, for it never can be successfully handled except in view of the deepest principles of the moral government of God.

"Sin, too, will be a forbidden theme; for by the law is the knowledge of sin, and that law which gives us the knowledge of sin is the law of God. Men may have much knowledge of right and wrong without the light of divine revelation; but that profound conception which is expressed by the word sin is one of the most peculiar characteristics of the Christian Scriptures; it is an integral part of Christian theology.

"And that whole field of thought which relates to Christ and his work of redemption is forbidden ground to men who would teach religion, but no theology. Who was Christ Jesus? A man weak and frail like ourselves, having no more claim to be called the Christ, the Anointed One, the Messiah of God, than any other good man; and yet calling himself by those exalted titles, and even claiming to be the Son of God? Pretending to work miracles which he never wrought, or represented by his disciples to have worked them, though he himself made no such pretensions? Dying a martyr's death indeed, but laid away in the grave to turn to dust like other men, and yet represented by his disciples and believed by all subsequent ages to have risen from the grave, and to have ascended into heaven before the eyes of his disciples? Himself an amiable, good man indeed, but either an arch impostor, or the founder of a school of impostors who have deluded all ages since? Or was he the Lord from heaven miraculously born; one whose words the elements obeyed, and diseases were his servants; who called the dead from their graves, and himself rose from the dead, and ascended up into heaven, and saw no corruption; the Christ, the Son of God, dying on the cross in expiation of human guilt, and now ever sitting at the right hand of God to make intercession for us? Our prophet? Our priest? Our king? With these themes religion without theology can have no concern. It must remain in their presence as silent as that grave from which Christ arose, and as indifferent as silent.

"And then that world of retribution! Are heaven and hell realities, or the myths of some bygone age of superstition, like Charon and his boat or the dog Cerberus? These are interesting questions; and, however those to whom we give religious instruction may be negligent of them now, the hour will probably come to most of them when the religious teacher who can tell them nothing of these questions will be seen to have little power of ministering to the spiritual wants of their souls.

"With what religious topic, then, shall a man deal who has utterly discarded theology? Is it answered, with the morality of the Gospel? Everything that is most unique, characteristic, and touching in that morality is the direct offshoot of theology. Nothing in the morality of the Gospel is so characteristic, or has exerted so mighty an influence for good on the human race, as the doctrine of self-sacrifice for the good of others. This it is that has filled Christendom, through all Christian ages, with the spirit of all-embracing, all-loving humanity. And is this the product of the bald theism of the moral law? Nay, verily. It originated at the cross not of a common martyr, but of the 'Son of God.' It comes from the great and blessed truth that 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' It is the 'love of Christ constraining men, because they thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead, and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him that died for them and rose again.' This is Christian morality; and it is as much higher and purer and more saving than all the morality of Paganism or Deism or Pantheism as heaven is higher than earth. But he who will not believe and teach Christian theology cannot teach it. He has exiled himself from the only fountain from which it can flow. He can never reach that fountain and draw from it this water of life till he will abandon the absurd thought of divorcing religion from theology, and cease from all attempts to put asunder that which God hath joined together."

— We find in the "Watchman and Reflector" some good thoughts on the inspiration of the Scriptures. The design is to show that no theory on this subject is admissible which would make the sacred writers as passive as the flute that is filled with breath, that each one preserved his own individuality, and that thus there is a *human element* in the authorship of the Scriptures which must not be overlooked: —

"Were the Sacred Records without a human element, they would be unlike every other product of the Spirit in our world. In the process of the believer's sanctification, the movements of the Spirit are modified by the individuality of the subject, the supernatural impinging on the natural without any disturbance of nature. The Spirit never unmans a man, but on the contrary makes him more thoroughly a man according to the primal ideal. Even in regeneration, where the Divine Spirit may be thought to stand most apart in august sovereignty, working out the eternal purpose of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, though it may come as the wind and go as the wind, yet the moment it reaches the human plane it conforms in full, we have reason to believe, to the great laws that rule in mind. So much, indeed, is this so, that no mere human consciousness would ever cognize the divine inworking agent. Each individual experience retains its own distinguishable idiosyncrasy. The type of character is never violated. Identity is preserved, consciously so to the individual and recognizably so to others. The ardent and the phlegmatic, the hopeful and the desponding, the broad-minded and the narrow-minded, the intelligent and the ignorant, carry with them their distinguishing traits through the whole process of renewal, from incipient conviction to the most thorough-going conversion.

"So we believe it to be with inspiration. The divine element does not exclude the human. They are each equally essential facts. And the human is there, as a general rule, not as something bound in fetters and forced along, but as moving consciously in its own high freedom. Paul is always Paul, solid, dignified, earnest, stirring, eloquent, his logic always on fire, and yet his style being ever the strong tread of the man who knows whereof he affirms, and believes, and therefore speaks.

"John, whether in the Gospel, or Epistles, or the Apocalypse, is ever the beloved disciple, the man of all others whom we would naturally expect to find leaning on the bosom of Jesus, and finding the warmest place in his heart. He never could have stood alone in the world. He was made for his fellows. His sympathies made him an integral part of humanity. He was one that men would certainly be opening their hearts to, sure of finding his heart open to them. The other evangelists might naturally incline to dwell on the great miracles Christ wrought; he would incline to dwell rather on his gracious words.

"So, also, in relation to the other sacred writers. Matthew's

method and Luke's method would have had the same essential difference had there been no Holy Ghost; and the latter may, of his own free impulse, have felt disposed, like the many others who took it in hand, to write out the Gospel narrative, and to do it only after having traced out all things accurately from the first."

— The author of the "Chronicles of Schönberg-Cotta Family" has published another work called "On both Sides of the Sea, a Story of the Commonwealth." It presents what purports to be the diary of a Puritan; and we find the following glimpse of John Bunyan: —

" 'I have seen the Anabaptist tinker and heard him preach, and I wonder no more at Isaac's enthusiasm.

" 'It was in a barn a mile or two out of Netherby. Isaac persuaded me to go, and I went; and wrapping myself in a plain old mantle, crept into a corner and listened.

" 'And there I heard the kind of sermon I have been wanting to hear so long.

" 'Heaven brought so near, and yet shown to be so infinite; the human heart shown so dark and void, and yet so large and deep, and capable of being made so fair and full of good. Grace, the "grace which over-mastereth the heart," not something destroying or excluding nature, but embracing, renewing, glorifying it. Christ our Lord shown so glorious, and yet so human; more human than any man, because without the sin which stunts and separates. Yes, that was it. This tinker made me see him, brought me down to his feet; not to the Baptist, or Luther, or Calvin, or any one, but to Christ, who is all in one. Brought me down to his feet, rebuked, humbled, emptied; and then made me feel his feet the loftiest station any creature could be lifted to. . . .

" 'How many of the dark pages of Church history already written, and now being written, might never have been, if the theology of this tinker could be understood!

" 'Luther, they say, also knew these things (and Roger used to declare Oliver Cromwell did, but of this I know nothing). Strange it is to see how from height to height these souls respond to each other, like bonfires carrying the good news from range to range, throughout the ages. These are the wise; wise like angels; wise like little children. Half-way down, it seems to me, walk the smaller ingenious men of each generation, laboriously building

elaborate erections which all the ingenious men on their own hill-side and on their own level admire, but which those on the other side cannot see. And below, in the valleys, the reapers reap, and the little children glean, and the women work and weep and wait, and wonder at the skill of the builders on the hill-side, so far above them to imitate. But when they want to know if the good news from the far country is still there for them, as for those of old, they look not to the hill-sides, but to the hill-tops, where the bonfires flash the gospels — plainer even in the night than in the day — and where the earliest and latest sunbeams rest. And so the eyes of the watchers on the mountain-tops, of the children and the lowly laborers in the valleys, and of the angels in the heavens, meet. And when the night comes, — which comes to all on earth, — the ingenious builders on the hill-sides, no doubt, have also to look to the mountain-tops, where the watch-fires burn, and the sunset lingers, and the sunrise breaks.’”

— The editor of the “New York Methodist” writes the following excellent article on the subject of Conventional Piety: —

“The general practice of the Christian religion among men has of necessity introduced phrases and habits distinct from those in ordinary use and growing out of its peculiar nature and objects. There are subjects in the spiritual realm which cannot be expressed in the common language of the world, and must needs have a new vocabulary, — one which to men at large will sometimes sound strange and quite meaningless. Science is perpetually coining words for the conveyance of the new ideas or facts discovered in the regions of speculation and experiment; to avoid it is impossible.

“It is equally unavoidable to speak of the distinctive truths of the Christian faith without the employment of terms which may not always be comprehended by those who have given but little if any attention to divine things; these terms will also be occasionally objectionable to those who hear them, inasmuch as they seem to imply superior knowledge and goodness in those who habitually use them. But if it be entirely admissible to use phrases for the expression of religious belief and experience such as are not found in common parlance, may it not be well to employ them sparingly, and especially to study propriety as to the time and occasion for using them, so as to avoid all needless offence to the taste of those with whom we happen to associate, or to touch in the casual meetings of life? There is an accredited piety in the religious, or

church-going communities which we believe to be genuine, but which, by certain conventionalisms, renders itself displeasing to many, and really exposes it to very sharp attacks from the objectors to the popular faith. Set phrases, set methods of religious teaching, of spiritual questioning, etc., become 'current,' and pass around from lip to lip, without due regard to circumstances and persons. Many employ them who know better, and who could as readily frame their thoughts, and prosecute their purposes in doing good, under different and more natural forms; while others know no better, — indeed, do not comprehend the meaning of what they say, and are all the while acting the part of parrots. There seems to be in human nature a constant drift toward formalism, — something fixed, uniform, and unexpansive. The Quaker protests against all forms, and demands the utmost liberty, and soon becomes as rigid and immobile in his ways of worship, dress, and talk as the ritualist with whom he breaks. There is nothing which so stifles the spirit as slavery to the letter, especially if the letter be of man's invention; so that the freer Christians can be from stereotyped terms or cant, if they sacrifice no truth, the more power they will have for the accomplishment of good.

"Why cannot ministers, and others who have to do with the religious instruction of youth, approach them in an easy, natural, unprofessional manner — very much as they would join them in any lawful sport? Why put on an air and tone which says to the child, 'Now, I am going to talk religion, and I want you to be very solemn,' — thus arousing a prejudice begotten of the belief that religion is somehow destructive of the relish for earthly joy?"

— The union of the two papers in this city, the "Congregationalist and Recorder," presents as a result a publication of marked freshness and ability. The few numbers which we have seen have an air about them of a kindly, Christianly culture, and we hope to become better acquainted with it. Nathan Allen, M. D., of Lowell, writes on a subject to which he has paid special attention, and from his article we clip the following: —

"Within forty or fifty years, a great change has taken place in the physical organization of our females. The compression of the chest from the fashion of dress, together with the neglect of exercise, particularly in the open air, and the want of proper ventilation in-doors, has seriously interfered with the normal action and healthy development of the heart and the lungs. As a consequence, there

has been, with this sex, a great increase in the diseases of the lungs, especially of consumption, as well as of debility generally, — diseases that arise from a low state of vitality, and a want of regular circulation of blood through the body. Again, the pressure from the style of dressing upon the organs in the abdomen, and the unequal amount of clothing upon the trunk of the body, compared with the extremities, combined with improper diet and a want of physical exercise, have greatly disturbed the healthy action of the organs of digestion, nutrition, and secretion; and dyspepsia, indigestion, and costiveness — complaints peculiar to New England women — arise mostly from these causes.

“The complaint everywhere made now is that our young women have not strength of body, or, in other words, stamina of constitution, — cannot do the work or bear the exposure which their mothers and grandmothers did, nor compare in physical strength and power of endurance with the women of foreign origin around them. The muscles in the limbs give out, when applied to much or continued exercise, and there are weaknesses, aches, and pains, in the back and sides, upon the least exposures or hardships. The less the muscles are called into exercise when young, the greater the disinclination to do so ever afterwards.

“On the other hand, the brain and nervous system are exercised to their utmost tension. Education — *education of the mind* — seems to be almost the only thing sought by parents and guardians for the girl. Nearly all her time, from six to eighteen years of age, must be thus occupied. Besides the school, there are certain excitements in the present state of society, and in reading works of romance and fiction, as well as stories in magazines and newspapers, which constitute too much of the reading of the young, that are peculiarly calculated to intensify this nervous susceptibility. As a consequence, we have an excessive nervous temperament, with weak vital organs and muscles poorly fitted to nourish and support the former. Such an organization for woman is abnormal and unhealthy, especially when some of the most important objects which God designed in her creation are considered. The great laws of maternity are thus sacrificed. Some French writers hold up the theory, that ‘*as you perfect a people the race runs out.*’

“Is there not some danger that this theory will find a verification in the history of our New England population?”

— It is often assumed that public interest in religious institutions

is not extending as fast as the population of the country increases. At a late meeting, Prof. H. B. Smith, of New York, presented the following statistics, which are worthy of a careful consideration : —

“In 1800, the total population was 5,305,935, and the number of church-members was 350,000; in 1832, the population was 13,614,420, church-members, 1,348,948; in 1860, the population was 31,429,801, church-members, 5,035,250. That is, the ratio in 1800 was one communicant to about fifteen of the population; in 1832, it was one to ten; in 1860, one to six. While the population increased sixfold, the church-membership increased more than fourteen-fold. And this, too, notwithstanding the fact that, during the last period (from 1832 to 1860), the number of aliens arriving at our ports was over five millions; and Texas, New Mexico, and California were added to our territory. The proportional increase, since 1860, has probably been greater, for the immigration has been much less. This estimate does not include the Roman Catholics, who may number three and a half millions.”

[From “The Hermitage and other Poems.”]

SUNDOWN.

A SEA of splendor in the west,
Purple and pearl and gold,
With milk-white ships of cloud, whose sails
Slowly the winds unfold.
Brown cirrus-bars, like ribbed sea-sand,
Cross the blue upper dome,
And nearer flecks of feathery white
Blow over them like foam.
But when that transient glory dies
Into the twilight gray,
And leaves me on the beach alone,
Beside the glimmering bay;
And when I know that late or soon,
Love's glory finds a grave,
And hearts that danced like dancing foam
Break like the breaking wave;
A little, dreary, homeless thought
Creeps sadly over me,
Like the shadow of a lonely cloud
Moving along the sea.

RANDOM READINGS.

MIRACLES.

"THE December number of the 'Monthly Religious Magazine' gives us a few pages on miracles by Mr. Sears.

"If we understand this writer, there is not and cannot be a miraculous event. He connects everything with cause and effect. A mysterious event, visible to us, though it may be accordant with a *known* law, is really true to a higher law, beyond our discovery. The chain of cause and effect is nowhere broken. Its unseen links are as truly existent as those which are seen; and, from the being of the latter, he argues *a priori* to the necessary existence of the former. All the phenomena presented by miracles are in perfect harmony with unknown antecedents. What we call a miracle, therefore, is only a surprise, because we are not able to perceive its real though invisible harmony with its necessary antecedents.

"As thus stated, we think Mr. Sears is not a believer in the miracles recorded in the New Testament. He may believe the *facts* reported by the several writers; but they are only *wonders*, not *miracles*. We understand a miracle to be something, in *opposition* to nature, an *infringement* of the order of cause and effect, a direct act of God setting aside all law, and challenging the wisdom of man to explain it otherwise. Mr. Sears' view of a miracle is God working by his Providence, and thus teaching man his ignorance. Our view is vastly higher. It is God working by his *power*, by an immediate interposition of his sovereignty to bring *himself* to the notice of his creatures, and under this high pretension to claim their attention to his message, thus solemnly authenticated."

"Mr. Hume's opinion that miracles are violations of natural law seems to us as unanswerably true; but his metaphysical puzzle, that they cannot be proved by testimony, would overthrow the value of all human evidence, and so confuse its laws that nothing could be proved. We accept his premises, but deny his conclusion. Possibly, Mr. Sears, if he believes in Mr. Hume's *definition* of miracles, might think with him that miracles

could not be proved by testimony. If he has no higher view of miracles than the one he gives us in his article, we think he is as much an unbeliever in them as Mr. Hume."

The above extracts are taken from the January number of "The Panoplist," an orthodox periodical, published in Boston, generally in a spirit of Christian candor. We invite our readers' attention a few moments to the remarkable philosophy and more remarkable theology involved in the above criticisms.

1. The Divine Laws, whether pervading mind or matter, the spiritual world or the natural, are simply the highest and most beneficent order according to which God governs his universe. "Law," says Burke, "is Beneficence acting by rule." "Her seat," says Hooker, "is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world." The Infinite Beneficence acts by the best rule; that is, so as to effect the highest good possible. Paul says, speaking of Christ as the creative Word, "By him all things consist," literally stand together, or subsist in order, speaking here evidently of the natural world.

It would be very interesting to know what our critic means when he says a miracle is "*a direct act of God setting aside all law*," — that is, violating the order of his universe, and introducing disorder into it. Because *we* cannot reduce a fact within the order of nature as we had known it, we must deny that it is accordant with that higher and infinite order which we had not seen! There are *some* acts of God which cannot be brought under any rule of beneficence operating for the highest good.

2. "Our view is vastly higher. It is God working by his power," says the critic. So, then, God, working in nature, does *not* work directly by his power. Do you tell us that God is not in nature, and that the natural world is given up to second causes? — a machine, as the old deists would have it, which God set going a great while since, and now only sits away outside of it and looks on, to see it go; only sending jerks of power into it at long intervals. What are "second causes," without THE EFFICIENT CAUSE always present and operative? A sort of Theism which makes nature atheistical, even more than the old Gnosticism ever did, is hardly to be called a "higher view." A view of miracles which shuts God out of the natural world, except when he comes in after long centuries to advertise himself, we should call the lowest view possible.

3. "Possibly, Mr. Sears, if he believes in Mr. Hume's defi-

nition of miracles, might think with him that miracles could not be proved by testimony." We certainly should believe that they could be proved by the testimony of no finite intelligence. Let us see; and let us suppose our critic upon the stand.

Q. You have witnessed a miracle, — a man walking upon the sea?

C. Yes, sir.

Q. You can swear positively, not only to the fact, but that it was *not* "in harmony with unknown antecedents"?

C. I positively can.

Q. Pray, how came you to know all the antecedents of the fact, reaching through all nature, and beyond nature, into the spirit world, of which nature is the symbol; into the counsels of the infinite Word, by which all things stand together and are humanized? How came you to know all this, Mr. C.?"

The only consistent answer which Mr. C. could possibly make would be, "I know everything!" And this under his definition would be *proving miracles by testimony*. "The value of all human evidence" is overthrown, unless a man can swear, not only to the fact, but to all the philosophy that lies back of it, and to its infinite relations and connections in the universe. He is only a competent witness when he can swear to his own omniscience.

S.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE.

Born in Providence, R. I., 10th Feb., 1802. Died in Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 2d, 1868.

THE grave is silent. But in its very silence, it oftentimes excites emotions that no uttered words could produce. In how many instances does it speak, in a language, though inaudible, at once intelligible to sensitive hearts, of the exceeding worth of duty, of the value of the affections, of the consummation of this life in an immortal life!

His was a pure and gentle nature, at whose new-made grave we still linger, that we may indulge in grateful yet tender memories. Philanthropy it was that gave form and beauty to Mr. Greene's character. This governing principle of his life was seen in the cordiality of his greeting, and the smile that radiated his

countenance, as it were, in token of a loving benediction. He was as sensitive as any one to every indication of the perversion of moral rectitude, or the indulgence of selfish ambition at the expense of the general good. And, while giving expression to his sense of the evil nature of delinquency in any form, he would pleasantly throw out a humorous remark that indicated the hope, at least, that disorder and disingenuousness would eventually be made to appear in their true light, and produce a commendable reaction. He was ready, especially where there was room for the exercise of moral power, to indulge the belief that the bright side of humanity would, in the end, make its appearance. In a word, there were no dark forebodings in his temperament. He rather lived in an atmosphere from which he would not shut out any wandering, but real, ray of light.

Mr. Greene, though not a proficient in any of the exact sciences, was yet a student and a scholar. In his library he was surrounded by authors, the chosen representatives of classical and polite literature. It was here, in this atmosphere, redolent of genius and learning, that he loved to meet his friends, and to engage, in the most winning manner, in the communion of mind with mind and heart with heart. How many there are whose most grateful remembrance of our departed friend will be associated with the delightful and improving conversations held among his books!

Mr. Greene made himself acquainted with the thoughts of the best minds in modern learning; and there was scarcely a subject that engages the attention of scholars at the present day that he did not include in the course of his studies. In the fine arts, as poetry, painting, sculpture, music, no one had a nicer or more discriminating sense of what constituted their excellence and beauty than he. In most of the details of architecture, his knowledge was lucid, and his taste singularly refined. It is remarkable with what accuracy, merely by the careful examination of stereoscopic pictures, he could describe the cathedrals and statuary that engage the admiring view of tourists in the Old World. With all this cultivation and refinement, there was, in our friend, a delicate hesitancy to take the place to which, by his own merit, he would be fairly entitled. Often has he declined invitations to take a prominent part in public occasions, which, there cannot be a doubt, he would have fully honored.

Mr. Greene was, in a good degree, interested in the histories

of past generations; and to him was assigned an honorable place among those who would interpret and preserve the memoirs of the progenitors of the human race. How well he performed, for a series of years, his duties as Judge of Probate, and in other civil offices, it has been the prompt though melancholy business of those who were cognizant of such duties appropriately to notice and to commend.

The mien with which he bore himself in the private relations of life was characteristic of a man whose mind and heart were based on the principles of truth and uprightness. It is in the order of a beneficent Providence that, as the effect of such inward culture, religion should be the crowning grace.

Life does not end at the grave. That last resting-place is indeed silent. But there is a spirit in our hearts — there is a diviner spirit — that speaks to us of immortality. To that — the pure, the spiritual, the eternal — we will lift our longing eyes, and no longer limit our vision to the decaying emblem of mortality, “dust to dust.” Yes, soul of the departed! thou art free, emancipated forever from all that can hurt or harm or destroy! We will think of thee as an object of reverence and of love! Our memory of thee shall be sacred! H.

LIVING IN THOSE WE LOVE.

WHOEVER cannot live in those he loves
In days when they are far from him, yea, dead,
Full often must have lost them. He alone
Possesses his beloved, his heart's friends,
In blessed, bright, uninterrupted presence
Who, in their spirit and peculiar being,
Lives all his days, and loves to look on all
Events, and smile on all, as they would do.
So have I oft; and when the silent friends
Smiled from my eyes upon a word, a work,
Or spoke aloud together with my might,
Or graciously showed forth their joy from me, —
Then have I wept alone! their tranquil life
In me has awed me like a miracle,
And deeply have I felt, “So shall they still
Dwell with me all my days until the end.”

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Hermitage and other Poems is a volume of 150 pages, without preface or pretension, published by Leypoldt & Holt, New York. The minor poems are amazingly spread out, in order to fill up the space, sometimes a few lines contriving to monopolize two whole pages. There was evidently great scarcity of material, but a determination to make the best of it, and get up a volume. The book comes with just the aspect that provokes unfriendly criticism, and will be taken up and thrown down as a new outpouring of milk-and-water poetry. Whoever reads the volume, however, will be most agreeably disappointed. If Edward Rowland Sill — the name on the title-page — is a young writer, for we never heard of him before, he will certainly make his mark in literature. The “*Hermitage*” is a succession of pictures which show a minute study of nature and rare poetic insight. The minor pieces are not of uniform merit. Some of them were put in to make up the volume. But here and there gleams an exquisite gem. We give one in the *Random Readings*, probably not the best which could be selected, but which represents, in small compass, the genius of the writer, whether his minute study of nature or brooding spirit of thought. s.

The Life of God in the Soul of Man. Boston: Nichols and Noyes.

We heartily welcome this old and well-tried friend. Tauler and Madame Guyon, and the various Lyras have not superseded these plain words of spiritual counsel, and we are greatly indebted to those (father and son, as we gather from the introduction) who were not willing that the new generation should lack these earnest and faithful words. The book is in beautiful contrast with our own old brown-paper, small type, and dingy-covered copy. E.

If any one wishes to appreciate the difficulties of the Protestant Episcopal Church in England, let him read “*The Comedy of Convocation*,” republished by the Catholic Publication Society, 126 Nassau St., New York. The pamphlet has been attributed to Dr. Newman. E.

A Journey in Brazil, by PROFESSOR and MRS. LOUIS AGASSIZ, published by Ticknor and Fields, is the fruit of the scientific expedition which started in the spring of 1865 to explore the regions of the Amazon, and collect and preserve specimens of its fauna. It is a very handsome volume of 540 pages, copiously illustrated, printed with large, fair type, most grateful to the eye, and appropriately inscribed to Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, by whose munificence the expedition was rendered possible. It is the most charming book of travels which we have read for many a day. Not that we care a farthing for the six hundred and odd species of fishes which the Professor had the good fortune to collect from the waters of the Amazon. We confess to a stupidity, bordering on that of the natives themselves, on this head, not even sharing the Professor's enthusiasm respecting the "Acara" who carried their young in their throats; but the descriptions of the noble river, its people, its scenery, the negroes, the Indians, the Brazilians, their manner of life, and degree of civilization, their Arcadian habits, appearances, and manners delight us beyond measure, familiarizing us with a vast region which we have been aching to explore anew ever since we rose from the pages of Robertson and Prescott. We go with him every step from Rio up the Amazon to the borders of Peru, sorry enough that he did not keep on over the spur of the Andes instead of turning back to catch fishes to be preserved in alcohol. His friendly reception by the Emperor, and by all his agents and subordinates, who contributed everywhere to make the expedition successful, fills a beautiful chapter in national comity. The stay at Rio is made doubly interesting, introducing the reader, not only to the immediate objects of the expedition, but to the country and climate, to private, social, and public life in Rio. The state of slavery in the Empire, and the prospect of its extinguishment, are dwelt upon with interest. The book is one of the best which the reader will find to shorten the long winter evenings.

The Children's Dickens, published by the Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, is a very attractive volume.

Liberal Views of the Ministry in Harmony with the Bible, the Prayer-Book, and the Canons is the title of a very Christian, and very catholic Sermon, by REV. DR. RICHARD NEWTON, of Philadelphia. We wish we had space to make some extracts. E.

David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens, has just been published by Ticknor & Fields in one volume, it being one of the series of their "Charles Dickens Edition." The lovers of Dickens generally make this their favorite; and, it seems by the preface to this edition that the author entirely agrees with them. One of his most effective readings is from *David Copperfield*; and those who have heard it will remember with what special unction he reproduces, and partly extemporizes the characters. The following extract from the preface is an interesting piece of autobiography:—

"It would concern the reader little, perhaps, to know how sorrowfully the pen is laid down at the close of a two years' imaginative task; or how an author feels as if he were dismissing some portion of himself into the shadowy world, when a crowd of the creatures of his brain are going from him forever. Yet I had nothing else to tell, unless, indeed, I were to confess—which might be of less moment still—that no one can ever believe this narrative in the reading more than I believed it in the writing.

"So true are these avowals at the present day, that I can only take the reader into one confidence more. Of all my books, I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them. But, like many fond parents, I have, in my heart of hearts, a favorite child, and his name is *David Copperfield*."

The Poetry of Compliment and Courtship, selected and arranged by JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER (Editor of "Folk Songs"). Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

It is a class of literature which is ever on the increase; but this very full collection will serve for the present. Meanwhile, all who have any unpublished material of the kind, represented in this volume, should forward it at once to Mr. Palmer, in order to secure insertion in the next edition. E.

THE Furman St. Mission, connected with the Church of the Saviour in Brooklyn, L. I., is admirably reported by the Superintendent, Edward T. Fisher, whose heart is plainly in the good work which his hands have found to do. E.

The Uncommercial Traveller.. Ticknor and Fields. 1867.

This is the last volume of the *Diamond Edition* of the Complete Works of Mr. Charles Dickens. It contains several "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, not included in any other American Edition, a number of Christmas Tales — contributions to the annual Christmas Stories — especially collected and revised for this Edition by Mr. Dickens himself, a complete Index of Characters introduced in Mr. Dickens' Novels, and a Synopsis of the Principal Incidents, prepared for this Edition.

The characteristic features of the Edition are compactness, clearness of typography, illustrations, binding, and low price; and we may add that this Edition, and the "Charles Dickens" and "Illustrated Library" Editions, published by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, are the only authorized American issues of Mr. Dickens' works.

The Duty and Discipline of Extempore Preaching. By F. BARHAM ZINCKE, Vicar of Wherstead, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. The first American from the second London Edition. New York: Charles Scribner and Company. 1867.

This is a very admirable, because a very practical, treatise upon a most important subject. We commend it especially to those preachers who think that they are too old to learn to speak without their notes.

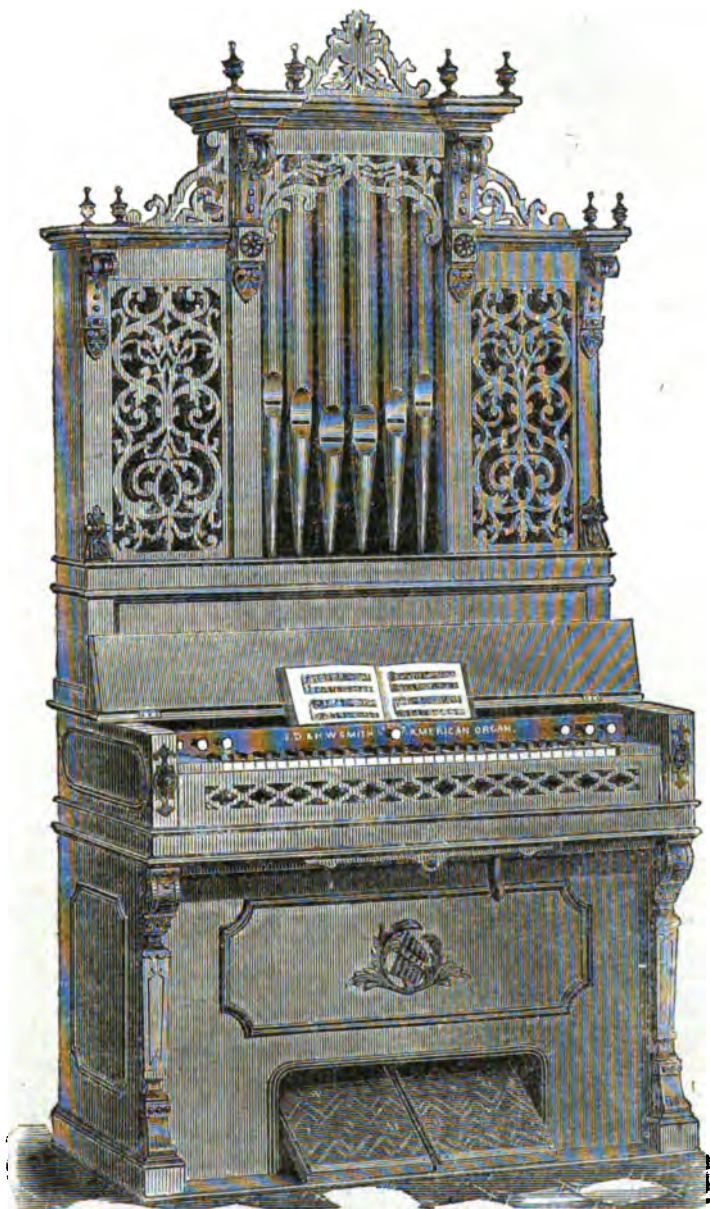
E.

Claudia, by Miss DOUGLAS, published by Lee and Shepard, is a sensational novel, full of life, love, and passion, — love that burns with a consuming fire, but is balked and baffled and disappointed, and brings one of its victims to the verge of suicide, but ends happily and successfully. The style is high-flown, but the story hurries on with dramatic power, always making large draughts on the sympathies of the reader. The deepest chords of passion in woman's nature are painfully touched, and its hunger for love and sympathy, which art nor culture nor friendship nor change of scene, nor anything else under the sun, can ever satisfy but love itself in large returns, is described as only a woman can describe it.

NOTE. — Several typographical errors, sufficiently annoying to the Editors and the Publisher, but less so, we hope, to the readers of our Magazine, have occurred in the last numbers. Changes have been made that will, as we trust, secure better things for the time to come.

S.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS.

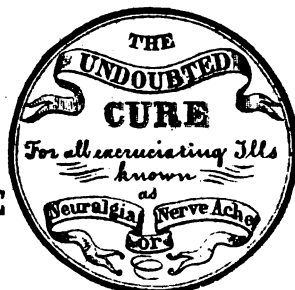


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"J. R. DILLINGHAM, Dentist.

"12 Winter Street, Boston, Feb. 18, 1867."

Mr. J. M. R. SLOW, for many years an apothecary in this city, and for three years, during the war, in the Hospital Department under the U. S. Government, thus speaks of it: —

"I have known Dr. Turner's *Tic Douloureux* or *Universal Neuralgia Pill* for twenty years. I have sold it and used it personally, and I have never known of a case where it did not give relief. Customers have told me they would not be without it if each pill cost ten dollars. I think it the most reliable and valuable remedy for neuralgia and nervous disease in the world."

Mr. WYZZEMAN MARSHALL, — well known to all who are familiar with the dramatic art in its best displays, — says, —

"Through the medium of this invaluable discovery, I am now happily rid of neuralgia."

JOHN S. DAMRELL, Chief Engineer Boston Fire Department, June, 1866, says, —

"The constant exposure, by night and by day, incident to an arduous position in the Fire Department of our city, has brought upon me the disease known as *Tic Douloureux* or Neuralgia. I have taken your remedy for it, and received most decided relief. I do not hesitate most heartily to recommend it as a very valuable medicine."

Mr. WM. CALDER, of the Boston Detective Police, says, —

"One package of Dr. Turner's Neuralgia Pill entirely cured me of severe neuralgia. I cannot commend it too strongly."

FREDERICK A. WILKINS, late Cashier of the Boston Gas Company, thus writes:

"Your pill was first recommended to me by a physician; and for several years I have been in the habit of using it in my family, — my mother especially having been afflicted with neuralgia, to whom it has given signal relief. It has also greatly relieved myself and others. I do not consider my family safe without this valuable medicine constantly at hand."

We have space only to add the following names of gentlemen among many thousands, each of whom has had abundant occasion to learn, personally and from friends and acquaintances, of the great merits of this remedy: —

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THOMAS ROBERTS (Robert Brothers), 143 Washington Street.

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Vol. XXXIX.

No. 3.

THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1868.

EDITED BY
REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR,
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THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,
AND
Family Journal.

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No. 3.

THE ONENESS OF THE FOUR GOSPELS.

BY E. H. BEARS.

THE controversy respecting the origin and genuineness of the four Gospels may be regarded as brought fairly to its close. That respecting the fourth has been exceedingly fruitful of results; and he must be a bold man who, in the face of new and confirmatory evidence, partly exhibited by Tischendorf, shall undertake to make this book a forgery of the second century.

But the congruity of these four Gospels, and the oneness of the religion of the New Testament, are the crowning proof of a presiding and interworking Providence in their production. If the reader will follow us for a while in this line of thought, he will not only find the evidence branching out in innumerable veins, but he will find the central character of the New Testament history rising to his conception with growing beauty and majesty.*

The relation of the first two Gospels to the third, and the first three to the fourth, becomes a subject of exceeding interest and importance. It has been the common method to study these four biographies as parallel. How much we may be confused and nonplussed by any such attempt, those who have used the "Harmonies" can bear witness. The

* This article, it should be stated, is a chapter of a treatise.

"Harmonies" leave us with a painful impression of fragments jumbled together, but not joined. The truth is, these narratives are not parallel, and cannot be made to appear such; and yet, taken together, they have a unity which is not fortuitous, but providential and vital. It is like the unity between the body, and the soul that warms and inspires it. They are not parallel but introjacent, and the more we study them as such, the more shall we see their organic completeness and correlation. One lies within another. We begin with the most external, the sheer natural life of Jesus, and we are carried successively to the heavenly and thence the divine heights of his being. Matthew and Mark dwell upon the ultimate facts, describe the outward life, the physical sufferings and death of Jesus. They do it with graphic power and more than Doric simplicity, as only an eye-witness could. It is true they do more than this, and Matthew in many instances — three of them very marked and decisive — implies or asserts his divinity. But his humanity is put foremost and made intensely real, and the first two Gospels seldom tell us anything which an outside hearer and looker-on could not have reported. Luke, on the other hand, relates, with much detail, his supernatural conception and birth; and he reports sayings of Christ without regard to chronological order, sometimes with reference to other series of doctrine or some other province of duty. And he gives us entire discourses and parables which reflect the mind of Jesus in more spiritual hues, and the relation of all men to God in a more intimate and filial communion. But in the fourth Gospel we are carried up to the divine heights of the being of Jesus. We enter the "circle within the circles." Things are related which serve to complement what had gone before, supplying from the divine side of his being that which gives congruity to the whole. It is not credible that a child should be brought into this world without any human father; and the statement of Matthew's preface or Luke's genealogy standing alone is beyond the grasp of rational thought. John's Proem gives us, however, precisely the same fact seen on the thither or divine side, and if one is true, the other must inevitably be.

One is only the basis or earth side of a transcendent divine reality which alone can glorify it and make it a perfect and living whole, only to take on the ghastliness of death by being picked in pieces.

There is a wonderful leading Providence in the formation and development of the Christian canon of Scripture. What the nascent Church needed first of all things to know was the fundamental facts, the natural life, so to say, of the Lord Jesus. This is what the earliest preachers would at first be at pains to present. Little else would then be likely to be understood. The apostles would not begin the grand fabric of Christian doctrine at the top, and build downward to the ground; they would begin at the ground and build upward into the skies. Hence the striking verbal coincidence between Matthew and Mark, as if the apostles had been accustomed to recite to their hearers, over and over again, the fundamental facts in the biography of Christ until the very words had become stereotyped in their memories. The new converts, whether Jewish or heathen, would need at the start to be thoroughly possessed with that biography as exhibited to the senses, "what the eyes had seen, and the hands handled of the Word of life." How absolutely necessary this was is shown by the baseless and fantastic speculations of Gnosticism which soon followed, which ignored the natural life of Jesus altogether, and which would have made Christianity only a gorgeous and ever-shifting cloud-castle floating in air. That the Church should have begun with the fourth Gospel, and ended with the first, is not conceivable. That it should have begun with the first, and from its secure foundations been drawn up to the celestial and divine heights of the third and fourth, accords with the facts of the case and the nature of things.*

* We place the date of Matthew and Mark not far from each other, and not much before the year 60. We place Luke's Gospel later, and not far from the year 65. These dates are not merely conjectural. No reason appears, after the most searching criticism, for adopting any statement essentially different from that of Irenæus (A. D. 170), which agrees in the main with that of Papias (A. D. 116), and with Clement (A. D. 200), and with Origen (A. D. 225). John's Gospel must be placed in the last quarter, and probably the last decade of the

And it accords with our individual experience. We learn Christ after the flesh before we learn him spiritually and divinely. We must see him and know him on the side of his natural humanity, a partaker of our nature, a sharer of all our woes and sufferings, or he will not touch our human sympathies and our tenderest love. But we are not likely to rest here. That it is not merely the carpenter's son who has found us and melted the flint from our hearts by such friendship and philanthropy, and such self-abnegation as the world had not known, we begin already to perceive; and when the fourth Gospel draws us upward to a vision of his unveiled divinity, and oneness with the Godhead, we are made conscious of no incongruity in his life and character, but rather of their majestic proportions and harmony.

How utterly futile the objection becomes, that the fourth Gospel omits things which are contained in the first and second, and contains very important matters which we miss in the others, must be obvious from these considerations. Why should John repeat what he knew the churches already possessed unless for the purpose of showing its relation to a higher series of truth and doctrine, which he sometimes does; or why should Matthew, or Peter, through Mark his amanuensis, undertake to pour all the treasures of the new revelation upon minds just opening towards it out of Jewish formalism and heathen superstition? The objection, too, that each of the four evangelists has his own peculiar style, and that the fourth Gospel throughout is chromatic with some mind and genius altogether foreign to the other three, not only is without validity, but suggests a most wonderful and providential guidance. Each writer, of course, would select and give forth that in the life of the Master which was most congeneric with his own mind and capacity to receive and reproduce; and Peter of all others would be the man to set first century. All its contents confirm the statements of Irenæus and Clement, — which Baur and Strauss dispute only to be signally refuted by Tischendorf, — that John wrote it at the solicitation of his friends, to supply a growing want in the Church of a more full knowledge of the earlier life and miracles of Jesus, and of what pertained less to the "body," and more to the spirit, of his religion. See Eusebius H. E. l. vi. c. 25, and l. vi. c. 14.

forth the ultimate facts and physical environments, — the life of Jesus as addressed to the senses of men. Hence, his Gospel has such an air of reality that Dr. Schenkel, who sees Jesus only as a man of natural growth and development, receives only Mark as an authentic book, though the external evidence is not a whit stronger than that of the fourth Gospel. John, of all others, would be the man to set forth in its fullness, and to the higher reason, the inmost series, both of fact and doctrine, pertaining to the life of Jesus, to describe the new temple of truth, not in its outer courts and granitic foundations, but in the Holy of Holies, where the glories of the Highest are without symbol and veil.

All this being so, would the first Gospels dwell *exclusively* upon the humanity of Jesus? Would they describe him merely as a splendid specimen of native culture and growth? If so, the first Gospel would travesty the fourth from beginning to end. We have said that it does not. Matthew describes in boldest outline the natural life and physical environments of Jesus; but it is such a life as presupposes a divine epiphany in Jesus, and without which it would leave the impression of incompleteness, — of a foundation without a superstructure.

And we come now to remark another of the boldest characteristics of Matthew's Gospel. If we imagine that because Matthew was concerned primarily with the humanity of Christ he was forgetful of his divinity, and that he presents him to us as a fine specimen of the best culture of his times, we shall not read far before we find our imagination melting away. Not merely Jesus, but the Christ, — the Christ of authority from above, — is presented with a sharpness and boldness made more uncompromising by the intense Realism of the first Gospel. Many illustrations of this fact are crowding upon us, but we will select only three: —

1. The doctrine of John's Proem is explicitly asserted in Matt. xi. 27. After rebuking the cities where his word had been delivered, and his works had been done, Jesus tells them that their guilt in rejecting him was greater than the guilt of Sodom, and that it would be more tolerable for Sodom in

the day of judgment. Then, falling into a strain of indescribable tenderness, he subjoins, "All things are delivered unto me of my Father, and no man knoweth the Son but the Father, NEITHER KNOWETH ANY MAN THE FATHER SAVE THE SON, AND HE TO WHOMSOEVER THE SON WILL REVEAL HIM. Come unto ME, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It has been asserted that the Logos doctrine is peculiar to John. It is not so, but only its metaphysical form of statement. It is set forth here in Matthew with a clearness which no human language can improve upon, coupled with invitations out of the very heart of the Divine Mercy which no fabricator ever invented or imagined.

2. Christ as the Judge of men is unquestionably the burden of the fourth Gospel. But if found in John asserted in more abstract and metaphysical language, it is found in Matthew drawn out with more than dramatic power, and with an awful sublimity unsurpassed anywhere in the New Testament. And it is not found in Matthew as exceptional as if some interpolator had put it in. It is found at the conclusion of the discourse from the heights of Olivet, when, as the doomed city lay at his feet, the vast future opened to the eye of Jesus, even to the retributions of an eternal world. The discourse rises in grandeur to the final announcement: "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory. And before *him* shall be gathered all nations, and *he* shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." There is no such passage as this in the fourth Gospel. The same doctrine is variously asserted. The incarnate Word is to be the Judge of men. "All who are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth." But it is stated in a more colloquial and supplementary way, and is no more than a commentary on the grand and sustained utterance from Mount Olivet reported in the first Gospel.

3. But there is another passage, if possible, still more significant, in the first Gospel, asserting the divinity of Christ with a commanding power, to which neither John nor any

other writer has given any additional strength. It is the final charge of Jesus to his disciples involving the formula of baptism. It was given, as Matthew reports, at the last post-resurrection appearance of Jesus to his disciples: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of time" (*τοῦ αἰῶνος*).

The passages we have cited are not exceptional in Matthew's Gospel, but, with others of similar import, they connect themselves organically with the whole narrative. The fact then stands thus: that the first Gospel dwells primarily on the humanity of Jesus, for it comes first in the order of time. The whole doctrine of the Incarnation is baseless without it, and would only be a Gnostic theosophy floating in air. But Matthew, in consequence of those very qualities of his mind and style which give his narrative this intense and uncompromising Realism, has also made the divinity of Christ stand out with corresponding distinctness and sharpness of outline. John writes thirty years afterwards, with the synoptics before him professedly to supplement them. He does supplement them, — not undertaking to lay the foundations anew, but telling us a great deal about the divinity of Christ, which explains, illustrates, and enlarges what the others had reported, showing the sublime peaks of doctrine which they had left in sharp and rugged outline, bathed in a sweeter and softer splendor from the morning sky.

If the reader, however, is in any doubt as to whether the Jesus of the first Gospel is the Christ of the fourth, if he thinks the first may be a man, developed like other men out of the culture of his times, while the other was the factitious invention of a later day, he can easily bring this matter to the test. Summon the best man you can find, — the most advanced prophet of to-day, — and let him stand in the position of this same Jesus, the *mere man* of the first Gospel. Let him see if he can bend his bow, or grasp his thunders.

Let some prophet of to-day, who ought to have grown up to the stature of Jesus, the mere human development, declare in the face of the world that no man knoweth the Father but himself, and those to whom *he* shall reveal him; let him assume to sit on a throne of glory with all the holy angels around him, and part the nations to the right hand and the left to everlasting punishment or to life eternal; let him announce that all power is given to *him* both in heaven and earth; let him put his own name into a formula of baptism, and charge his followers to make disciples in the name of the Father and the Holy Ghost and — *himself*! Would the world be converted by such preaching at the rate of three thousand in a day; or would they regard it as self-conceit and self-assertion passed into the stage of monomania and fit only for an asylum for the insane?

JOY IN SORROW.

“HEART, trust thyself, and this one thing believe :
That joy is hid in sorrow, life in death,
In suffering, love, riches in poverty, —
Know this, and happier shall it be with thee !
Yonder they bear a little playmate home,
Who has been sorely wounded in the head,
While playing ball. Forth his pale mother runs,
Shrieking. He bleeds. Her kisses also stain
Her lips with blood. She sets him on his feet ;
The little boy stands staggering. Now he knows
His mother. See, he smiles. And she with joy
Clasps him, and, taking comfort, bears him home.
And yet I know that this poor mother has not
A loaf at home ; that the poor little one
Owns not his ball, but only borrowed it !
But she cares now for nothing save the fate
Of that one child ; and, more than rich in him,
Has put all other treasures far from thought ;
And at this moment only feels for pain,
With love ; yea, love alone is all she feels.
Riches are naught, and poverty is naught,
Naught is but love, — that feels with glad and grieved,
All else is darkness, all else misery.”

[The following letter will explain itself. It was not written for publication, but was sent in response to a circular of the American Unitarian Association, and answered its immediate purpose at that time. But it has been partially reported, not always correctly, and its publication has been called for. It is given in the belief that the subject needs thorough discussion and ventilation, and that as the time is not far off for the annual meeting of the Association, now, if ever, the publication of the letter can be of service.] s.

LETTER OF THE CHURCH IN WESTON TO THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

TO MESSRS. CHARLES C. SMITH, SETH PADELFORD, GEORGE H. HEFWORTH,
WARREN SAWYER, and GRINDALL REYNOLDS, of the Executive Com-
mittee of the American Unitarian Association.

The First Society and Church of Christ in Weston sendeth greeting :

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS AND BRETHREN, — We have received a circular addressed to us by yourselves in the name and in behalf of the American Unitarian Association, which sets forth, as follows: That you are a special committee appointed by the Directors of the Association to secure larger contributions to its funds, and that you desire to make known to us the following facts: that in the year 1865 there was paid into the treasury of the Association before the May meeting the sum of \$107,000; that in the year 1866, at a similar period, \$55,000 had been received; but that this year, on the first of August, nearly at the close of the financial year, only \$25,000 have been contributed; that this falling off is owing almost entirely to the fact that about one hundred societies which contributed in the early part of last year have not paid anything as yet into the treasury. You remind us that our own Society is among the delinquents, and that, whereas it contributed in 1866 according to its ability, it has not contributed since. And you set forth that this falling off of the churches brings the Association into a very great embarrassment, and if continued, will compel them to abandon their work.

Such, brethren, in substance is the appeal you make to us. Our answer might have been rendered in a more summary way, but something tells us that perfectly right and honest relations between us and you require a more full response, and that what the Spirit saith unto the churches the churches ought to say unto you.

We have to say, then, that our delinquency has not been owing to any want of reflection or lapse of memory. We are not a very large or a very wealthy society ; but we are in no way straitened either in this world's goods or in our abounding love and fellowship, or in our earnest desire to extend the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ in its own comprehending and liberal spirit. Though one of the older churches in the Commonwealth, — a branch, indeed, of one of the very first planted by the New England fathers, — we have stood from the beginning on an unsectarian foundation. We have no creed but the Bible, and no Master but Jesus Christ as the Incarnate Word. These, however, we clasp to our hearts with ever-growing confidence. In our church covenant, we “ resolve and promise, by God's grace assisting, to search and conform to this revealed Word in heart and life as the rule of our faith and practice.” In our former contributions to your Association, we made them in the fullest confidence that you, too, were on the same foundation with us, because the tracts which you had sent out to us had assured us most solemnly that this was so, and that any allegations to the contrary were the slanders of the so-called orthodox. We did not know, nor care to know, whether the other churches which we might help in founding or supporting held just the opinions or shade of theology which we do, believing that any people gathered around the Lord Jesus, and honestly taking his Word as the rule of life, will be won every year as fast as they need and as fast as they can bear into his higher and more heavenly illuminations. So it has been, we trust, with ourselves. Though we hold the same creed which we always did, yet holding it as a Divine Creed, and not a human contrivance, it opens to us treasures which are ever new, and wins us with all our progressive experience into the broader sunshine and peace of God.

But, brethren, the conclusion is forced upon us that, under the policy adopted by your Executive Board, — honestly, we believe, and with mistaken views of liberality, — our contributions go indiscriminately and indifferently for extending the faith of the churches or for its destruction and overthrow. This we learned not from those who misrepresent you, but from the authorized declarations of your Board.

In a letter of your excellent Secretary (whose Christian spirit we can admire while dissenting from his views of policy) addressed to Rev. John Weiss, the biographer of Theodore Parker and enthusiastic advocate of his opinions, we learn that Mr. Weiss was placed upon the Board not only for his fitness for the position, but to have represented in its deliberations “the portion of the denomination” to which he belongs; that no member of the Board secured for his views “greater consideration;” that in the matter of publications “Schenkel’s Life of Jesus,” translated by Dr. Furness, found a publisher partly because the Board agreed to take a portion of the edition; and, “in the employment of missionaries and in the aid of ministers and churches or in any other department of work” the Secretary says, “I ask you to point to a single instance in which the question has been asked by any one as a condition of our action what were the theological opinions of the man or society under consideration. Others may perhaps have some ground of complaining, certainly you and your friends have none.” And he adds that his wish, and he believes that of the Board, has been to “ignore differences,” to avoid carrying out the views of “both extremes” of the denomination. This was in February last. We have not seen it announced that under any new organization a different policy has been adopted.

See “Monthly Journal” for February, 1867.

There is no possible inference which we can draw from this, but that the views and opinions known as “Radical” the Board which you represent holds itself bound to sanction, whether in the preachers which you send out or in the literature which you diffuse, and that our contributions to your treasury *may* be used for what we supposed we gave them, or

that they may be used for exactly the opposite end. For plainly what are the views under such a rule of action, which become mixed in as belonging to "our denomination," to go forth as liberal Christianity and be diffused by the funds of the churches?

You need not be told, brethren, what they are, and yet we doubt whether the churches generally understand this matter fully, and whether many who helped raise the \$25,000 already paid in may not have given under impressions and expectations which are deceptive and illusive.

To represent, as is sometimes done, that those views pertain only to abstract theological dogmas, or a dispute about "the miracles" is only to blind the popular judgment. Who is this same Dr. Schenkel for whose book the Association becomes virtually responsible? He is a German critic who thinks that the fourth Gospel is an entire fabrication of the second century. This, however, does not describe the extent of those "theological opinions" which the Board are ready to diffuse, ignoring differences and asking no questions. They go to the entire rejection of the New Testament not merely as a rule of faith and practice but as authentic and reliable history, and of Jesus Christ not merely as Lord and Master, but as Teacher and Guide. They make him — just as one's fancy and disposition may be — a young man, deceived himself and deceiving others, teaching "ghastly doctrine" mixed up with some truths, or they make him a Jewish pretender bent on establishing a worldly kingdom, till he came to grief and disappointment by his arrest and execution.

A few extracts will give some idea of the views held among that "portion of our denomination," as your Secretary terms it, and which your Board feels bound to represent, "ignoring differences." Hearken, brethren, one moment to what they say:—

"Those who care to know the fact can easily prove that very many intelligent people of the common class have *in the natural unfolding of their Christian faith* rejected Christ and the Bible, as mediators between themselves and the life and light of God. The pious believers who send in their

complaints of radical outrages upon their Christian sensibilities are not the only persons whom the ministry must consider. There are some in every Unitarian congregation, and in some congregations there are considerable numbers, who rejoice in no words so much as in those which omit Christ in presenting the love of God; while not a few absolutely exult in those 'destructive' words which set Christ aside as an object of religious faith. Love to God and love to man fill with very many devout souls to-day the whole sphere of religion. The result of honest study with not a few sincere Christians is that Jesus was no more absolutely perfect than Paul or John the Baptist; that on the side of the 'natural man' he was deceived by his Messianic hopes, and that only in the victory of the 'spiritual man' in him, when he gave up his own wish to the will of God, was he a true Christ or anointed Son of God." — *See Christian Examiner for July, 1867, p. 109.*

Listen again : —

"It is time to let Jesus rest. His fame has become a grievance the free spirit avoids. It closes in the heavens and cuts off communication. It no longer mediates, but separates. Jesus is made a stumbling-block to the generation. As such he impedes progress, and must be removed. Let the people to-day speak in their own name and in their own spirit." — *See the Radical for August, 1867, p. 760.*

Listen once more : —

"A preamble, after warm threefold discussion from year to year, is readopted to express fundamental Unitarian faith by the single article of the Lordship of Jesus Christ. But the moral sense disowns this soleness and supremacy. To make him a finality, is to make him a fetish; and we have a fetish now regularly installed in the Unitarian Church, occupying room which only the Adorable Spirit should fill." — *Radical for Jan., 1867, p. 287.*

We might go on indefinitely with these specimens, but we forbear. It signifies nothing, brethren, to say that these are not *your* sentiments; that you strongly disapprove of them,

as we doubt not you do. They are the utterances of gentlemen who represent pretty fully and fairly the beliefs and the spirit of that portion of the religious community which you make an integral part of "our body," and for whose opinions the Association becomes responsible. They may be here more frank and outspoken than we always find, but we fail to see how, after the New Testament records have been abandoned as unhistoric, these gentlemen had not an honest right to reconstruct the Christ each after his own ideas, and how, when you send out men or form societies, "ignoring differences," you have any reason to suppose they may not "put Christ out of the way," or "exult in the destructive words that set him aside," or make the Lord Jesus of our church covenants a "fetish" which "the moral sense disowns."

You see by this time, we trust, why we withhold our contributions, or direct them into other channels. You will see at once that to do otherwise would be a palpable violation of our covenant-vows and disregard of the grand purpose for which we exist as a religious society; which is not "to put Christ out of the way," but to proclaim him gloriously as *the Way, the Truth, and the Life*.

We hold gentlemen of these obnoxious sentiments in all due estimation according to life and character, and not according to their opinions; we can honor them for their frankness, and would defend and hold inviolate their freedom of utterance. But you need not be told, brethren, that it is one thing to treat them with courtesy and fairness, and quite another thing to raise money to spread their doctrines abroad. What a spectacle for the world, and for the God of heaven to look upon, — raising money in *Christian* churches to help "put Christ out of the way"! — and this, too, when the cry of woe and suffering is coming up from every part of the country and demanding aid.

But why not circulate, it may be asked, antagonistic views and opinions, trusting to the right of free discussion and inquiry?

There are two reasons, brethren, why we think those

obnoxious opinions should be left to circulate themselves, and why the American Unitarian Association should not undertake such work.

First, such a policy brings the Association into false and dishonest relations with the churches. We say dishonest *relations*, for your own Christian honor and motives, brethren, and those of your Board and its Secretary, are far above all suspicion and reproach. But how plain it is that when they undertake to diffuse the sentiments of Messrs. Weiss and Parker, calling those which they represent a "portion of the denomination," they make the statements and professions of the last forty years, put forth in tracts and evermore repeated, to be nothing but empty sounds. Our indignant denials of what were regarded as orthodox slanders all vanish in words. The appeals which you have made to us, and under which you have taken our contributions to diffuse "pure Christianity," based on the Bible alone, will have been made on grounds which have altogether misled and deceived the churches. At the very time the Board represents in its disbursements as a portion of the Unitarian body those who regard the New Testament as for the most part fabulous, and Jesus Christ a teacher of false and "ghastly" doctrine, it prints and sends out a tract answering "Charges against Unitarians," and denying that they do any such thing. In a tract lately reissued answering the charge that "Unitarians set up the authority of human reason above that of revelation," we read, —

"It is a calumny; Unitarians do no such thing, and every intelligent man knows that the charge is false. *Unitarians receive the Bible as of supreme authority in deciding all matters belonging to religious faith and practice. From its decision there is no appeal. They bow to it as the supreme law. Its commands are the commands of God.*" — *Tract, No. 123.*

What are we simple-folk to make of all this but that the Association — though not purposely, yet really and inevitably from its position — has one line of statement for the public generally, and quite another and opposite line of statement to keep hold of the "Radicals" and tow them along as a portion

of our body? It would turn the charge of the orthodox not into "calumny," but undeniable truth, and, spite of our laudation of the virtues of liberality and charity, bring the virtues of Christian simplicity and godly sincerity into the most fearful peril.

The National Conference was called at the instance of the American Unitarian Association, and to further its objects; and after due deliberation and discussion, it made discipleship of the Lord Jesus Christ the basis of action and its object the service of God in "building up the kingdom of his Son." The Association was understood to be acting in harmony with the Conference, and to accept its Preamble. It had previously avowed this as its basis most explicitly, by a Resolution now on its records and reading as follows:—

"*Resolved*, that the divine authority of the Gospel as founded on a miraculous interposition of God for the belief and instruction of mankind is the basis of the action of this Association."

But the policy we deprecate, brethren, would require of us to adopt the Preamble of the Conference, sending it forth to the public as a true exposition of our faith, and then turn straight about and repudiate it in our action, and so in the just judgment of the world we should be setting aside the prime principles of morality, and turning the proceedings of the Conference into a stupendous piece of foolery. In fine, brethren, we should be driven to that worst of all positions for a party or for a denomination,—*that of facing two ways at once*.

Then another evil follows, or rather a train of evils. A denomination no more than an individual can get into such a position without finding all generous enthusiasm dying out of it. When every Yea must be balanced by a Nay, the yeas and nays both grow feeble and insignificant. Must we now understand that acknowledgment of the Lord Jesus and his word as the rule of faith and practice has become a Unitarian "extreme," and that we must compromise between that and blank denial? Where is the mean? And what becomes of

the kindling zeal without which no denomination can live, if we are halting and splitting the difference between Christ and antichrist? Here, brethren, we think, is the source of denominational weakness. Under such policy we become double-minded, and therefore halting and timid. We are "chicken-livered and lack gall." We are adding positives to negatives, plus to minus, and whether in Algebra or Theology, the amount of all such ciphering is zero. No rallying cry that thrills from the centre to the extremities, and musters the hosts to battle can be ours; no trumpet-call from Him who wakes the dead from their graves and leads the armies of the living God to victory, and who presents the same alternatives now as he comes in his kingdom, — "he that is not for me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." No, we shall have none of this energy, inspired and directed by the Holy Spirit, while we are striking the balance between opposites; but in place thereof timidity and hesitation; our contributions will keep on dwindling, and in place of zeal and self-devotion we shall relapse into the state of the Laodiceans, — into that "queasy temper of lukewarmness" most offensive to God himself.

You will not misunderstand us, brethren. We do not intend to desert the American Unitarian Association. We mean to cling to it and be loyal to it. And we think we show our loyalty much better by this frank disclosure of our thought than if we had sent you a languid contribution with, silent mental reservations. We believe this to be a transition period, through which the Association should be borne by the strong spirit of the churches, decisively manifested, that it be kept steadily to the high Christian purpose it started with, unswayed by the gusts of the hour. Such, we trust, is to be the final result. And if our single word could contribute in the least to such a result, it would be worth more to you, we are persuaded, than if we had filled your treasury with gold.

The sum is, brethren, we cannot consistently with our Covenant, contribute to your funds, until the Association is *strongly, avowedly, evangelically, unequivocally, and unalterably* CHRISTIAN. From such a position the Association can

and ought to summon the churches to the duties of the hour, in tones so earnest, commanding, and loud, that, like the summons of the Christ himself, all who are in the graves shall hear its voice and shall come forth.

By the order and the unanimous vote of the Church and Society.

JOSEPH FIELD, *Senior Pastor.*

E. H. SEARS, *Junior Pastor.*

WESTON, Sept. 22, 1867.

GOD OUR HELPER.

Oh, blessed be thy glorious name,
Great Giver of our mortal life,
That human thought may rise to thee
From depths of mortal strife.
And blessed be thy glorious name,
That while our daily bread is won,
Our souls may heavenly precepts keep,
And read them as we run.
If thy good Spirit dwell with us,
Although our days are spent in toil,
Not all the furnace-smoke of earth
Can one white garment soil.
Thy boundless love, O God, we praise,
When bending to each lowly task!
Night is around us, but the soul
May in thy sunshine bask.
Though long and cold and rough the way,
The tireless heart shall wing the feet,
And bring us home at eventide,
God's mercies to repeat.
O toil and care! O grief and woe!
Ye cannot bear the spirit down
Below God's reach! Immortal love
Shall give both cross and crown.

M. H. S.

DORCHESTER.

THE SELECTION OF ISRAEL; OR, GOD'S PLAN THE RIGHT PLAN.

BY S. G. BULFINCH, D. D.

SHELLEY, in the Notes to his atheistic poem of "Queen Mab," quotes in capitals, as if the question were unanswerable, the following sentence from D'Holbach's "Systeme de la Nature:" "S'il a parlé, pourquoi l'univers n'est-il pas convaincu?" "If he (God) has spoken, why is not the universe convinced?" The objection these words convey against revelation is probably felt by many. It might be expressed at length in such terms as these: "If the Creator of the world saw fit to reveal himself to his children, would he not make the communication alike to all, and in such a manner that it could not be misunderstood? Would he not write his commands in letters of living light upon the heavens, where all could not but read? Nay, has he not in fact been thus impartial? Does not nature, does not his voice within us, reveal all that we need to know? And would a wise and just Being choose one obscure nation as the peculiar objects of his care, and depositaries of his revealed will?"

If we take the doctrines of natural religion, as they have been given to us by the great writers of ancient or of modern times, we find in them sublime truths, to which our hearts readily yield assent. We learn that all nature testifies to the existence, the eternity, omnipotence, and other exalted attributes of the Most High; to the excellence of virtue, and the reality of its great reward in a future life; and we are on the point of admitting the force of the challenging question, If nature teaches all these truths, what need is there of a revelation?

We hear, too, in these days, much of the teaching of God's Spirit to all mankind. Those who deny the authority of the Jewish and Christian revelations do not hesitate to admit that Moses and Jesus were inspired, but they claim that every good man is inspired also. We are told, and from high authority, that too much is made of Jesus; that our personal

estimate of him stands in the way of our receiving the influences of the Spirit. In former times, it was the ignorant fanatic who, unable to read the Bible, declared that he had no need of it, and asserted a personal inspiration for every wild fancy of his own. But now the claim of such inspiration is made by accomplished scholars, and not for themselves alone, but for all mankind. Here, then, is a second source of knowledge, which seems amply sufficient. What need of a miraculous revelation by Moses or by Christ, when nature teaches all that we need to know, and when, besides this, the voice of God is always testifying of his truth to every human heart?

Before, however, we withdraw from the guidance of the Lord Jesus Christ, let us inquire how this double leadership of nature and of the Spirit sufficed for mankind before the birth of our Saviour. Had nature, or had any voice within the soul, taught the great doctrines of religion to all men alike? If so, why were all nations except the Jews sunk in idolatry, paying worship to the host of heaven, to the powers of nature, to their own passions personified, to forms of the animal and even of the vegetable creation, to stocks and stones, to anything rather than to the one living and true God? Why is it that to this day, everywhere beyond the influence of the Jewish and Christian religions, a similar idolatry prevails? Why, in ancient times, did those philosophers who had left the gross superstitions of their countrymen wander into errors of different kinds, some maintaining that pleasure was the only good, while others turned from it with ascetic scorn; some ascribing the rule over all things to a fate that controlled the actions of gods and men, and others declaring that there was no God, and that the universe was merely the result of chance? Why, even at present, in the most enlightened nations, and with all the instruction which Judaism and Christianity have incidentally furnished, do those who are thought to be foremost in wisdom go to opposite extremes of error the moment they reject the faith of the gospel, one denying the belief in a future life, another rejecting the being of a God, and others yet, under the pretence of superior purity, setting aside the most common

principles of virtuous conduct? Is this the boasted teaching of nature, which leads now to superstition, and now to atheism? Was there no occasion that God should speak by Moses, when, in Egypt, then the most enlightened country in the world, the mass of the people worshipped calves and dogs and vegetables, and the priesthood, if better instructed, went on teaching a religion that they knew was a lie? No. There is, we admit, such a thing as natural religion; there is a divine voice in every human heart. But that voice must be listened for with reverence; it does not infallibly teach either the ignorant savage or the self-sufficient sage; and the teachings of natural religion, plainly as they now commend themselves to the understanding, were never clearly and fully declared, until they found utterance from inspired lips.

There was occasion, then, for a revelation. Its necessity will appear the more obvious, when we remember that philosophy, imperfect as was her ability to guide, never attempted to exert it for the benefit of the mass of mankind. The ancient sages thought they were doing quite enough, when they instructed a small company of those who had leisure and inclination for abstruse studies. Not theirs the missionary spirit, to declare the truth that all might hear; not theirs the martyr spirit, to denounce error in the face of priests and people, though it should cost their lives. They were quite content that their countrymen should worship all the false gods in whom their fathers had believed, provided they and their pupils could indulge high questioning as to the nature of the Unrevealed Being, and breathe at times a sigh and a half-formed prayer, that, if indeed there was a God, he would grant to them the knowledge of himself.

Yes, the world cried out for a revelation when Jesus appeared. But we are told that if the Almighty had seen fit to declare to mankind his nature and his will, he would have treated all alike, would have spoken in such a voice that the world could not but hear.

Let us observe, however, what a revelation thus extensive would require. Its authentication must be miraculous, whether by an outward voice, or by any other sign, from

heaven or on earth. Then, as no nation is to be distinguished above another, each one must have its prophet or its Messiah, and its own series of miracles to establish his commission. And when the disciples of these various inspired leaders met on the boundaries of their separate realms, a constant miracle would be required to prevent variance and jealousy among those who had heard the divine message from different lips. Again, the wonders wrought by each holy messenger, though they might establish his authority with those who witnessed them, would possess far less weight with others. If all, then, are to have the same advantages, these miraculous signs must be multiplied for the personal instruction of all. And as the memory of them would grow dim with time, the assumed necessity of treating every generation alike would require that the miracles should be repeated from age to age. Then, if the miracles were not universally convincing, their purpose would not be fulfilled; if they were, faith would be forced, not free; the voluntary action of the pious will in giving its adhesion to the truth would be forestalled, and only a slavish obedience could be rendered to an overwhelming evidence. Yet that evidence, if it forbade doubt, could not excite deep, reverential interest. Miracles would be matters of too common occurrence for this. Taking place continually, or at brief intervals, they would lose the dignity of divine interpositions. They would become, as it were, a part of the course of nature, only retaining enough of singularity and abruptness seriously to interfere with the confidence of mankind in the stability of nature's laws. That these laws will be regularly maintained, that the order of external things will be the same to-morrow that it was yesterday, is most important to human happiness, and even to human life. It is only thus that we can have assurance that a given course of conduct will produce its proper results, and thus be encouraged to do right, and warned against what is wrong. But if miracles were things of every day, all this confidence would be lost. We find this exemplified in reading those works of antique literature, into which supernatural machinery enters largely; such, for instance, as Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." Surrounded on every side

with signs and wonders, here with magic power, and there with divine interpositions, we perceive that the common rules of life are set aside. It is not zeal or valor that can be depended on to win the battle, but the might of some magician on the one side, or guardian angel on the other. Thus would it be, to the peril of all consistent judgment, all free choice, and all manly energy, if miracles were rendered common; and common they must be, if the revelation God has given is to be communicated in the same manner, and with the same advantages for receiving it, to all his children, of every nation, and in every age of the world.

And such a system, however it might commend itself to the minds of theorizing philosophers, is not conformable to the divine method of instructing the human race, as we discover that method from the analogy of nature. It is not the plan of Providence to act on the dead level of a measured equality. On the contrary, variety of advantages appears to be the very law of God's dealings with mankind. Scarce two nations are precisely equal with regard to the degree of civilization they have attained. The Eastern Hemisphere had been the abode of culture in art and science for thousands of years before our Western World was discovered, yet even there, portions, as the interior of Africa, are still in midnight darkness. So, too, it is with the knowledge which nature yields us of the Divine Being. God's power and wisdom are inscribed upon the heavens. The stars as they roll show forth the glory of Him who made them, and it would seem as if here, indeed, was a revelation that, being open to the eyes of all, was given with perfect impartiality. But how differently is that revelation of God in nature appreciated and understood! The savage tribes understand it not. They see the glorious arch above glow, night after night, with its innumerable lights; but they have never been taught to infer from it the existence of a creative spirit; and if the mighty lesson cannot be entirely unread, yet are their ideas of its meaning inadequate and obscure. The magnificent spectacle is meant for all God's human offspring to profit by at length; but generations unnumbered have passed, and other generations will

pass, before the knowledge of its mysteries shall be conferred alike on all.

And if it be alleged, as an objection against the religion of the Bible, that its revelations were made, and its miracles were wrought, centuries ago, in an obscure and distant land, we may reply that, notwithstanding this, there are some of its proofs that are universal, obvious, and ever present in their character, claiming assent at once, like the proof of God's existence afforded by the heavens above us. Christianity rests not alone on miracles wrought by its great Founder in Galilee or Jerusalem eighteen hundred years since. It has standing miracles, wonders of all time, and mighty deeds wrought at the present day. Its very existence is a miracle, when viewed in connection with its early history. In the words of Coleridge, "Christendom is the best evidence of Christianity." That a peasant of Galilee, whom his own countrymen caused to be crucified, should have put down the mighty idolatry of Rome, and established the belief in his teachings as the religion of civilized mankind, is a miracle grander than that he should have healed the sick or even raised the dead.

Again, the present condition of the Jewish people, taken in connection with their past history, is a standing miracle. Other races contemporaneous with them have passed away. They have been long since driven from the seat of their former power, have been for centuries persecuted wanderers; and yet there they stand, unsubdued in spirit, unchanging in faith, a perpetual monument of the truth of their old history, and reserved apparently for the fulfilment of prophecies which both the Old and New Testament contain respecting them.

Once more, the moral and spiritual efficacy of Christianity is, in a use of the term which is scarcely figurative, a constant succession of miracles. Still, at this day, does Jesus make the blind to see; for he opens the mind darkened by sin to discern what is beautiful and glorious in purity, peace, justice, and benevolence. Still does he bid the lame walk; for he aids the unsteady feet of the wanderer from virtue to re-enter and to press forward in her sacred paths. Still does he raise the dead, the morally dead, the dead in trespasses and sins, to

a better life than they had ever known before. Not, then, alone by local miracles, not alone by voices speaking exclusively to one favored nation, but by testimony universal in its character, does God accredit to us his sacred Messenger. And yet that evidence is not felt by all alike. Though the wonders of the heavens are before the eyes of all, yet there are atheists; so, though the wonders wrought by the gospel of Christ are before the eyes of all, there are yet those who reject his claims and disobey the commands that he has given.

But an objection yet remains. We may give up, it may be said, the idea of a perfect equality in the divine communication of knowledge. If a revelation was to be made, once for all, of course some must be nearer to it, in place or in time, than others. But that God should select one nation, as he is said to have chosen the Jews, should have made them his own peculiar people, given them laws for their guidance, sent prophets to remonstrate with them when they went astray, protected them in captivity and brought them back to freedom, while all the other nations, more powerful and more cultivated, were left in the darkness of idolatry, this surely would prove a partiality inconsistent with the justice and benevolence of the divine character.

Would it prove this, we may ask in return, if it should appear that a revelation of God's will was originally made to all, and that it was only by their own fault that other races lost that inheritance of God's visible favor which Abraham and his descendants retained? According to the statements of the Old Testament, there was an original revelation to the ancestors of all mankind; and this fact is confirmed by the traditions of other races than the Hebrew. But all those races forsook the worship of the living and true God. Abraham remained faithful to it; and he left that faithfulness, as at once a solemn charge and a precious heirloom to his children. It was then, in the Divine Being, justice, not partiality, that conferred on this faithfulness its appropriate blessing, making the chosen race the depositories of divine instruction in degrees still higher, and protecting them through the varied

course of their national existence, until the time should come for conferring, through their means, on other races also, the blessing which had hitherto been their own.

Again, the selection of the Jewish race for the reception, development, and extension of religious truth, partial as it may seem, is in strict analogy to the actual working of the Almighty's plans, in other departments of the training of mankind. Other nations besides the Hebrews have had their own peculiar tasks and privileges. Greece gave to the world the love of beauty, alike in literature and art. Hers were the great masterpieces of epic, dramatic, and lyric poetry; hers the great triumphs of oratory; hers the development of a nobler grace in sculpture than the colossal but rude images of Egypt had ever possessed; hers the achievements in architecture that make the ruins of her temples still the admiration of the world. Rome, on the other hand, was the great teacher in the art of ruling. What her poet said of her near two thousand years ago — that the task of Rome was to govern the nations — is true even yet, through the influence of Roman law upon the institutions of many a land. Thus did God assign to the Jewish race to be the leaders of mankind in religious knowledge and religious feeling. That leadership they hold unquestionably. Till any other portion of the great family of man can produce hymns as lofty as the Psalms of David, or representations of the Almighty as sublime and as true as the strains of Isaiah, the religious pre-eminence of the Hebrew race must be admitted. It is unquestionable that providentially they were God's chosen instruments for declaring divine truth; and if providentially, wherefore not also miraculously?

The selection of the Jews as the peculiar people of God was not for their own sake alone. To keep alive on earth the belief in his own existence, in his attributes of unity, spirituality, power, and love, until other branches of the human race should be prepared to receive them, was the great purpose which God accomplished by the selection of Israel. Abraham, found faithful in a faithless generation, left his idolatrous kindred, that he and his might retain their purity of

worship. To him, then, the promise was given, not only of the number and glory of his own descendants, but that in his seed should "all nations of the earth be blessed." For long ages, the prediction remained unfulfilled. If we can imagine a celestial being contemplating the earth and its inhabitants through those ages, we may conceive that to him the purpose of Divine Providence may have been deeply mysterious. He would see far and wide through the earth the appalling and impure rites of heathen worship, — here parents sacrificing their children to Moloch, there festivals held in honor of Ash-taroath, the Syrian Venus, accompanied with acts of vile debauchery. In one land alone would he witness the worship of a spiritual God, recognized as the Creator of heaven and earth, a Being whose eyes were too pure to behold iniquity. Over every altar in other realms would he behold some image; in one country a human form of matchless grace, in another some grotesque combination of various animals, or a many-headed or many-handed monster; but at the one altar in Jerusalem would he see neither statue nor painting, for the God that was worshipped there had forbidden any such degrading representations of his invisible, inconceivable majesty. And what would strike our beholder most with amazement would be, that while in other lands men pursued their course of error with no voice to bid them pause, around that altar at Jerusalem were prophets speaking in the name of God, and by admonitions and warnings restraining the people from following the evil example of other nations. Well might the angelic spectator exclaim, "Why is this? Why has the favor of the Almighty thus been granted to a single race? Why this sacred light given only to Judah, and withheld from every other section of the world?" "These things," said an apostle, "the angels desire to look into." But how would the doubts of the inquiring spirit be removed, and his anxiety be changed to joy and praise, if it was granted him to perceive that all the privileges bestowed on Judah were intended in the course of ages for the advantage of all mankind; if he witnessed at length the appearance of the Saviour, heard from his lips the law of universal love, and

saw his disciples going forth to declare the equal privileges of Jew and Gentile ! Yes, in Jesus Christ, "out of Zion went forth the Law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." The Old Testament dispensation attained its purpose in the events of the New ; and then, as a plant that has borne its fruit, it faded and died. Less than forty years after the crucifixion of Jesus, the nation that had rejected him sunk as a political power, and its stately and time-honored form of worship ceased, never again to be renewed. All that was partial, all that was preparatory, came to an end. The universal religion, brought by Jesus Christ, remained and prospered ; it conquered the heathenism that, clothed with imperial power, assailed it with all the violence of persecution ; it extended its sway from land to land through the civilized world ; the darkness of barbarism grew light before it ; and, strong as in its earliest days, it still goes forth, "conquering and to conquer."

GREATNESS TESTED BY LITTLE THINGS.

"THAT is not greatness, calmness, strength of soul,
When, once for all, thou dost experience
Some sudden, terrible calamity,
Some last, decisive, heavy blow of fate,
The loss of reputation, of estate,
Of those thou lov'st, of health, of happiness,
And still remainest patient and composed, —
That is necessity laid on thy soul ;
The suffering of violence humbles thee.
But if thou bearest all the lesser cares,
Burdens, and torments of each passing day,
Nor feel'st them bitter, — if, serene and strong,
Thou bearest little trials, blessing God,
That, only that, dear soul, is greatness, strength,
Collectedness of spirit, godly walk.
For little griefs thou *mightest* not endure,
But scorn them, prove thyself inferior
E'en to thy destiny. Then use, O heart,
Courage and strength, mildness and cheerfulness,
Where only thou canst do it, — in little things."

THE GREAT ISSUE.

THE main question which now agitates the theological community, and the point to which our controversies are tending in the Church, and in the world, so far as the world cares for this great interest of religion, are not what they once were. The chief inquiries are not, as of old, What is the true interpretation of the Scriptures? Do they teach this or that form of doctrine? What system of belief is their general tenor, or are specific texts found to favor? Do they support this or that ecclesiastical administration? To what mode of baptism do they give countenance; and what is their testimony in regard to rites, forms, and ceremonies?

A deeper question than these is now up for discussion, involving matters which go down to the very roots of our being, and take hold of fundamental points in regard to God and man, matter and spirit, time and eternity. The most earnest considerations are tending more and more to be merged in the issue between the natural and the supernatural. I might have used the word superhuman instead of supernatural in this discussion. Philosophy requires it, in strictness of terms, since with God nothing can be supernatural, and revelation is only a higher plane of nature, and miracle may be the same. But as writers I have referred to speak of the supernatural, and not the superhuman, as opposed to nature or above it, and as the popular idea includes all that is involved in the present controversy under the word supernatural, I have usually employed that term rather than the other. Comte, who is becoming the authority of a growing class in these days, says expressly, "All religion is necessarily supernatural." Believing, as he does, in the non-existence of the supernatural, with him it follows that all religion is an illusion, a nonentity.

Well may this, therefore, be called the great issue of the day. We are not now to ask, primarily, of any church or any individual, Are you Catholic or Protestant? Do you hold to Trinity or Unity? Do you follow Calvin or Chan-

ning? But the first question is, as a distinguished Swedenborgian, the author of "Deus Homo," justly remarked to me a few days ago, "Do you believe in the supernatural?"

Take the position any one occupies in relation to the Bible. I am no longer supremely concerned to know what dogmas he finds in that book. Should he coincide with me in my Unitarian or Trinitarian expositions of it, I may rejoice. But I must care infinitely more to ascertain whether he in truth believes in the Bible at all; whether it is to him a book of any special inspiration and authority; whether, in fine, he sees in it any such element as the supernatural.

Now, on this question, there is a tendency, more or less open, in all quarters, to a division of opinion. The time is clearly at hand when every individual will find himself constrained to make up his mind on this issue, if he has doubts upon it, and to give his influence one way or another in regard to it. For myself, having for years seen the approach of this issue, I have studied the subject with care, and have come, with a steadily-increasing confidence, to the belief that the supernatural is as certain, in the broadest view of the question, as the natural.

Wishing now to treat this point in its bearing mainly upon the Bible, I begin with the general inquiry touching its authority. Why should we reject that principle in the case of religion? We admit it everywhere else. No one denies that there is a foundation for it in human nature. You, who discard it from the province of religion, admit its rightful existence in other relations. If you are a father, you exercise authority over your child. You recognize its existence and its legitimate power in the State; the government, you own, has authority, and we are bound to obey it. The law has its authorities acknowledged by witness and juror, client and advocate. The judge on the bench, however powerful his intellect, bows before the authority of the law, and often before the decisions of jurists and the court. Why, we repeat, reject the very same principle, when you come to the Bible?

With a strange inconsistency, as it strikes me, the very persons who deny the claims of authority on the side of reli-

gion accept it, and surrender themselves to it, in their own peculiar associations and beliefs. Harriet Martineau, a disciple of Comte and his translator, quotes him, in so many words, as "Our Master." If the writings of this "Master" are received as authority on the subject of the Positive Philosophy, why are we called to refuse to receive the Scriptures on the authority of Christ, our divine Master?

But, we may be told, that the authority of truth is admitted; and, so far as the Bible teaches truth, it is to be accepted. When it proceeds to inculcate error, and especially such a grave error as the existence of the supernatural, its claim is to be resolutely withstood. "What is true and good in this book we will receive," — this is the position, — "but the false and pernicious we reject; and everything supernatural that it teaches is both false and pernicious."

Here I would interpose the question, how can we discriminate so precisely as you suggest, between the natural and the true, and the supernatural and the false, in the Bible? Suppose we begin with the Old Testament, and eliminate from its pages everything supernatural, what have we left? Take the Pentateuch; strike out of the five books of Moses every fact, occurrence, and word which involves what we term miracle, then show us the residue. I have never seen the attempt made to expurgate those books after this method. As they now stand, whatever emendations of them modern criticism has effected, or can effect, short of expunging all miracle and every trace of the supernatural, they remain a noble monument of rational theology, practical instruction, and legislative wisdom. Sweep away their claim to any peculiar inspiration or any elevation above merely human productions in a single part or word, and to me they lose their unity and coherence, and with that their essential credibility.

But, although the anti-supernaturalist should succeed in his work with the Old Testament, I do not see how it is possible with the New. Take from the writings of the Apostle Paul, for example, his every affirmation of miracle; strike out all the "wonderful works" he and his associates professed to perform; and then remove this element from every

narrative, doctrine, and precept of the Acts and the other Epistles, and what have you remaining? Nothing that, to my vision, can be made to cohere for a moment.

And when we come to the life and works of Jesus Christ, the case is unspeakably stronger. He begins his mission by claiming the power to work miracles; his disciples uniformly corroborate this claim; his bosom friend over and over reiterates this claim, and the very mother that bore him calls forth the first public exercise of his miraculous gifts. The Gospels not only affirm this of him, but every page of them involves, more or less directly, the element of the supernatural. They refer constantly to his past wonderful works; and they all along speak of his future career as to be of course marked by these "signs" that he came from God.

And now how are we to complete the elimination, or where indeed shall we begin the process of eliminating from this record every vestige of the supernatural? And recollect that until this is done, the rationalist will have no resort left but to invalidate, not simply the authority, but the genuineness of the who lerecordi tself

Let us take an individual case, the resurrection of Christ. How are we to expunge each and every narrative of this event from the New Testament? Or, if that were possible, how can we cut away every recognition, direct and indirect, of its reality, and every confident word of reliance upon it? Suppose you could destroy, or essentially impair, its credibility by adducing certain discrepancies in the accounts given of it by the four evangelists. You have next to take the Acts of the Apostles and attempt to blot from them the overwhelming evidence they furnish of this event. After erasing every sentence which asserts it to have taken place, and the countless implications and allusions to that effect, you still have left upon you the burden of proof to account for the conduct of the apostles and the early disciples of Christ, on the hypothesis that he never really rose from the dead. Living so near the alleged time of the occurrence, and associating with those who said they had seen the risen Saviour with their own eyes, they had the best possible opportunity

to know whether the story was a fiction or a fact. If it was a fiction, how could they have believed in it so firmly, and not only laid it as the basis of their preaching, the world over, but attested, as they did, their faith in it by lives of suffering, and some of them by death on the cross?

Assuming for a moment the credibility of the accounts of the resurrection in the Gospels, let us, as a verification of it, compare with them the writings of the Apostle Paul. Not more than thirty, probably but twenty, years had elapsed between the death of Christ and the composition of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. In that he appeals to many of his readers as eye-witnesses of the resurrection of Christ; and he thus bears unequivocal testimony to the prevailing belief in it at that time. And he not only states general facts on the subject, but gives the details of the Gospel narratives. We have the account of Christ's appearance to himself, and of five other distinct and independent appearances. They are all of the same character, separate and not continuous, glimpses and not abiding intercourse with their Lord and Master. He shows himself at two gatherings of the apostles; and the appearances to Peter, to the five hundred, and to James are, in the main, distinct from those named in the Gospel account. And this variation corresponds with the slight discrepancies and obscurities which mark that portion of the Gospel narrative. The appearance to James is of special weight because its relation must have been taken from some independent authority. That to Peter, alluded to in the Gospel account, receives here an explanation. The appearance to the five hundred is not only of great value, as affording the testimony of large numbers, but as furnishing an illustration of the noticeable fact that, whereas other than the Scripture accounts of miracles usually grow more wonderful as we depart from the alleged time of their occurrence, the narratives of Paul are fuller the nearer they are to the period of the event. In the Acts of the Apostles we notice the same circumstance. In proportion as we approach the date of any alleged miracle, the attestations in its favor grow stronger. This feature, while it separates his miraculous accounts and those in the

Acts in general from such as are known to be fabulous, furnishes an irrefutable proof of the reality of the resurrection.

But if, as is now widely contended, there is no provision in the universe for the supernatural, then the resurrection of Christ did not take place. And still, Paul says to his Corinthian converts, "If Christ be not risen from the dead, our preaching is vain, *and your faith is also vain.*" To this we must now add, Christianity, built up in the beginning on a universal belief in the resurrection, rests on a delusion. We have no right to take away its, at the time, uncontradicted foundation, as a matter of history, and then contend it might have been built up in some other way, without showing what that way was. Assume this to have been done, Christ having not risen from the dead, and man has been a victim of the most stupendous error the human mind can conceive. A miracle has been wrought between cause and effect, taxing our faith immeasurably beyond a belief in the recorded resurrection of Christ.

I cannot but think it was the foreshadowing of this fearful dilemma that prompted the utterance in relation to Christ which appeared in a late number of one of our periodicals. "We cannot be fettered by obligations to honor men. It is time to let Jesus rest. His fame has become a grievance the free spirit avoids. It closes in the heavens and cuts off communication. It no longer mediates, but separates. Jesus is made a stumbling-block to the generation. As such he impedes progress, and must be removed." Yes, if there is no such thing as the supernatural, and there was no superhuman element in Christ, then he is a stumbling-block to the soul; or we are dealing in him only with delusion or imposture. He affirmed, — there is no denying this except by impeaching the record, — he distinctly affirmed that, while on earth, he dwelt in a superhuman element; that he had "all power," "the Spirit without measure." If this was not true, then we can have no confidence in him in any respect; he is no higher or better than we are, and ought to be "removed." He said he should "lay down his life and take it again," that

is, rise from the dead. The New Testament affirms that he did arise again. If his words and their words were untrue, why should we receive him any longer as "our Lord"? Why not discard him, as is the manner of some, from our sermons and our prayers, if not from our thoughts? Why not renounce the Gospels, and let "the free spirit" revel in its emancipation, and receive as its guide theism, positivism, atheism, if it will?

But human nature is too strong for this boasted freedom. No sooner is Christ taken down than a Comte or a Parker, or some other object of reverence, is erected in his place. We cannot banish this sentiment from the human heart; we crave some one, in our spiritual as well as merely intellectual relations, to whom we can look, in the words of Harriet Martineau, all unbeliever, atheist, as she is, as "Our Master." If we accept the proposition, unchallenged through all history, that obedience to rightful authority is a primary condition of genuine freedom, we shall turn loyally to Jesus Christ with the heartfelt appeal, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

A. B. M.

EACH FOR ALL, AND ALL FOR EACH.

"THE greatest vantage for humanity
Is this: that each does everything for all,
And each in turn receives from all the same.
How little one contributes to the whole!
How much, however, one receives from all!
How true a guard humanity to each!
How little more is needed, after all,
For concord, bliss, and peace, and the unmarred
Freedom of all men, than the will of all,
To seek, with life itself the good of each!
'Tis with the slightest means God will effect
The greatest purposes; but through the greatest
Of sentiments, through the divinest: Love."

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S MISTAKES AND DANGERS.

BY JOHN F. W. WARE.

I HAVE before undertaken to say something of the position and influence of the young woman, adjudging her the highest place among the creations of God, with opportunity and privilege and power and obligation commensurate. I have spoken of woman as she was made to be, as she ought to be; of her capacity, of her dower, of her mission; of the young woman in herself and her influences when she is true to herself and to her God. I am now to essay the less grateful task of working in the shading to my picture, and give the young woman as she too largely is under the influence of the mistakes others make for her and she makes about herself. For it must be owned that the young woman as we mostly see her to-day is hardly the outgrowing of a divine creation, budding and blossoming in unconscious beauty as God's other creations do, — every way natural and so only successful, — but rather is she a thing made up by the falsest and most fatal laws which desecrate her true womanhood, and sap her soul of its vital energy and purity. The superficial, artificial young woman of society, how unlike in every way is she to that creation of God whose chiefest ornament is the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit!

The process of vitiating the womanly character is begun very early, back in the nursery, and continued with most persistent and fatal energy all through girlhood. O mothers, mothers! why will you, to gratify a little vanity, or a great deal of indolence, sow and allow to be sown such seed as only an enemy should sow? Do you remember what Ruskin says about making a girl's education as serious as a boy's, — and adds that you did not think the courage or sincerity of your girls of half so much importance as their way of coming in at a door? Your daughters do not start at the vantage their womanhood insures them; and you are to blame!

As a people, we are not yet educated up to the idea of what education is. With all our talk about it, and many

speak upon it, we have little genuine conception of the vast, many-sided thing it is. The leading demand of the day is for education. The doors of advantage are open, and set wide and nailed back, and yet such a thing as education is scarcely better than the enthusiast's dream. Our women are not educated, they cannot be educated as things are. It would cost them their position in society. It would upset rule and discipline and aim of social life. They get some smattering of some branches of knowledge, a superficial, showy accomplishment, but an educated woman, a woman of thorough culture, is one of those rare works no one can come in contact with without feeling not only the beauty such culture gives, but the advantage that it has. I cannot help the feeling that a more just and generous culture in our young women, the laying of broad and deep foundation for aftergrowth, would do more for civilization, for social progress, and for Christianity than any one thing. So utterly do I believe that the race is to be lifted not upon the Atlantean shoulders of man, but by the full-grown and rounded virtues of woman.

Parents have conceived the idea that education is a thing of books and school, one of the essentials of life, to be crowded into as brief a space as may be, and got out of the way. Society takes care still further to abridge the parental idea by deciding the direction in which that time shall be used. Teachers must, I suppose, yield to the tide, and they do their best at crowding, and, for reputation's sake, make the most of the time allotted them by a parade of quantity rather than an attempt at quality. The young girl plods through her allotted tasks, neglecting much that she ought to be learning, much that she ought to be doing for body and heart, looking eagerly forward to the time when she shall escape the irksomeness of tasks, and the privilege of life shall begin. But *the only privilege in life is that which is earned day by day*; it is no attendant upon the leisure young people so much covet, but the regular reward of earnest doing. Books are laid aside. The school desk is closed for the last time. Teachers and companions are left behind.

Pupilage ceases, life begins. With no intermediate time, the school-girl becomes a young woman. She feels that the privilege of life is hers. Society assents, and accepts her. Parents demur, but must yield, and she is fairly launched into the seething, tossing, uncertain sea of life, the very frailest and unsafest craft that ever trusted itself to the tender mercies of that which is merciless, and parents and society have done their best to destroy a creature they should have done their best to save.

Education — I mean now simply *book* education — does not end with the school. A book henceforth is not to be a proscribed thing, or study an obsolete possibility. The immature mind of the girl can only enter the outmost court of the vast temple of knowledge. School is not the furnishing of the mind with the material for life, but the *preparation of the mind for the acquisition and use of material afterward*. It is the experience of every one who has studied a profession that he has his profession to learn after he gets into actual practice, all the training of school and college and seminary merely preparing him to use what he shall afterwards acquire. No less true is it of the school from which the young girl emerges thinking her work in that direction done. She may have excelled in every study, she may have frittered no time or thought upon dress and parties and amusements, — things the *morale* of which every teacher knows something about; she may have given herself with most unwavering fidelity to one work, and yet she may not pause and fold her hands and call her education finished. No school ever gave a finished education, how much soever many promise it, or have the credit of doing it. Schools may give a polished education, but polish is only of the surface, it is not skin deep even, but upon the skin, utterly outside, and anything will rub it off. It is impossible to finish education at the best school, and all that can make one school or system pre-eminent beyond another will consist in the thoroughness with which it shall teach the rudiments of knowledge so as to make them available in the actual education which life must take up and carry on. If with these a young person has acquired facility

in handling her own powers, school has done for her its most and best. If she become educated, the thing lies with her afterward.

The young woman should consider that her intellectual culture — which is a far broader thing than any book knowledge — really begins when she leaves school. With the aid of the rudiments she has acquired, she ought to be ready to go on to a wise and full use of her powers. Every month and every year, until the actual, inevitable duties of life prevent, there should be some systematic mental culture. If this were so, the actual, inevitable duties of life never would wholly prevent. Woman would *make the time* to satisfy the demand, as we always make the time for what we consider imperative. As it is, the period between the school and married life is a waste period, a season of no definite employment, a season without system and without aim; the training of the past is useless because not kept in exercise, while there is little if any thoughtful, intelligent, direct preparation for the future, and this broad and fair interval between the school and married life, if not a waste and wilderness, is given up to thorns and weeds, which spring and grow fast, and choke the fairest untended flowers. Sometimes the young girl sets out by herself, or with companions, or under a teacher, very bravely, with music, drawing, French, German, Italian. So far as it goes, that is well, *only it be stuck to*. But the sticking to is the difficulty. In itself superficial and inadequate, directed toward the fanciful and conventional, rather than the solid and useful, the hours of practice or of study soon become fearfully abridged, growing “small by degrees, and beautifully less,” the imperativeness of other demands upon time being always recognized and yielded to, while this, the really imperative thing, is compelled to stand aside. I always doubt such experiments, because there is more whim than principle in them, because all education of home and school so far has only tended to foster that lack of method which is said to be native to woman, while it has not supplied her with the right inducement to just cultivation of her powers and employment of her time.

I have known young girls go on bravely for a while, and then abandon the experiment, declaring that they found it dull, as if there must not be a great deal that is dull in life, as if dulness excused duty, — or that there was so much to do, — the plea always of those who do least; and, when I have asked what was so pressing in the way of duty, I have been given the whole catalogue of brilliant nothings which, from horizon to zenith, so fill a young woman's day, the myriad useless ingenuities with which they manage to fill out the hours and fill up the mind. Why is it that the useful thing always has to make way for the frivolous thing, and that a party or a concert, an opera singer or an actor that people go crazy about, should eternally stand in before employments which are to give tone to character and dignity to life?

It is a common notion that solid books and the knowledge of subjects are things with which women have little to do. Men say very foolish things about learned women, and women very foolishly dread what men say. The "*ipse dixit*" of a man is, after all, not the crack of doom. A woman properly acquainted with any one or many branches is not necessarily a pedant, or a blue, or unacquainted with life, or herself uninteresting; nor is she one at whom any but very young and very shallow young men should take alarm. I grant you that some literary ladies are insufferable, and so are some fashionable ones. The most delightful women I have met were women of highest intellectual culture, and you knew it not by any array of knowledge, or any pretence, not by any topic introduced, or any draft made on yourself, but by an inexpressible charm which culture threw over everything they touched, by a certain grace and ease and quiet self-confidence, which woman in no other way gets, as unlike the talk and manner of the be-laced, be-velveted, trashy, fashionable woman as the diamond is unlike its paste imitation, which may sparkle as brightly, while it wants all that makes the diamond. Say what you will of the uselessness of books and study and thought to woman, she is not a doll or a plaything, and a man does not want to marry

either a nursery-maid or a bundle of upholstery; but a rational being, capable of giving a rational enjoyment and of securing the place she may have won by the more solid charms of a well-stored, well-balanced mind. I do not believe, much as men flatter the nonsense in women, much as women feed upon and believe in admiration, that any man is ever thoroughly satisfied with a woman unless he discovers a something of mind in her. I know that Americans do not like to be brought into contrast with foreign nations except to their own advantage, but I believe that American women are far behind the English in this, as in some other things. The women of society are better educated, more intellectual, have truer manners and less fashion, than ours.

They are riper women intellectually as physically. An English woman will not talk as much as an American, but she will say more. The American woman *talks*, the English woman *converses*. She takes, keeps to, discusses her topic. She does not skim it, but stirs it, and at least tastes the flavor of its depth. There is a deal of talking among young women. It is the special wonder of our sex what they can find to talk of, and how the dictionary holds out against such drain and strain, for which the hours of the day are all too few, and often the night watches must be wearied. Of conversation, — a real interchange of thought, which shows that a young woman really does think, — a genuine development and discussion of a subject, how very little is there! *Talk* is the light froth, the effervescing of daily trifles; *conversation* is the pure, clear, invigorating draught that lies beneath. To converse should be considered no less a "fine art" than to dress, and no one can converse whose mind is not well trained and stored and ripened by thought.

The power to converse becomes a fireside charm as much as a society ornament, while it is felt and owned in society as a power which triumphs over all the accidental advantages of person. I recall, in all my younger days, how very slight was the hold that a pretty face or a graceful figure had upon any young man worthy the name, while the plain girls, with

good-nature and free culture, were the most sought, not superficially admired but thoroughly respected; and in all the heyday of frolic and nonsense, of which I had my fill, I remember the refreshing of a good sensible girl's conversation after the vapid twaddle simpered or shouted from the lips of the shallow and fashionable. I want to say to you, young women, that you cannot all be handsome, and it is a terrible mistake you make in thinking so much of mere looks, and thinking that we men think so much of them. The eye loves to be pleased, but the mind loves to be pleased better, and it is in the power of any of you by discipline of temper and of mind, to make yourselves more respected, more valued, more sought than any of the crowd men merely in idle moments admire, but whom only a fool could love or marry. As I pen these words, I think of one of those I best knew in my young manhood, personally in striking contrast with the lovely bevy of girls we so constantly met, the graces of whose mind made her the peer of all. The young woman has it in her own hands to be more than admired, only let her resolutely rescue some good, generous portion of her leisure after leaving school to her own moral and mental culture.

But the mistakes of education are not yet all told. Education is so broad a thing that it takes in life, and all that are the springs of it. This neutral ground, between the girl and the woman, is rich in demand as in opportunity. Many essential things should now be learned; left unlearned now, they are never known. In her ordinary sphere, which should be the house and the home, many things are important beside books. To be good for anything, of any possible use to herself or anybody else, to make a success, a glory of life and no shame, as single, as married, as mother, a great many overlooked and despised things are essential. Women may get to voting one of these days, and into Congress, and may so far swing round the circle as to reach the presidential chair,—as the legend is that there was once a female Pope,—but the millennium is not to-day, and for this generation and the next woman's sphere and woman's duty and woman's rights will still be primarily within the little,

sacred precinct of home, and she disgraces her sex and desecrates the sacred name of home who does not do her utmost to prepare for on-coming duty and trial, both of which are as sure as life. Yes! I know how many of the sex in those words I condemn, — women who have ignored and proved themselves false to all the distinguishing characteristics of womanhood; whose lives are a long series of indolent self-indulgences; who delegate to domestics the most sacred duties; who regard all household care as menial, and any real thought about children as irksome; who think the end of life is, by dress and show and worship of society and fashion, to be acknowledged as ladies, while they strip themselves of every grace and adorning that makes the glory of woman. How many such one instinctively feels have sold out their souls, their gay and gaudy trappings adorning a charnel-house, the sepulchre whited, and perhaps rouged, while within it is full of all manner of deadness! *God made woman for home.* That is the great centre and hope of our civilization, and woman is the centre and hope of it. No nation can long maintain its integrity whose homes are the shadows of the name ours are so largely coming to be. Individual character cannot withstand the influence. Homes must perish when woman ceases to do her duty in them and by them. I do not overlook or excuse at all the infidelity of my own sex. The man who allows anything to take precedence of his home is a traitor to what he has voluntarily pledged himself to, but in my soul I believe that fashionable houses, cheerless of all wifely and motherly care, where things are at sixes and sevens, except where company eyes are to be, in which all that is purely womanly only wilts, in which sons grow and get their ideas of woman and of home before they become husbands, are largely chargeable with their defection. She who never enters the secret places, and knows nothing of the economies of the household, will be a weariness to a man, however she may have accomplishment and grace. He will soon find his mistake and see his folly, and seek to compensate himself elsewhere. Young women! you expect to have homes of your own. You know that you do; I know

that you do. It is no disgrace to you; it is your honor. The flippant may laugh, but such is the fact, and God is the author of it, and by his laws he turns your very nature that way. Your education is largely with that in view, and yet the most important item in that education is overlooked, and you are educated to *attract*, but *not to hold*, to win, but not to keep. You go into married life ignorant of those every-day matters which are the pivot upon which the home turns. This ignorance and dread of domestic duty is largely American. It has different causes in different sections of the country, but everywhere it is based on false notions of respectability. In the better families, even among the wiser of the nobility of England, and I think in the very palace of Victoria, a young woman is thoroughly trained in domestic duties. She demands nothing of her servant that she cannot do herself. She may not make her own butter, but she will take you to the dairy, and explain everything connected with it, and prove herself not only capable of directing, but, if need be, of doing. She may not do the milking, but she knows the nature and character of her cows, their breeds and habits, and manner of feeding, and does not consider it a sign of delicacy to be afraid of them. I shall never forget the lesson I learned from a most cultivated English woman, who proved herself better capable of buying a horse than the half-dozen men standing by, from whom I also learned more of the arts and duties of proper society life, heard more refined and wise conversation, than from any one woman I now remember. I believe the better English culture of woman a much broader and a much braver thing than ours, and that she will know and do many things which in this republican America are considered improper or indelicate, simply because they are useful, and are outside a very narrow circle prescribed by a very narrow sentiment. And to pay her for it, the English woman of position and culture, who always dresses for her occupation, and is not afraid of thick shoes and calico, is robust and courageous and self-possessed. In the best society of this country, I have known the lady of the house cognizant of and attentive to all her duties, and her daughters brought up

to understand and to do the essential things, and I defy any one to have detected the least shadow of a want of the most exquisite refinement in them. It is a great mistake to suppose that the truly respectable and cultivated look down upon, or neglect domestic duties; they know their importance, and respect them and learn to do them. It is the servile aspirants after their favor, their witless imitators, who have the accident of money rather than the necessity of brains, who think that gold and show buy respectability, who despise these needed things. The man who has character to give dignity to his money, a breadth of view and a breadth of charity commensurate with his purse, never presumes upon his money for his position or his influence; never fears to compromise himself by any useful knowledge, occupation, or deed; while the man whose money is his only respectability, who overlooks character, and supposes men weigh him by his dollars, is the slave of the fear lest he should do or say, or not do or say, something that will degrade him in eyes whose favor he would buy at any cringing. The same thing is true, only in an intenser degree, of that man's wife or daughters. Indeed, it is not infrequently true that the wife and daughters of the successful man are the secret cause and spur of all extravagance and aping, their restless ambition leading to follies he sees, though he may not have the courage to resist. He buys what domestic peace he has that way. And yet what does he or they buy of the world? Take the dollars from many a man in this city to-night, and in what honor would he walk down the street to-morrow, and how many of the dear thousands even leave a card to console wife or daughter? Young woman, do not make the terrible mistake of supposing the highway to honor lies in despising the little domestic virtues which are true womanly ornaments, and the safeguards of home.

I wonder if anybody has discovered why it is that the love of dress is so universal, and shows itself so early? Is it not to women what the love of gold is said to be to men, the monster passion, dragging in its train a whole host of evils? As a fine art, I believe in dress, but for dress as a passion, I

have no respect. I think women make a great mistake; a dangerous, not infrequently a fatal mistake, in thinking so much of and laying out so much upon appearance. They do it not to please men, but for fear of each other. The men do not require it, but the women compel each other to it. The taste of men is generally simple and easily satisfied. The taste of women is largely artificial and conventional. They dress for each other, and judge each other by dress. Passing through one of our streets one day, I noticed two much-dressed ladies meet at an awkward crossing, and yet, as they passed, the one, with a half-turn, gave a sweeping glance at the other, in which you felt that she saw and pronounced judgment upon every article of the elaborate toilet, had made out price and quality, had summed her up, and the net result was just as legible as if she had written it out. It was only an instance of what you and I have seen thousands of times, the cool impudence of which woman only is guilty to woman, the sort of inspection every woman knows she has got to undergo from the eye of every other woman. No man ever does such a thing. It is the dread of the ban of her own sex, the fact she knows she is on parade for inspection on the street, in the morning call, at parties, at church even, that makes this wicked absurdity and extravagance of dress necessary. I do not wish to wink out of sight the extravagance of men in wines and horses, and other things at least doubtful. My point is now that the rage of the women of this land for adorning their persons is one which enters into and embarrasses finance and tariffs no less than fathers and husbands, outrages all laws of beauty and good taste, and substitutes the most meretricious adornings for those ornaments which, Joubert says, "were invented by modesty," — while it cankers many hearts, and debauches life and soul. There is a reform needed here which only women can effect. The poison runs down clear through every grade in society. The spirit of rivalry is in kitchens as in parlors. To dress for the approval or envy of her acquaintance is as much the necessity of the waiting-woman as her mistress, while the lower the social grade, the more

imminent the danger that such craving shall lead, as facts prove that it largely does, to woman's great sin.

Now I think it commendable in a young woman, as in any one else, to desire to please, but I think she grossly mistakes who supposes herself to please, to win any true, honest, substantial regard, by overloading her body. I do not think any man, unless utterly shallow-pated and worthless, ever rates a woman by her dress, and if you have ever seen, as I have, the flutter of admiration and genuine interest aroused as some modest fresh girl, with a plain dress and untormented hair, quietly and unconsciously took her place among elaborate toilets, you would comprehend that we do not like, however much in the end we yield to, the whims and fickleness and bad taste and tyranny of female fashion. It is only the simplest thing that becomes or enhances female beauty,—a flower rather than a jewel, a ribbon rather than a lace. Beauty is a fact, an element, a principle. It is in you; it can't be put upon you. It may be acquired, as character develops, but it cannot be bought. You may put on your body and on your face what you please, and possibly produce the flash effect of artificial beauty, but you have not produced *beauty*. Beauty is truth; it can be no lie. Beauty is too pure a thing to be confounded with a shabby counterfeit. Beauty is in nature, not in art, and the most consummately got up woman, a miracle of toil and cost, and vanity and lies, is only a hideous caricature of that sweet creation of God which we call woman. Oh, the wretched slavery of that life whose all in all is a daily effort so to trick her person as to deceive, while she never succeeds in doing it, for the quick eye at home in her own arts and mysteries reads clear through the arts and mysteries of others. Why must woman so stoop, and aim at and accept the factitious beauty of fashion, of whim, purchased sometimes at the cost of all that is lovely and natural? The beauty that is made never can be the beauty that is of God. Nature adorns her lilies and her violets and her roses with a beauty and a fragrance all their own. Not less chary has she been to woman, to whom, if she deny the outward graces

of the person, she grants the more worthy and enduring and compensating virtues, the higher adorning of spirit and of heart. And they will compensate as every experience shows. The eye may be the first and quickest judge, but it is not the keenest. There is a court of appeals, to which its verdict is always sooner or later taken, and nothing receives its approval that is not genuine. The prettiest girl, the most fashionable girl, if she have neither heart nor brains, may please well enough for an evening, but she never calls up one genuine, honorable emotion in a true man, or among her own sex acquires any place. Young women, believe me that "beauty when unadorned is adorned the most;" that no adorning makes beauty; that skin-deep beauty is the veriest trash when it stands alone; and do please be content in the simplicity and integrity of your naturalness, rather than become the puppet of the dressmaker and the milliner. It is said that nothing can stand against ridicule, but woman's fashions seem to be the exception necessary to prove the rule; for I remember that history tells that for two centuries the whole English priesthood vainly expended its strength against certain insignificant fashions, while at the same time they waked the world to the wars of the Crusades.

While upon the matter of extravagance, let me say a word of extravagance of speech. Are young women aware of the extent to which they carry this? Do they know how they lavish exclamations and superlatives, and give to merest trifles the weight that only belongs to weighty things? Have they any idea of the vehemence and excitement with which they discuss daily incidents and ordinary affairs? Do they know that they call into suspicion their sincerity when they come to speak of serious matters, because they have used just such terms upon trivial things before? I should be accused of caricature were I to relate exactly — what I have many times heard — the emphasis, the expressions, the exclamations over a bonnet, a dress, an ornament, or the number of times, according to her own statement, a young woman has been nearly or quite killed by this or that, she, in the mean time to the observer, manifesting the most charming

resignation to her fate. Indeed, this is a serious matter. If it be only a trick to-day, it is a habit to-morrow, and, as I know, the habit has made many a one who would not willingly lie utterly untrustworthy. In one of his letters, Robertson speaks of "a most dangerous habit to character, — to be able to cook up raptures whenever raptures are the rage." This cooking-up of raptures is a besetting feminine temptation and flaw. I conjure you abandon that which fearfully encroaches upon the sanctity of truth, which deprives language of its value as a vehicle of feeling, and which brings you into the suspicion of great weakness or affectation. Reserve strong statement and warm admiration and vehement protestation for things and times worthy.

I think young women are in danger from the facile yielding to the opinions and influence of older men of the world whom they meet in society, and that they peculiarly need moral courage to shield them here, as in many other things in life. It is a game some men play at, — this attempt to supplant maidenly instinct with the sophisms of society, against which young women need to be warned. I hold that everything is in woman's hand, if she will keep true to herself; that just what she pleases she can make the law or act of society, or the principle of life, and that she can face down and make ashamed the man of the world and all his follies. In her instincts, her intuitions, God has given her a safeguard ample to her need. Only let her be brave. Shun the most fascinating, the most popular man, if you detect in him any grossness in deed or word, or if you know him to be corrupt. Maintain your own integrity, and the integrity of virtue at every hazard. Frown upon every moral dereliction, and show your disapprobation of every moral levity. Sacredly devoted to the pure and the true, accept nothing that is not pure and true. As flint set yourself against conventionalisms of society in whatever guise they come, — maxims, or rules, or opinions, or dress in any way lax, however recommended. Allow yourselves in no levity, and allow of none in others, and never forget that if young women tear down the standard of pure principle, young men will trample upon it.

Never presume upon the immunities of your sex. Young women will sometimes do or say a thing a man would not dare do or say. Have you never heard a woman say very cutting things *at* a man, her sex and the indirectness of her attack shielding her from reply? It is a fearful experiment, and will cost you too much. It is the womanly character, and not the womanly form, which is respected, and you compromise your womanhood by the speech or deed which respect for the sex alone compels a man to pass by. He overlooks it of necessity, but he does not overlook you.

Regard sacredly the rights and feelings of others. In the exuberance of youthful spirit, a young woman may do what a moment's reflection disapproves, but there is some self-will about a woman, after all, and she is very apt to persist in what she wants to do, without consideration of the manner in which she shall do it, or how it shall affect others. Her desire, pleasure, whim, are more than another person's feelings, especially if that other be a man, and by any betrayal of un-comfortableness, provoke her still further use of her power. The woman who will trifle with another's feelings has little self-respect and little claim to respect from others. She should be treated as you would treat an unmannerly boy. By her own act she has placed herself on a par with him, and let her take the consequences. Let me urge you to watch here. Young women greatly offend in private and in public, in car and concert and church and lecture-room, against the simplest demands of decent propriety. It is not the fine thing they suppose to make themselves conspicuous. By every claim to the coveted name of lady, are you bound sacredly to regard the privileges of others, and never persist in anything purchased by pain or discomfort of another. In public places you are amenable to the same laws that you are in private, and you have no right to make them places for your personal gratification; you have no other business at such places and times than that which professedly has brought all the others together, and if you are not willing to use it for that, the only decency is for you to stay away. There is no ruder vulgarity than to whisper in the presence of a few; and the buzzing

pests whose chronic torment has made concert and lecture and even church almost unendurable, whatever their social position and self-satisfaction, are simply vulgar and rude.

I sometimes doubt if woman understands how pure a thing purity is, and how her fashions injure her fine sense of it, while ours, none too keen at best, catches the contamination. For prudery, the prurient counterfeit of purity, I have no respect, and it never gets, as it never deserves, honor, but only and always contempt and suspicion. The street and ball dresses of the past few years have done an amount of mischief few recognize, because so many sin, and we so willingly lend ourselves to anything fashion orders. But fashion has no morals; her ways, if the ways of pleasantness, are not ways in which the pure can always walk in peace. Did you see not long since a letter from a young English actress appealing to the higher classes of English women? She said she had to buy her stage-dresses from the worn wardrobes of the rich and titled, and that she had been reproved by the manager for wearing dresses too indecent for the stage, when she had only worn what fashion had sanctioned in the saloons of the great! It is vain, perhaps, to raise your voice against fashion, but no young woman oversteps the limit of modesty, without sullyng the idea man has of her, should she herself escape taint.

And has it not come to this, that fashion presumes to dictate what shall be the law in morals, and measures feminine delicacy, which is native and of God, by her will? A young woman may go very improperly dressed into society, and she shall not be considered indelicate. It is the fashion. She may participate in dances that Victoria has banished from her court and are outlawed at Paris, but there shall be no suspicion of her delicacy. It is the fashion. She shall read certain fictions with all their dangerous laxness, still her delicacy is not touched. It is the fashion. But let her walk without a glove, let her hurry in the street, let her read the actual fact of real license and crime, let her mention the sin of her sister, let her go to want and woe, and straightway she is indelicate. I do not understand all this, and

warn you of the deeps before you, if you are going to let fashion meddle with the eternal principles of morality.

I regard any failing which mars the character of the young man, and imperils him, as much more injurious to a young woman, as I regard the sex of higher and more delicate organism, tuned to nobler ends and higher issues. I do not think that wrong or sin in woman is in itself any more gross, but it seems so, while it jars the more rudely upon those conceptions a man inevitably has of woman. Selfishness and meanness are bad enough in man, but how terribly bad they are in woman! What deformity, what disgrace, what shame to the sex! And yet I know selfish young women and mean older ones, and they do not seem to see that others count the leprous spots; they do not realize that no woman can be honored as woman should be who wears such stain. A bad temper is bad in man, but in woman the quick tongue and flushed face, the snapping eye, the shrill tone, oh! how they cut into the heart of man, and how they injure her in his regard, and how they mar her influence! Anything that is any way false in man is as bad as falsehood can be, but the false in woman — ah! young women, shun it in look, gesture, word, deed; shun it in omission as in commission. Tone down your extravagances. Keep close by that most sacred thing, truth; be her worshipper, her bondmaid, and so shall you be the bright and honored thing God craves.

These are dangers, perils, temptations. Your friends will not say much about them; society has no warning. Ungracious as it may be, let me warn you that here lies your way of danger. I appeal to your grand instincts of virtue; I ask you to have the courage to be true. You live in a world of shams, in which the emphasis is put upon externals, in which the brave, the honest, and the pure are at a discount, — in a world which, from the beginning, cheats and deceives the young spirit which comes into it, and will cheat and deceive to the end, unless you will be stronger than it. That you can be, God helping you!

I have spoken of some of those things in which the dangers and temptations lie which draw the young woman off

from that noble creation God means her to grow into. I know you think I demand too much of you, but I have endeavored to be true to my idea of woman, and so ask nothing that I do not believe her nature fully up to achieving. I believe her to be the conservator of the race, that its hopes lie with her, and therefore have I singled and dwelt upon some things which I specially think prevent her following out her high mission, and which have lured aside so many from the grand career marked out for their sex. I do not think young women understand, or are helped to understand, the life that is before them, what they are capable of doing, the nature and extent of their influence, and how intimately that influence depends upon character. Parents, teachers, society, do not do their duty toward them, lead them into mistakes and dangers they ought to help them avoid. If word of mine shall help any one to understand that character outweighs every grace and adorning, as the grain of gold outvalues the heap of sand; if I shall rouse any to a broader conception of life and of duty; if I shall lead them to substitute, for a life of frivolity and indolence and dress, a life of sobriety, reflection, stability, in which they shall do justice to themselves and justice to their privileges, if I shall have warned in time any of the foolish vanities which never rest till they eat out the soul, my purpose will be gained. Only would I desire to see the young about me giving themselves in the fresh hope and ardor of youth to the real work of life, a busy, serious preparation in this neutral ground between school and marriage for woman's severest duties, noblest office, highest usefulness, and surest triumph.

THE AIMS OF MAN.

"Our aims are many. Many a one succeeds,
And many a one seems baffled; yet the world
Softly and surely all our working guides.
What we had thought of least, one day receives
Our name, though that which seemed the best, perhaps,
Was labor lost. We live as if we were
Others; we think we are; we even seem
To be such; and Time makes us other men."

A BROOK IN WINTER.

O WINTER brooklet, wild and free,
Come, let me stain the page with thee

Black amid the scanty snow
Late I met thy lusty flow,
Bursting on me where I trod
The brown, half-frozen, spongy sod,
And as I turned the hilly spur,
Heard all at once thy clamorous stir,
Filling the hollows of the wood
With meanings dimly understood ;
Where rushing o'er a jutting stone
Thy thousand thoughts went garrulous down.

Ah ! we knew not, thou and I,
Language for that mystery,
Of winter sod and sun and air,
And listening trees, with branches bare,
Waiting if thy voice could tell
What we all divined so well ;
Of hidden joy in things that be,
And what we rather feel than see ;
Of boundless Life and Love unspent
And depths of measureless content.

What concerns us now to know
Whence we come and whither flow ?
What if, but a rod above,
We lose thy windings in the grove,
And naught of thee below be seen
But slides o'er silken grasses green !
Enough for us that in thy fall
We can hear the All-in-all !
This we know, and only this, —
He is ours and we are his.

J. C. P.

BUILDING.

BY JOHN C. KIMBALL.

A YEAR ago last autumn, while I was on a visit at Newburgh, a beautiful and thriving city out on the Hudson, an old man of nearly eighty-two years took me about the place; and as we passed through one street after another, he would stop ever and anon, and pointing out some handsome and substantial house, would say, "I built that in such and such a year." He had left his Eastern home and gone to Newburgh more than half a century before, so that a large part of the city had grown up around him. He was a wise master-builder, a workman that needed not to be ashamed of his work, one who had indeed built according to the grace of God which was given to him. And as he stood that day leaning on his cane, with hands no longer able to lift the hammer and adjust the square, a glow of honest pride came over his face at the substantial appearance of what he had done in his manhood and prime. He could walk about the streets without any unpleasant reminders at each turn that he had put bad stock into this house, or had slighted the work in that. It was a positive pleasure for him to live where he could see, from day to day, how well his labors stood the test of time. In looking at him, I realized at least one meaning of the apostolic declaration, If any man's work abide which he hath built, he shall receive a reward.

The old man has gone now. He died last Christmas eve, full of years, and full of goodness; mourned and respected by every one who knew him, and especially by all for whom he had wrought, — died in perfect peace and hope. And because he had built well the houses of earth, and built, too, with equal fidelity the temple of his own soul within, I doubt not he has gone to have part forever in that great "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I sat the other evening, the last hour of the day, thinking over his venerable aspect, his long life, and his various traits of character. It is always good, when a friend is taken away, to sit down some quiet

hour and review the pleasant things you know about him. There is no funeral service, no eulogy, no spoken word of any kind, which can equal in worth and meaning the silent tribute which thus goes from the depths of the soul, none which is so truly and blessedly a taking leave of him for earth. And, as I mused, the one thing which came uppermost in my mind was the old man's satisfaction in the fidelity with which he had done his life's work. Shall I look back on mine with any such feeling? I asked. And then my thoughts ran over the various ways in which we are all builders, and what a recompense there is in seeing around us afterwards, either with the outer or the inner eye, the result of our work.

Take the term in its ordinary meaning as referring simply to the different kinds of labor we are employed upon from day to day, — the conversion of raw material into the various products of art and manufactures, or the putting them into shape for the convenience of trade and daily use, a way in which so many people are builders, — do we take pleasure in doing it well, and is the result something on which we can look with pride, something we shall be glad to have around us in old age? Alas! the great complaint against our modern civilization, and especially against our own country, is the poorness of what we build. It is very few of the things which are found in the markets, and used from day to day, that are sound and good throughout. Houses, furniture, vehicles, garments, jewelry, tools, books, pictures, even medicines and articles of food, are slighted in their manufacture, and filled in with poor material to an extent which is almost ludicrous. The smart mechanic is not he who does the best work, but he who does the cheapest and the most. The object of the trader is to supply his store not with those things he knows are really good and beneficial, but with those on which he can make the most money, often entirely regardless of their actual worth. And in the professions how little reference there is to the great ends of building, to justice, health, knowledge, and religion, and how much to mere popular show! The element of sham runs through society so largely and openly that it is not even blushed at. The great

thing sought after is cheapness and outside glitter. And usually the highest blessing a person can have over what he has built, whether it be a house, a sermon, or a pair of shoes, is never to see it again.

The spirit is an utterly wrong one in which to work. It matters not how much money a person may have made out of his business; matters not how honestly he may have carried it on; matters not, though he has never sold a cheap article for other than what it is, he cannot enjoy at last any real satisfaction over his life's toil, cannot have the consciousness that his time and opportunities have been worthily and nobly spent. There is always a mean feeling over having made a mean thing, the same as there is over having done one. Life is too precious to be wasted over shams. How terrible for a man to feel, when he comes to his last hour, that, instead of laboring for what is highest and best, he has used up himself and God's wood and iron in the manufacture of trash! What though its outward forms may not rise up against him at the corner of the streets? What though the things themselves all have perished, too frail to live? Their memories are there; the vacant places which might have been filled with what is worthy and good are there; his buildings have built themselves into him. And it is these, when he walks abroad in old age, that will fill him with reproach, these, the ghosts of what might have been, rising up at the corners of his mind, that will tell him his life and labor, so far as any real effect on the world is concerned, have all been wasted. The only way in which a man can look back on his work with joy when he comes to its end, is to do it well. He should put into it not only his material and his toil, but himself; should make it an expression of his honesty, his integrity, his thoroughness, should shape it as though it were a part of his own soul. It is not only the dignity, but the sacredness, of work which needs especially to be insisted upon. Every builder ought to feel that he is a laborer together with God, ought to work under his inspiration just as much as Bezaleel, the Son of Uri, and Aholiab, the Son of Ahisamach, did of old when called upon to construct the tabernacle of Jehovah. All

things made are not for society merely, but in their last offering are for God, are to be laid on the great altar of the Universe. The faculty for them is one of our five talents as much as anything else we possess. And at the judgment-day I firmly believe each of us will have to render account not only for all he has done in morals, but for all he has wrought in gold and silver and precious stones and wood and hay and stubble.

The world of matter, however, is only one of the spheres in which we build. Every man, yet further, is a maker of his own character, a builder of himself. It is only the crude elements of human nature which are furnished us at birth, so many organs of body, so many senses, so many capacities of heart, mind, soul, so much life, — the bare foundation laid of God. It is we ourselves who are to form its plan, to build its walls, to determine the quality of the substances which are wrought into it, and to say with what graces and virtues it shall be adorned. It is a work that must, yea, that will, be done, if not with our volition, then without it. Every day is adding some timber, adjusting some proportion, putting into it some stone which is good or bad. Every motion, every sight, every thing which is taken in through any part of our nature helps in some degree to form it. And when old age comes, if it is not arranged into what is noble and fair and pure, it will have hardened none the less surely into what is deformed and mean and disagreeable. It is a building, too, that we have got always to have in sight, yea, in which we ourselves have got forever to dwell. When it is done, no matter how ugly it may be, we cannot push it off, like a bad pair of shoes we have made, to be worn out by somebody else, cannot turn around the corner down another street to avoid seeing its deformity, as when we have built a shabby house. It is ours, we have built ourselves into its walls faster and stronger than prisoner was ever locked in cell. And there is nothing, nothing but the destruction absolutely of our whole being, which can ever set us free.

With such a result in view, it is impossible to insist too strongly on the importance of building the character well,

building it large and fair and of the best materials the universe can give. If a wise man were going to erect a house in which he had been told for certainty he should live for a hundred years, how careful and painstaking he would be about every part! He would select the best possible plan. The stone and brick and timber put into it would be only such as he knew were sound and good. The passage-ways and thresholds he was to tread over so many times would be contrived with the utmost regard for convenience, a single step saved amounting in the course of years to so much. The windows would look out on all the pleasantest prospects. And he would have it open freely to those two greatest of God's material blessings, the sunlight and fresh air. He would think how often he was to see it and use it, and how often his neighbors would look upon it; think what a constant impression its beauty or deformity was to make upon him, and he would say, If it is indeed to be my only home on earth, I cannot build it too handsome or too strong. But here is this building of character, closer about him than any material home, in which he is to live not for a hundred or a thousand but for myriads of years, one which is to be looked upon not by the inhabitants of earth merely, but by the angels of God forever. He cannot make it too well. It should be planned with reference to eternity. The everlasting truth should be built into its walls. All narrowness and roughness, all sharp corners and blind steps, should be excluded from its passage-ways. He should remember how often its lowest sill is to be used. The finest graces and virtues should be wrought into its niches and ceiling. Its windows should look out on all fields of beauty and knowledge. And especially it should be open freely to the breath of God's Spirit, and to the light of the Everlasting Presence. So only in the old age of eternity can he look upon it with satisfaction, and feel indeed that it is a work he wishes to have abide.

But each man, while building himself, is also a builder in some respects of those around him, is putting into them, if not their main plan and character, which are always their own work, yet some of their particular traits and materials.

Especially is this true in regard to his children, his family, his neighbors and friends. Instruction, building up within, and edification, a kindred term, the one referring to the mind, and the other to the character, — are what he is always engaged about. His words, his looks, his actions, the truths or the lies which come from speech and bearing, are the materials, some parts of which, day by day, are incorporated into their hearts and life. His own silent character helps in building theirs, being the pattern according to which in some degree they are inevitably shaped. And, scattered all through their souls, are the formal lessons he has taught, the virtues on which he has insisted, and the principles, more or less marked, to which he has given prominence. We change works in the building of souls as we do sometimes in the building of houses, our neighbors and friends coming in to help us, and we in turn going out to help them. And what a man is, what faculty he has had of mind or character emphatically marked, is to be seen in those with whom he has lived hardly less than in himself. Fashion, especially with the turn of meaning it has in the word fashioning, reaches a great deal deeper than any outward style.

This, too, is a kind of building which is to be seen forever. Its timbers are set in soul, its ornaments or disfigurements carved in character, the substance of which it is made preserved with immortal life. We are each and all building up around us not a city of wood and stone, like the venerable old man at Newburgh, but a city of living souls. When we walk out in the streets, it is our work we see in men and women. When we sit down at our window, it is our work in life and character which looms up before us face to face. If it is bad, if it has been ill done, and of poor material, how great our sham! If good, if we have put into it our divinest effort and our richest truth, how bright our glory! And when these bodies die, when we leave the cities of earth for the New Jerusalem, it is still to meet us there. And as we walk its golden streets, we can say, I helped in forming that and that building. It was my instruction which made such and such a trait. And that noble soul you see yonder, a

temple of God, fair and stately, — it was my prayers, my lessons, my example, that were concerned in laying out its grand proportions when it was my own little child down on earth. Who will say there is not a motive here to be careful how we build, — a recompense, too, for all pains such as nothing else can ever pay ?

But there is a larger structure than the family or the neighborhood on which we are builders. It is the nation, is public opinion, is the institutions of society, yea, is society itself. We may not, indeed, lay their foundations, may not give them their first shape and proportions ; others have done this, perhaps ages ago. But we do what is hardly less important in the continuance of their work. It is no one generation that can do the whole. Myriads of workers are on the walls. They are growing up in the present as much as they ever have in the past. Every vote, every speech, every planting of one's self on one side or the other, every silent influence flowing out of a person's sympathies and deepest heart, helps to make them what they are. It is only in and through the people that they exist, only as each one builds into them with something of his own life and character that they can ever be carried out and completed. There are those who do not think this kind of building is of any special importance. Because the structures are not visible to the outward eye, because the apartments are not such as they can go in and out of through doors, no attention is fastened upon them. They do not seem to them like buildings, like things put together with skill and wisdom, but like the earth, the air, and water, simple elements they live among. And if destroyed to-day, they do not see why they should not take shape again to-morrow, without any particular care on the part of man. We have only to look at Mexico, however, or at any country where society has been disorganized, to see what is their value. Society, government, institutions, a firm and rounded public opinion, are the most elaborate of all structures, are devised and framed together with a wisdom and plan and grandeur, such as were never seen in wood and brick, have shapes which, once destroyed, are as hard to restore as those of a temple or

a statue. They are what men need to dwell in quite as much as visible houses, roofs which protect them from elements worse than rain and sun and cold, walls which enclose right and truth and justice and knowledge and property as much as our houses do the warmth of fire and the light of love. And it is the duty of every true man to put into these buildings as good material and as patient care as what he puts into his own soul; a satisfaction, too, equal to what he gets from any other work of his hands in seeing them stand up strong and fair and grand.

Especially is this a duty which we owe at the present time to our nation. A part of the first structure deformed and rotten has been thrown down, burying hundreds of thousands of the citizens under its ruins. The great question now is of reconstruction, or, as the word means, building it up again. How shall we do it? Are we to use the old rotten material? Is it best to build it on the same plan as at first? Shall we allow the same inequality in its foundations which broke it down before? Or shall we build it all new and fair and sound, and according to a plan in harmony with the rest of the structure? These are the points which are up before us to-day; and, in spite of all that President or Congress or the army can do, it is these which the people have got to settle. There is only one safe course. It is to build it on the one deep, strong, immutable foundation, laid of God forever, that of absolute and universal justice. We cannot do the work too well. The great principle of civil equality is to be incorporated in it from the very start. The largest possible liberty is to be its plan. Provision is to be made in it for the rights of all its citizens. Its walls are to be held together with education and with moral principle. And from its pinnacle down to its very foundation stone, its every part is to be squared with the highest religious truth. It is a glorious work. Let us see we do it well. And then in the coming years, when the whole edifice shall stand forth again before the world strong and beautiful and vast, the very embodiment of its grand idea of liberty, a work that shall abide through the ages, we shall be able to remember with some pride that our hands were among its builders.

There is one more edifice, however, grander even than the nation, on which we are called to work, the kingdom of heaven, the temple of the living God, that great structure of the divine moral government, which is to cover under its mighty roof all souls, all families, all nations and institutions. It is this building of which Christ laid the foundations eighteen hundred years ago, nay, the materials of which have been collecting from the very dawn of time, the one on which the great and good souls of all Christendom have wrought, cementing it often with their blood and tears. Its walls have risen as yet only a little way above the dead earth, — in some places are not to be seen at all. There are long periods in which it appears to stand still. Nay, sometimes it seems as if it were all abandoned, and would prove to be only a magnificent dream. But the infinite wisdom of God, he whose dreams are the world's divinest realities, has drawn its plan. His own Son has taken it in charge; and there is the whole broad universe out of which to gather its means. It is to be completed, is to embody the whole mind of God, the same as a good building on earth does that of its maker; is to be an expression of his love, his truth, his beauty, his justice, his thoroughness, his grandeur. Its windows are to open to all that is fair and lovely on earth, and to all that is bright and glorious in heaven. All learning and genius and art and science, all the riches in the realm of nature, and all the graces in the domain of spirit, are to be wrought into its walls. And when it is done, the whole human race as one vast united, loving, helpful family, are to dwell beneath its roof, in everlasting joy. Who will not assist in carrying out this glorious plan? Who not rejoice to feel he is builder in this grandest of all works? Every noble life, every act of right and justice, every sacrifice that is made in the cause of humanity, every grace that is formed in the individual soul, every virtue in society, everything which is honest and pure and lovely and of good report throughout the whole world, goes to carry it on. There is not a child so small, not a woman so delicate, not a sick man so weak, that he cannot do his part. And when it is finished, not for a few short

years alone, as with the wise master-builder amid the houses of earth, but all through the eternal ages, it will stand before us ; and we shall have the proud thought that in the grandest building of the universe there is to be forever some part of our life's toil.

It is of the utmost consequence, moreover, that in all these various ways the man who hopes to see goodly structures rise up around him should begin at once to build well, should incorporate from the very outstart of life the best material he can get, and the best workmanship of which he is capable, into all that he is called upon to do. We can repent of sins, but not of character ; can take down, perhaps, the outward buildings we have put up, but not those we raise within. The timbers once laid in the houses of spirit are to stand forever, secure not only against decay, but against ourselves. And the longer we go on, the more we build without plan or purpose, the more deformed at last will be our work. Everything should be built as for eternity. There is really no inconsistency between our different forms of labor, sacred and profane, spiritual and material, but in the larger view the same eternal significance which opens ever wider and wider through them all. He who builds the outward house well builds at the same time that of his soul ; and he who builds his own soul well helps to build those of his neighbors and of society. And all these, the house, the soul, the family, and the nation are but parts in the one great temple of the living God, and will stand there at last, if we build them well, to our honor and our joy forever.

HOPE, THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

" Does any grief prey on thee, first remove
Its cause, then will thy grief, too, disappear.
Only the past admits no longer help,
But for the present evil there is still,
And always, a physician ; then, so long
As sorrow lasts, let hope last ! mortal man
Can know no higher bliss than Hope, sweet Hope ! "

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

THE last "Princeton Review" has an elaborate article of thirty pages on "the attitude of Unitarianism toward the intellectual, the social, and the moral life, and toward the organic institutions of Christianity." It transfers the field of argument from criticism, philosophy, history, to a review of the normal fruits of this system; and perhaps our readers would like to see what sort of a horoscope is cast from the New Jersey observatory.

The first effect of Unitarianism is to weaken the authority of the Bible as a rule of faith. "Scripture, in the plastic hand of a Unitarian is but a nose of wax, and takes any shape the fancy or reason may please." It denies the devil, accepts the stories of Genesis only as symbols, not as facts, does not believe that Jonah lived in the whale, and, in short, "hews the Scriptures into pieces with the sword of exegesis, as Samuel hewed Agag before the altar."

The second effect of Unitarianism is to unsettle all religious ideas, and to lead one to think that there are no well-established conclusions on which the soul can rest with security. "It is natural that a mind so afflicted should attribute its difficulty to others, and should imagine the spiritual world was careering around it. Tossing up and down in their little boats, it is not strange that rationalists should think the great promontories and headlands of Revelation were skipping and dancing before their eyes. Reeling and stumbling like drunken men, intoxicated with their own theories, they suppose the stars have lost their centre, the globe its orbit, and the universe its order and relations. But the confusion is all the time in the brain of the theorist." The contrast of all this with Orthodoxy, the writer thinks, is wonderful. "Orthodoxy is the unreserved repose of faith. It is the absolute resting upon reality. It is not the creation of certainty. It is the acceptance of certainty." "It was never so settled and established as to-day." "Its historical truths have been exactly retained, *never even revised*, and the continuity of belief has never been broken." If our readers look with amazement upon this assertion, we can assure them that we have quoted it correctly; while the writer goes on to add that the principles of Orthodoxy have undergone "no change since Christ first taught them in Judea. They are as constant as the stars that shone on

Abraham's tent in the plain of Mamre ; while Unitarianism sets everything afloat."

The third effect of this system is, that it is essentially destructive and revolutionary. "It spends its force in upsetting and destroying the external relations, orders, arrangements, and structures of religious, social, and political life." "It is only astonishing to an unreflecting mind to see what theories and notions and projects to remodel the world and reorganize society have flowed immediately and directly from this liberal philosophy. With its triumph, the strong pillars of the nation would be shaken, and the bonds which unite us would be as tow." "It was the remark of one of the most eminent and judicious statesmen of the past, the peer of Webster and Clay and Calhoun, in the Senate Chamber of the United States, that 'Unitarianism was the diverging focus of all the nonsense of the country.'" On the other hand, "Calvinism is eminently conservative, simply because it lays so much stress on law." "It rarely discusses human rights, but often declares human duties. With its theory of human nature as corrupt and fallen and disobedient, it could do naught but lay the utmost stress upon the power, the glory, and the authority of the Divine Government. Hence, in Calvinism, the solution of the problem of government is found in subordination." Worked out into social and political life, it made law universal and absolute, and "produced a race of vigorous, bold, obedient, and authoritative men." He refers to the old Puritans ; but when we remember the witchcraft delusion, and the persecution of the Quakers and the Baptists, we think our modern "nonsense" is, at least, more harmless. Besides, it was not the Unitarianism of the South that got up the late rebellion, and shook the strong pillars of the nation.

The fourth effect of Unitarianism is to weaken the moral forces of the individual and social life. The great spring of these is faith. But Unitarianism makes little account of faith. "Doing is of more consequence than believing. A true, loyal, and pure life is the best confession. A believer is nothing at all ; only an upright life availeth. Morality is the best religion." Some things of this kind have been said by so-called Unitarians ; but probably they are as offensive to nine tenths of the Unitarian denomination as they are to the Princeton writer. We need not follow him as he shows that there is something which lies back of a man's active powers and determines their movement, to

which divine revelation makes its appeal, and which in every thoughtful man must project itself in an individual, but not necessarily in a man-imposed creed.

The final effect of Unitarianism must be to destroy the Church, the Sacraments, the ordinances of religion ; but as the chief reason for this assertion is drawn from Mr. Theodore Parker, who pronounced all the institutions of the Church "purely artificial," whatever he meant by that, we need not accompany our reviewer any farther than barely to notice his closing pages, in which he says that "this silver-tongued and silken-slipped Liberalism" is more to be feared than the public dreams, and that in resisting it, all true Orthodox believers "should pray for greater union in the household of faith." The winding up of the homily with this practical observation leads one to suspect that, after all, the chief object was to describe such a bugbear as would keep the sheep in the fold.

As we have now given the chief points in the article under review, we crave leave to subjoin a few reflections.

1. We do not find in this article those traces of discrimination and careful thought which we look for in the "Princeton Review." It seems written off-hand, at a dash. It abounds in singular recklessness of statement, and so has an air of insincerity, more as if the writer was trying to free himself from imputations of heterodoxy than as if he was intent upon reaching the exact truth. It is not judicial, nor is it a plea to an intelligent jury, but seems addressed rather to the crowd outside of the bar, and to make points which would catch their passions and prejudices.

2. It offers to us a question which we should like to have ably discussed, — What kind of an individual, social, and political life will Unitarianism naturally project? It is true, it may be said that this system has not been long enough tried to show its full fruits. It has not yet worked itself clear from a traditional Orthodoxy. Still, here in Massachusetts, two generations have been trained under its influence ; and in everything that lifts up humanity, and exalts and ennobles life, are there signs that Massachusetts is fast falling behind New Jersey ?

3. To the complaint that Unitarianism makes the Scriptures "a nose of wax," it may be replied that this is exactly what Roman Catholics charge upon Protestants. A papist quotes to the Princeton Reviewers the text, "This is my body, this is my blood." Forthwith they begin "to hew it in pieces with the

sword of exegesis." Some offer one interpretation, some another, till it becomes "a nose of wax." What would our reviewers say? They would say we *must* explain these words according to our best light and judgment. Can they not cordially give to others the liberty they claim for themselves?

4. The idea that everything in morals, society, and government would tumble to pieces if the opinions of Unitarians should prevail is based on the antiquated assumption of the necessity of authority and force. It is what the Old World dynasties have said of our nationality. You have no binding power. You have only a rope of sand. It overlooks the mightiest power in the world, — freedom and love. This is what the divine Master relied on: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon *them*. But it shall not be so among you." One would suppose that the split between the Old and New School Presbyterians, with all the strife and animosities attending it, would have sufficiently taught the impotence of authority and force. If we mistake not, both parties are now seeking to heal the division by a resort to a respect for one another's freedom and conscience, to mutual tolerance and fraternal love, — principles which have held the Unitarian sect together as closely as any other, and have proved our country's best protection in her hour of peril.

5. We should have been glad had the writer given us a description of what he regards as a perfect social and political state. We suppose he would have all the members of it Old School Presbyterians, all accepting the same humanly-written creed, and not a soul daring even to look over the fold. We should think better of his philosophy if it admitted that there ought to be, in every age of the world, and in every community of men, a party of progress, just as in every army there should be an advance corps of observation, by the results of whose discoveries the operations of the great body of the army are directed and made successful. Indeed, without them there would be stagnation and starvation or defeat. It seems to us that it needs but a little knowledge of the history of the Church militant to see that, in all ages, its greatest advances and victories have been won through the labors of those who have been accounted the heretical scouts of their day.

6. For this reason, is it not the part of a Christian philosopher to look with some kindly tolerance upon those who are will-

ing to leave the main body and undertake the bold work of *reconnaissance*? No doubt such men are often joined by all sorts of adventurers, who by audacities and extravagances sometimes bring the whole corps of observation into contempt. But should this prevent a thoughtful man from recognizing an honest purpose where it exists, or from saying, "God help you, friends, who are willing to go ahead, and explore the mountains and the swamps; we will follow you, if you report a safe passage and a better land." There are well-known ways which the Church has often used to keep all such stray-goers at home. A Presbyterian elder once said to us, "You Congregationalists are quite behind the times. Presbyterianism is far better." Ah, how so? "Oh, we can deal with heretics and delinquents so much easier." Well, if this be the object of the Church, we replied, Presbyterianism is quite behind the times as compared with Popery, for that can use its inquisitorial courts and instruments with a hundred-fold more effect.

7. As to "the diverging focus of nonsense," which the Senator berated, it is obvious to say that everything depends upon the subjective arrangement of things in a man's mind. To the grandfather in his study, with his papers in his mind's eye all around him, the advent of his grandson scattering everything about is the advent of "a diverging focus of nonsense," quite incident to the exuberant life of young blood, but perhaps ending in a better adjustment of the documents than the old fellow had made, or the burning of a good deal of litter.

8. Looking to the political life of our nation, we think it certain that if the Episcopal Church, or the Roman Catholic Church, or the Presbyterian Church had been our generally-received national religion, we never should have suppressed the Rebellion, or have emancipated the slaves, nor should we be likely to effect any other great reform.

9. The mightiest cause of the progress of Unitarianism lies not in the two or three hundred churches that profess it, but is found in the fundamental idea on which our American nationality rests, it is in the Declaration of Independence, it is in all our best modern science and literature, it is in the spirit of freedom and hope by which our whole people are possessed; and Mrs. Partington's broom is very well in some places, but it can't sweep out the Atlantic.

—There are some thoughts in the following extract from the "Contemporary Review," which we commend to the Princeton writer above noticed. It contrasts the Christianity of to-day with the Christianity of former times, and has something to say about the ministry of doubt. "Protestant Christianity, as organized at the Reformation, was grievously, inexpressibly injured by the worldliness of its patrons, by the secularity of its arrangements, by the rigidity of its forms, by the scorching intellectualism of its spirit, by the paralyzing influence of its great sin in gnashing its teeth with furious hatred against those who, a few years ago, had been accompanied with as fellow-Christians. The Christianity which is vital at this hour, the Christianity which more or less inspires devout and intelligent souls in all churches and in all civilized nations, is a gentler, purer, more beautiful spirit of moral life than ever in this world breathed in an equal number of human bosoms. Only in these latter days — nor is the fact wonderful, for the truth in its simplicity is always the highest and last attainment of man — have we really learned that toleration, mercy, brotherly-kindness, are of the essence of Christianity. True, there is much doubt abroad. But does the thoughtful mind see no meaning, no preciousness, no blessed influence, educating, humanizing, refining, in doubt? Is not doubt the hand, trembling, yet careful, that turns the telescope of earnest inquiry upon the heavens of truth? Is not doubt the revealer of difficulty, and does it not thus minister to the most delicate sympathy of intellect and of heart? Is it not doubt that casts those side-lights upon dogma, and suggests those reserves and qualifications which must characterize every statement or solution of a complicated question that is delicately and finely true? Doubt is the element of all the most sincere and exquisite action of mind, the mother of intellectual modesty and manly diffidence and gracious forbearance. In an age of mature learning and varied speculation, like ours, it is no paradox to say that he who has first doubted and then believes, believes best; and scarce a paradox to affirm that he who has never doubted has never believed. I am, of course, aware that there is a habit of affected and feeble dubitation, which is the mere wasting of the intellectual fibre and the fainting of heart and soul; but profoundly true is it that honest, brave, onward-looking doubt is the ally of faith and hope, and the handmaid of love."

— We clip the following from an English paper, the “London Record :”—

“ When Wolsey and Erasmus disputed on the point of Transubstantiation, Wolsey said to Erasmus at parting, ‘ Well, only believe that it is so, and it will be so.’ Erasmus, on leaving England, borrowed Wolsey’s palfrey to take him to the ship ; but, instead of returning it, carried the animal off with him to the Continent, and sent Wolsey this answer on paper :—

‘ Quid mihi dixisti de corpore Christi
 Crede quod edis, et edis,
 Sic tibi rescribo, de tuo palfrido,
 Crede quod habes, et habes.’

Which may be thus paraphrased in English :—

‘ If wine and bread, mere human food,
 Become the Saviour’s flesh and blood,
 When I in faith receive it;
 Then faith for you as much may do,
 And your lost jade is safe with you,
 If you will but believe it.’ ”

In regard to the above, we remark that we believe it was not Wolsey, but Sir Thomas More, on whom Erasmus played this joke. Erasmus and More were intimate friends, and Erasmus dedicated to More his “Praise of Folly,” a keen and pungent satire upon the beliefs and ceremonies of the Romish Church, which everywhere found readers, and is to this day eagerly perused where there is a close-hand controversy with Papists. We have seen a more terse translation of the Latin lines, as follows :—

“ That Christ is in the bread, say you,
 Only believe, ’tis therefore true:
 So of your horse, if you are able,
 Only believe, he’s in the stable.”

— In Prof. Stowe’s late book, on the Origin and History of the Bible, we find the following good illustration :—

“ Outside, the Bible is like some of those grand old rural dwellings in England, a congeries of different buildings in every variety of style, the disconnected work of many successive generations ; but within, a perfect harmony of utility and convenience, and all proceeding on one idea. Warwick Castle, for example, viewed from the outside, is an immense pile, the disjointed

work of four or five successive centuries, with every variety of architecture ; but within, the apartments, though each is finished in the style appropriate to its own period, are most nicely adjusted to each other, so as to form suits of rooms perfectly harmonious, and make the whole edifice a convenient and delightful residence. So with the Scriptures, externally a miscellany, or, if you please, to call it so, a jumble of different compositions, in different styles, by all sorts of authors, and separated by ages and centuries, yet internally, spiritually, a perfectly harmonious whole. . . . It is no objection to the Bible, considering the uses it was designed to subserve, that it is made up, as the objectors say, of the fragments of Hebrew literature, throughout many ages, or even that of some of the books the authors' names are not certainly known ; — any more than it is an objection to Warwick Castle, that it was not built at one time, by one architect, and in one uniform style of architecture ; or that the names of the different architects of the different portions of it have not all been preserved. The very interest and beauty of the edifice is greatly heightened by this curiosity, as every one sees and feels. All this is literally true of the Bible ; it is vastly more interesting, more beautiful, more adapted to the use of mankind as it is than it could be if it had been one compact uniform treatise."

— In Donald G. Mitchell's "Rural Studies," there is a paragraph about the duty of the real estate owner to the roadside ; and we commend it to the attention of our country readers : —

"Every Christian dweller, in village or in country, owes a duty to his roadside, which, if he neglects, he relapses — horticulturally speaking — into heathenism. This duty is to maintain order and neatness ; and he is no more relieved of this duty because the highway is assigned over to public uses, than he is relieved of any other duty whose accomplishment must of necessity contribute to the public convenience and public education, as well as to his own. Because my front entry is shared, for all legitimate purposes, with my friends and chance callers, shall I therefore treat it with neglect, and allow the dust and cobwebs to accumulate about it, while I ensconce myself churlishly in my well-swept den ? Yet, every visitor — unless he be a vagabond fruit-stealer, or an equally vagabond bird-killer — comes up the

road-way, and if you choose to put him through a course of scoriae and old tins and tansy-tufts and briery heaps of stones along your roadside, you might as benevolently and as prudently (so far as the growing tastes of your children are concerned) lead him up to your front-door between piles of gaping clam-shells. There is no rule of order, or of taste, or of benevolence, that belongs to a man's door-yard that does not belong to his roadside."

— M. D. Quatrefages has lately published in Paris a "Report on the Progress of Anthropology in France." He discusses such subjects as the following: man's place in nature, the unity of the species, its original appearance in one or many centres of creation, its antiquity, migration of different races, their aptitude for acclimation, and the history of man in Europe. His studies have convinced him of the primitive unity of our race, that it sprung from one centre of creation, and that the commingling of races now taking place in the world may be expected to issue in a better type of humanity. Of this new science of Anthropology a crisp critic in the "Nation," speaks as follows:—

"Anthropology is a science born, so to speak, yesterday. In it almost every proposition is as yet a subject of hot dispute; and this necessarily so. Not only are its data as yet in almost ludicrously small quantity when the magnitude of the inferences drawn from them is considered, but even of those few a large proportion are so uncertain that they are liable any day to correction or contradiction; and the interpretation of those which we may regard as certain is, owing to the endless variety of purely local conditions that are utterly impossible to estimate, a matter requiring extreme caution and reserve. Every day, to be sure, the state of things is improving; and, thanks to the general popular interest in anthropological problems, facts are accumulating with a rapidity which, a few years ago, could hardly have been hoped for by the most sanguine. Much of this popular interest has anything but a purely scientific source. The zeal for and against orthodoxy has always formed a by no means insignificant factor in the popularity of the question of the original unity ("Monogenism") or diversity ("Polygenism") of our species, and we in America all know too well how often "science" has been appealed to in the least calm of public assem-

blies to bear evidence in favor of one view or another of the way in which we ought to treat the inferior races that live with us. More recently the startling discoveries that have placed beyond a doubt the fact that man existed at an age remoter than the grayest antiquity which tradition records, and the applications which have been made of Darwin's hypothesis to man, have been of a nature to arouse the interest of every one, both by reason of the natural wonder and pleasure we all have in contemplating the dim and mysterious, and also because the chords of religious and anti-religious prejudice have again been set in motion. The consequence of it all, notwithstanding the vast mass of bad anatomy, worse psychology, and statistics worst of all, made into an harmonious whole by an absurd broth of dogmatism on both sides that has been let loose in the midst of us, — the consequence of it all is that science has really been furthered. All sorts of amateurs have been set working, and facts and documents dug up or rescued from destruction which otherwise we might have waited for indefinitely."

— A witty writer in an exchange paper says that the attempts to form a brotherhood of unbelievers reminds him of the logic of the Irishman, who, meeting a fellow-countryman, asked, "Is your name Patrick?" "No." "Was you born in Killarney?" "No." "Have you a mole under your left ear?" "No." "Oh, then, come to my arms, my long lost brother."

— Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of London, has more common sense, and more breadth and liberality, than are often found in the mere popular preacher. We have been pleased with a notice of an interview he had not long since with some theological students. We give the story as we find it in an exchange : —

"Some students of the Wesleyan Theological School, near London, went, a short time since, in a body, to hear Mr. Spurgeon. Mr. Spurgeon made an address to them, which shows more breadth of mind than he is usually credited with. 'What does it matter,' he asked, 'to you or to me what John Calvin said, or John Wesley, either?' They were glorious men, and did a world of good in their day, but instead of wishing to wear their shoes, let us wear our own, for they are more likely to fit our feet; and let us come to this Book, and find out what God would have us know, by the use of our own personal judgment.

This will make men of us. To be fed on spoon-victuals forever, will leave us nothing but babes, such as sects might delight in, but such as men should not desire to remain. "To the law and to the testimony" let us come. It is the best way of creating Christian unity; and, throwing aside the prejudice of birth, and all other prejudices, as far as we can, let us seek to believe the whole Gospel, for we are put in trust of it as such, and though we may, and must, I suppose, make some mistakes, yet we should come as nearly as we can to the holding of the whole counsel of God.' "

 REDEEMING LOVE.

O Lord! the riches of thy grace
 As far transcend my sorest needs
 As thy blue heaven's unbounded space
 Outspreads the circle of my deeds.

I sank beneath my weight of woe,
 Beneath the burden of my fears; —
 Thy grace bade every terror go,
 And changed to laughter all my tears.

Black was the night my sins had made,
 Sore anguish racked my troubled breast; —
 Thy grace dispelled the awful shade,
 And bathed my soul in heavenly rest.

How infinite my debt, O Lord!
 Yet I behold in Jesus' face,
 I hear in his life-giving word,
 The pledge of thy forgiving grace.

My trust is still thy boundless love,
 My strength is thine almighty arm;
 Nor time, nor death, my faith shall move;
 Not hell itself thy child can harm.

H. T.

RANDOM READINGS.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE PRESIDENT.

THE question of veracity between the President and General Grant is worth one's earnest and careful study. Grant says but little, but means every word he says. The President says a great deal without meaning half of it. No wonder he misunderstood Grant. There was a flat contradiction between them, and the President declared that his Cabinet would bear unanimous testimony that he told the truth. So five Cabinet officers file out as witnesses. Curious it is to sift their testimony. The first three roundly confirm the President without any reservation. The fourth, Mr. Browning, undertakes to give details, and, unwittingly, the more he says, the more he shows that Grant told the truth. The fifth, Mr. Seward, goes still more into detail and before he gets through confirms Grant in every point but one, and that non-essential; viz., Mr. Seward thought that Grant *did* admit that he agreed on Saturday to see the President on Monday. Grant avers that he never agreed to this or admitted that he had. It is easy to understand this. The President, after a long-winded argument about "the Constitution," said, "I'll see you again on Monday." Grant, who never wastes any words, said neither yes nor no, and the President took silence for consent. At the Cabinet meeting, he charged Grant with having made the promise and broken it. Grant was too polite to tell him he lied, but said, "You might have understood it so," whereupon five Cabinet officers along with the President are ready to swear that Grant acknowledged the engagement of Monday. This clearly is the whole of it.

Grant's last letter is a model. The perfect simplicity with which in a single line he reaffirms his first statement, and places it against the President's long tergiversations and special pleadings and the parade of his five witnesses and there leaves it, has a touch of the sublime. A lawyer or politician would have written several columns in reply. Gen. Grant will probably be in no apprehension that his character will suffer in the eyes of the American people from such assaults as these. His plain word would outweigh that of any cabal in the interest of treason that could be gathered at Washington.

s.

MIRACLES IN THE ROMISH CHURCH.

OUR readers may be interested to know what ground is taken by the Roman Catholics as to the miraculous powers of the Church in these days. We will confess to an impression that the doctors of Rome make but little account of the gift of miracles continued to the believer in modern times ; but we were in error. The Rev. Thomas S. Preston in some Lectures on Reason and Revelation delivered in St. Ann's Church during the Advent season just passed, writes as follows : " St. Francis Xavier raised from the grave five and twenty persons. We believe that the miracles wrought by this saint are generally admitted. They were instrumental in the conversion of thousands from paganism. . . . St. Peter walked upon the sea as our blessed Lord had done ; and St. Peter of Alcantara crossed the Tagus as if it was dry land, and St. Benno the Elbe. St. Raymond de Pennafort crossed the open sea from Majorca to Barcelona on his cloak, which he spread upon the waters, and on which he sat as if it had been an ordinary boat. . . . We sincerely believe that there is as good evidence that Xavier wrought the miracle of raising the dead as there is that the apostles wrought the wonders which are ascribed to them. Some Protestants have a very erroneous notion of the feeling of intelligent Catholics on this subject. They call us superstitious, and suppose that we are ever ready to accept any strange or remarkable thing which may be reported, without weighing either testimony or facts. The truth is very far from this."

E.

A WORD TO VACANT PARISHES.

If you cannot find a good pastor, go without a pastor until you can, though you should wait many years, nay, though you should wait forever. A *good* pastor, we say, not necessarily a man of brilliant parts, of fine elocution, or even of ripe scholarship, but a man of *faith*, — faith in God, in Christ, in man, and a man of fair education and good common sense. A poor minister is a great deal worse than none, and when there is no pastor any

longer to be religious for the people, the people may try to have a religion of their own, and learn what they ought never to have forgotten, that every Christian is a king and priest. "The fathers of the Scottish Church preferred keeping a parish vacant to appointing over it an unsuitable pastor." What possible use can it be to God's people to be gathered into the House of Prayer every week to listen to cold, heartless commonplace under the name of religious instruction, and to be visited formally by a functionary who is only eager to get through the parish and get back to his library? Let them wait till they find a man of God, or one who is at least *trying* to be a man of God, one who feels that he is *called to save souls*. Not that we would have that dreariest of all sights, a closed country church, inviting the village boys — and somehow the boys find it so hard to resist the temptation of an unoccupied dwelling! — to break the windows! — not at all that! Open the church, Sundays, week-days, light it up for evening service, just as punctually as if some great pulpit orator were to come; let those sing who can sing, though their singing may not be the best, let those read who can read, if there are none who will lead in free prayer (and of that there should be at least a *word*, however *short*); get a service book, have some hymns repeated, a sermon also, if possible, and by all means lay out some *church work*, form missionary societies, look up the unchurched, have instead of one minister a *score* of ministers. Don't say, We must have a pastor, and we can't pay for the best, and this man will at least keep the people together. Wait until some one comes at whose word your hearts burn within you, one who has the root of the matter in him, one who can tell you what he believes, not what he does *not* believe. You want some one who believes *more* than you do, not *less*. Keeping the people together is nothing, unless their hearts flow together as wax when it is melted in the fire. Water is kept together when it is hard frozen. Oh, the mischief caused by unspiritual, half-believing, dry, scholastic ministers, — ministers who by their coldness chill the souls of the people! If you cannot find a living Christian, wait! There is no use in multiplying mere functionaries. Ten true men are worth thousands of such cumberers of the ground, nay, the sorest obstacles to the ten are precisely the thousands of drones! God help us in so writing to lay the lesson to our own heart!

E.

THE CHRISTIAN LAW OF AMUSEMENT.

THE Christian lives in the world, but is not of the world. The Christian is bound to be singular, methodistical, a purist, an ascetic, any or all of these, if these are the names which are given to persons who are not willing to seek pleasure in amusements that are destroying the souls of those who, in disregard of modesty and decency, supply them. We have been told by one who ought to know that we have had on our Boston stage exhibitions which would have been interfered with by the police in that very city of Paris which has been commonly regarded as the modern Corinth. We hope that our informant was mistaken, — that, at any rate, our people have taken the alarm, and have begun to ask, What next? — if there be any next. Surely, those who encourage such exhibitions by their presence, after they have learned the facts in the case, are without excuse before the bar of Christ. We will believe that many, certainly many women, need only to be reminded what cruel wrong they are doing to their own sex when they do not set themselves steadily against everything of the kind. What hope of doing anything to so much as lessen "the social evil," until we insist upon a higher standard of amusements? We have heard that Ristori never allowed her daughter to witness the ballet, but took her away from the theatre after the performance of the regular play. We are sure that many high-minded and pure-hearted actors and actresses would do the same.

E.

ZION'S HERALD

CAME out in January in a new form, — the very best form of any weekly we have seen. It is a quarto of sixteen pages; but the pages are all *open*. The leaves are cut and stitched, so that there are no hiding-places for the reader to peer into, and which most readers leave unexplored. Moreover, the advertisements are on the outer leaves, serving for a cover, easily removed, so as to leave the readable matter ready to be filed or bound by itself. It has an able list of contributors. The following article, full of good sense, is worthy of being read and pondered by all

young readers, and especially girls, to whom the temptation to float among the trash of literature, instead of taking earnest hold of its master productions, is very great. Gibbon's History is certainly a grand epic; but Grote's Greece is, to our mind, the most splendid monument of learning and genius in the English language, — every volume of it fraught with the most impressive lessons to the modern age, and especially to the American people. What a satire on the taste and culture of some of the communities that feed on circulating libraries is the fact that ephemeral works are soon thumbed and shattered, while these great works remain untouched.

“BAD ADVICE.

“‘The “Independent,” in a lecture to school-girls on reading, advises them to avoid voluminous history, — Rollin, Hume, Gibbon. Choose some great period, say the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Read some general outline, — perhaps Sismondi's little work under that name, avoiding Gibbon, which is too large.’ We hope no girl, of any sex or age, will mind that advice. It is vicious, special, and general. There is no other history of the topic he mentions except Gibbon's. There probably never will be. It is the grandest poem in English literature. Though flavored with infidelity, and, in spots, fearfully wicked, it is, as a history of European men and nations, for more than a thousand years, the best ever written. Three months devoted to it will master it, and, with Milman's Notes as a corrective, the most tempted mind can read safely, while, as a piece of art, wit, learning, clearness, and melody, it is without a parallel in any literature. Herodotus is far below in some points; Hallam, Bancroft, Prescott, and Macauley in almost all.

“Nor is it wise to fritter away one's hours on compends and syllabuses. Read the best books thoroughly. Be master of one mind, and you have the key to all. Hume is better than Agnes Strickland. Froude's ten volumes on Henry and Elizabeth are worth more in every respect than a score of briefs. Let every reader subdue the field he enters, whether it be large or small. Choose the best history and read it. Merivale, Gibbon, Grote, Froude, with all their length, are full of life, power, variety, and educative capacity. The same is true of all other literature, — poetry, philosophy, science, theology. Never read skeletons of the latter, but the best studies of the best men.”

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY MRS. C. A. MASON.

YESTERDAY! — a tale that's told,
Sweet and reverent and old!
Clasp and lay it safe away
Till the resurrection day:
Yesterday! — a shadow fled,
Love-embalmed and hallowed!
Tenderly its ashes urn,
Knowing it hath no return.

Nay, not so! no Past is quite
Dead and buried out of sight:
Wisdom's part it is to gauge
Still the worth of every age, —
Gleaning from each garnered store
All of life it had, — no more:
So its sweetness shall endure
And its harvest-time be sure.

Thou! to whose unchanging thought
Times and seasons are as nought!
In whose sight one day appears
Even as a thousand years! —
Thine is one eternal Now!
Give us light, and teach us how,
Linked by thine almighty word,
Past with Present doth accord.

Help us to conserve in each
All of duty that they teach;
Gleaning wisdom day by day,
Throwing still the chaff away:
So the years shall help fulfil,
In us all, thy holy will,
And what Time has marred or flecked
Thine Eternity perfect!

THE EXPRESSIVENESS OF SILENCE.

"WHAT touches the most deeply a man's heart,
Ay, and a lover's? 'Tis the silent proofs —
Not the loud-spoken words — that testify
A true heart's beautiful and faithful love;
The dead, — their lips are silent, yet they speak
With a loud voice! their eyes are shut and sealed,
And yet behold us! mildly smiles their face,
And we, we weep to look upon that smile,
Which a dead loved one leaves us as a proof
How gladly she would still have lived for us! —
And yet how gladly she had died, that so
She thus might say, 'I loved thee unto death!'
Then reverence the holy, eloquent
Silence of sun and earth and every heart!
For everything most noble and most fair
Is still, and chiefly when unuttered, works
With heavenly might unutterable things!"

WE want an order of teachers who shall not proceed upon the virtual though tacit understanding that they are specially hired to keep people on easy terms with their consciences; yes, we *want* them. Perhaps our greatest need is, to be relieved from that moral and theological audacity which is never at rest, unless it is pulling up old virtues and old beliefs by the roots, and planting some novelties of its own in their stead. There can hardly be a more fruitful source or a fiercer stimulant of moral evil than the restless fanaticism of innovation which is found quarrelling with every arrangement for social order and private virtue as soon as and even *because* it is established. The greatest and wisest of the world's uninspired teachers tells us that Reverence is "the angel of the world." And they who know too much to reverence the work of their fathers will of course have children too wise to reverence them. Each younger brood will be acting on the principle, "the villany you teach us we will execute, and it shall go hard but we will better the instructions." Here we have indeed a vast preparation of immorality and disorder which laws and legislatures can do little to arrest. — *Evening Gazette*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

German Rationalism, by DR. K. R. HAGENBACH, edited and translated by Rev. Wm. Leonhard Gage and Rev. J. H. Stuckenburg, briefly noticed in our November number is a volume of exceeding interest to all students of German theology, whether native or transplanted. It is, to a great degree, biographical. It includes much of the personal history and reminiscences of the characters which have figured in German literature during the last half of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth, such as Lessing, Zinzendorf, Swedenborg, Stilling, Herder, Kant, Schiller, Schelling, Jacobi, Fichte, Richter, Novalis, Goethe, Schleiermacher, and Hegel. The chapters are specially full on Herder and Schleiermacher. It is a very fresh and very readable book. But if the reader expects very much information respecting the systems, philosophical and theological, which have waxed and waned during this period of intense activity of the German mind, and which mark the "rise, progress, and decline" of German Rationalism, he will be disappointed. It would be very difficult to give, in popular form, any adequate knowledge of the philosophy of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel; but much more, it seems to us, might have been given than we find in this volume. The author writes with rare candor, and with not the least tinge of the *odium theologicum*, but his gift for historical narrative is much better than his gift for philosophical analysis. He tells us next to nothing about Swedenborg, and evidently had no insight into his system. If you are seeking for some sufficing knowledge of "the Church history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries," you will be helped by this book, but will still feel the want of a great deal more.

S.

The Doctrine of Life for the New Jerusalem is published by E. B. Myers & Chandler, Chicago. It is one of Swedenborg's smaller works, and is beautifully printed and bound. It contains much in little. Swedenborg had a mortal enmity to all forms of doctrine that did not touch directly upon practice, and this treatise shows the vital connection between true religion and a good life.

S.

Norman Fleming. By the author of "Christus Victor," "Three Crowns," "Max Overmann," published by Wm. V. Spencer, has all the best characteristics of the writer's previous effusions, purity of style, easy and transparent flow of the narrative, vivid description, and searching pathos. Norman Fleming, like Max Overmann, is a narrative in heroic blank verse, giving the trials and fortunes, ending with love and marriage, of a young artist. Its discernment of human nature, and especially some of the more mysterious shadings of woman's nature, is exceedingly fine, and shows unmistakably that a feminine hand is holding the pencil. There is a deep-toned pensiveness, but there are no strokes of humor. The coloring is uniformly subdued and tender. The sentiment is always beautifully Christian. The flow of the verse is generally so sweet and rhythmical as makes us wonder why the author *will*, once in every two or three pages, break down into sheer prose by a careless or slovenly line, e. g. : —

" His nature was
As opposite to hers as light to dark,
Easily influenced and pliable."

— p. 38.

" The hope, almost the promise (which was wrong),
That if you ever should be able to
Restore my brother to my arms again,
I would, if it should seem to me no sin,
Become your wife."

— p. 54.

" But it was hard, my father! — bitter! — ay,
Bitter as gall: for I had been — happy."

— p. 71.

We quote the following as a specimen of those fine bursts of the highest Christian sentiment which distinguish all that we have read of this author : —

" Beware, beware, thou never turn deaf ear
To any sinner crying to return.
Beware thou never pass a lamb of Christ
Caught in the cruel thorns, but stoop thou down
And disentangle him at any cost;
And bear him very tenderly, because
The thorns have pricked him. Never leave him till
Thou see him safe and healed within the fold.
Remember that Christ gave to us the keys
Of heaven and hell, charged us to pardon sin,
And to assure the sinner of his love.
Beware, lest thou shouldst hear a hollow voice
From the abyss at the great judgment-day, —
' Hadst thou been faithful, I had not been here.' "

— pp. 47, 48.

8.

Ecce Ecclesia. An Essay, showing the essential identity of the Church in all ages. New York: Blelock & Co.

This book undertakes to prove that Christianity is only a continuation and elaboration of Judaism. The following passage sums up its doctrine: "The apostles . . . taught exactly what the Old Testament taught and nothing — nothing beyond. And when we come to examine what they did teach, and compare their teachings with the Old Testament, we find that they did not travel one inch beyond them. They explained and elaborated, but they dared not — nor did they — add to them one new idea. There is not to-day a truth, nor doctrine, nor idea pertaining to Christianity, in any authentic form, which is not contained in some form in the Old Testament." — p. 254.

The writer, however, is not a Jew but an orthodox Christian. He finds the orthodox vicarious atonement in the Old Testament, which is the central doctrine of all religion. Of course, Christ was in the Church then as much as now though the doctrine about him was not so much "elaborated." The author reasons very well from his premises, and the issue he makes with his orthodox brethren seems for the most part one about words and forms of statement. But the book is decidedly *husky*, and has no juice in it. s.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, are publishing a cheap edition of *Dickens' Works*. They come in paper covers, in clear and very readable type, and on good paper, at the very low price of from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a volume, — a capital chance for the million.

The same house are publishing *Scott's Novels*, to be complete in twenty-six numbers at twenty-five cents each, making five dollars for a complete set. The print though clear and distinct is finer, and requires good eyes:

The Great Exhibition: with Continental Sketches, Practical and Humorous. By HOWARD PAYSON ARNOLD, Author of "European Mosaic." New York: Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome Street.

A very lively book, answering well to the title, and leading the reader into many pleasant by-paths aside from the great highways of travel.

The Life of Jesus from the Gospel record, vindicated from the attacks of Dr. Strauss, and of infidelity in general, from the German of the late Dr. J. F. IMMANUEL TAFEL, Professor of Philosophy and Librarian of the University of Tübingen. Chicago: E. B. Myers & Chandler.

Dr. Tafel was a Swedenborgian and the most learned of all the expounders of the Swedenborgian theology. This "Life" is written from the New Church point of view. It follows Dr. Strauss, and answers his arguments, generally with success. But it is in reply to Strauss' first *Leben Jesu*, written thirty years ago. A book in answer to Strauss, to be of much value now, should refute the assumptions of his last work. Dr. Tafel's book is in no proper sense of the word a Life of Jesus and would have been much better for popular use if Strauss had been left out altogether; but it has views of some of the events of the Gospel narratives, from higher ground than we have found in any previous work of this class. The explanation of the Star in the East, and of the occurrences at the baptisms, are instances of this kind.

S.

The College, the Market, and the Court. By CAROLINE H. DALL. Lee & Shepard. The best and ablest of the author's publications. It pleads the rights of woman to education, to remunerative labor, and to equal privilege and protection under the law. Her book embodies masses of fact and history which tell with irresistible force upon her theme. Her chapter entitled "Death or Dishonor," without overstepping the limits of delicate reserve, is absolutely harrowing to all Christian sensibility, and is a powerful appeal to the heart and conscience of the community. "Woman's Position under the Law" embraces three lectures, embodying the fruits of great research, and the Appendix shows how the common law which bore with savage cruelty upon the rights of married women has been ameliorated by statute law in many States of the Union, and what good has come from the agitation of the subject. The question of suffrage is ably discussed, but there are difficulties in the way of it which Mrs. Dall has not touched nor answered. The style of the book has the rare merit of being compact and at the same time so lively and sparkling that the author never fails to arrest the earnest attention of her readers. We hope it will have a wide circulation and perusal, and stir the public conscience to much needed reform by its array of fact and argument.

S.

An Easy French Reader, Historical and Anecdotal, with Proper Helps and Grammar appended, by Prof. EDWARD T. FISHER and C. S. DELILLE, comes from Leypoldt & Holt, and every parent will rejoice, not only in the fitness of the selections, but in the brevity of the Grammar. E.

Theological Index. References to the principal works in every department of religious literature, embracing nearly seventy thousand citations. Alphabetically arranged under two thousand heads. By HOWARD MALCOM, D. D., L. L. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington Street. London: Trübner & Co., 60 Paternoster Row. 1868.

This is a sort of work which yields no fame to the worker, but may be invaluable in helping others to fame. It will be of great service to the student of Theology and Ethics, and save him many precious hours. Tantalizing to those who are not within reach of libraries, it will be invaluable to all who can secure the reading of books. May it be the means of keeping alive the scholarship which, amidst the pressure of parochial works, is so often ready to perish. Dr. Malcom and his publishers deserve the hearty thanks of every lover of Christian knowledge. E.

Bacon's Essays with Annotations, by RICHARD WHATELY, D. D., and *Notes and a Glossarial Index*, by FRANKLIN FISKE HEARD. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1868.

"*Apples of gold in pictures of silver.*" The Essays, as every scholar knows, are mines of wealth. We return to the study of them again and again with ever fresh interest. Sometimes the contrast between the great Bacon and the sensible Archbishop is a little startling, as when after the Essay upon Death one comes upon the knife-grinders, but even the most ardent admirer of Bacon will not decline the clear, honest carefully-stated paragraphs of Whately. Mr. Heard has done his work with great thoroughness, and altogether, both in substance and in form, the volume is one of great value, and deserves as it will gain a wide circulation. E.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY has found publishers for his *Ekkoes* in Lee & Shepard. We wish that there was less occasion on all sides for this broad satire. We cannot help laughing as we turn over these sketches, and yet the condition of our country is such as to awaken the deepest anxiety.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT, New York, have published *Part Third of Landmarks of History—including Modern History from the Beginning of the Reformation to the Accession of Napoleon III.* By Miss YONGE, edited by EDITH L. CHASE. It is a work of great value, and even those whose works are many can find time to read it, and will surely find the reading very helpful.

The Worcester Association and its Antecedents, by JOSEPH ALLEN, D. D., senior pastor of the first Congregational Society in Northborough, has just been published by Nichols & Noyes. It comprises the history of four ministerial associations,—the Marlborough, the Worcester (old), the Lancaster, and the Worcester (new). It carries us back through the times of Loring, Prentice, Bancroft, Buckminster, Whitney, Sumner, and Thayer, coming down to the present times. The spirit of the olden times, the manners and customs illustrated by biographical sketches, are pleasantly and faithfully described. The biographies of all the past members of these four associations are given with more or less fulness, and shorter sketches in an Appendix of all the living members. There are twelve portraits. Much of the matter is of general, all of it of local interest, and must have required very great pains-taking and research. It is written *con amore*, and is a contribution to our local ecclesiastical history worthy of its venerated author, embracing the fifty years of his own ministry,—forty of them of very great activity, efficiency, and usefulness.

S.

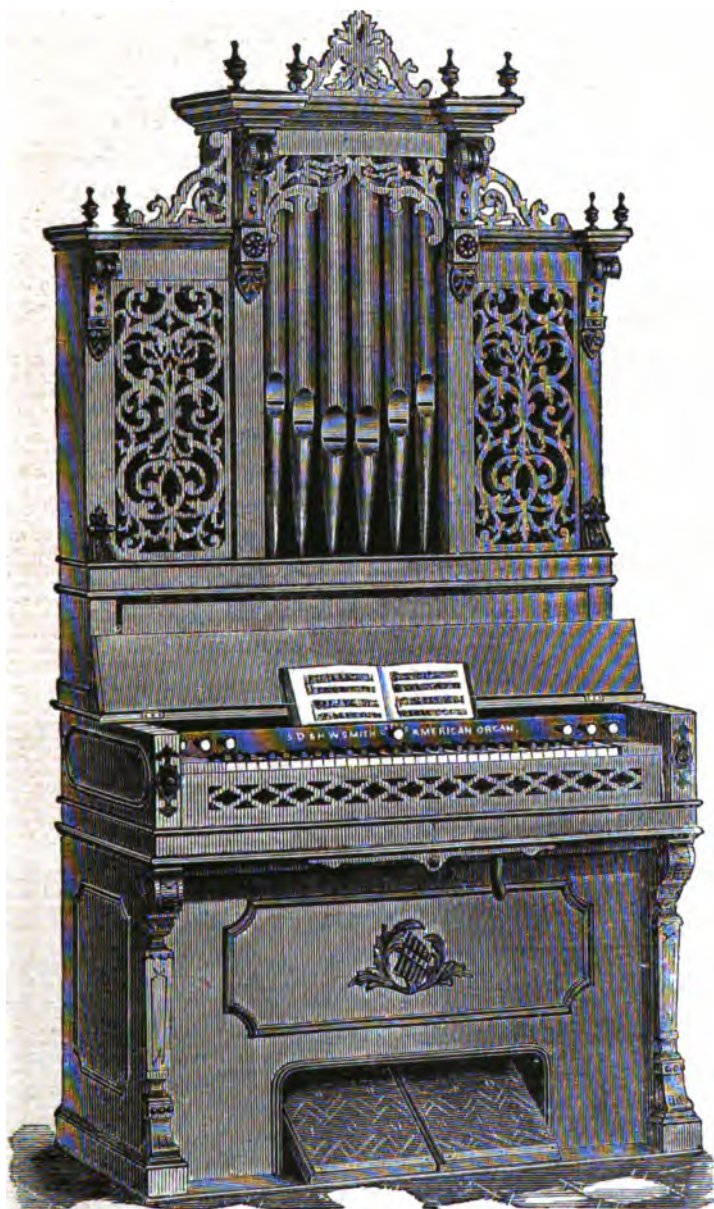
Lectures on Reason and Revelation Delivered in St. Ann's Church, New York, during the Season of Advent, 1867. By the Rev. THOMAS S. PRESTON, New York. The Catholic Publication House, 126 Nassau Street. 1868.

This book contains a very clear and fair statement from the Roman Catholic standpoint of the claims of Roman Catholicity upon reasoning men. As between Ecclesiasticisms the old Church certainly has the advantage. It must be that, or Christianity without priest and without ritual, according to the simplicity of the truth in Christ.

E.

~~A~~ A few articles and literary notices omitted in this number for want of room will appear in the next.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S. AMERICAN ORGANS.

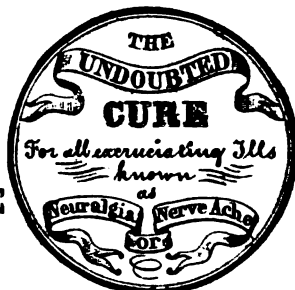


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Even in the severest cases of Chronic Neuralgia and general nervous derangements, — of many years' standing, — affecting the entire system its use for a few days, or a few weeks at the utmost, always affords the most astonishing relief, and very rarely fails to produce a complete and permanent cure.

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"Having used Dr. Turner's *Tic Douloureux* or *Universal Neuralgia Pill* personally, — and in numerous instances recommended it to patients suffering with neuralgia, — I have found it, *without exception*, to accomplish *all* the proprietors have claimed.

"J. R. DILLINGHAM, Dentist.

"12 Winter Street, Boston, Feb. 18, 1867."

Mr. J. M. R. STORY, for many years an apothecary in this city, and for three years, during the war, in the Hospital Department under the U. S. Government, thus speaks of it: —

"I have known Dr. Turner's *Tic Douloureux* or *Universal Neuralgia Pill* for twenty years. I have sold it and used it personally, and I have never known of a case where it did not give relief. Customers have told me they would not be without it if each pill cost ten dollars. I think it the most reliable and valuable remedy for neuralgia and nervous disease in the world."

Mr. WYZEMAN MARSHALL, — well known to all who are familiar with the dramatic art in its best displays, — says, —

"Through the medium of this invaluable discovery, I am now happily rid of neuralgia."

JOHN S. DAMRELL, Chief Engineer Boston Fire Department, June, 1866, says, —

"The constant exposure by night and by day, incident to an arduous position in the Fire Department of our city, has brought upon me the disease known as *Tic Douloureux* or Neuralgia. I have taken your remedy for it, and received most decided relief. I do not hesitate most heartily to recommend it as a very valuable medicine."

Mr. WM. CALDER, of the Boston Detective Police, says, —

"One package of Dr. Turner's Neuralgia Pill entirely cured me of severe neuralgia. I cannot commend it too strongly."

FREDERICK A. WILKINS, late Cashier of the Boston Gas Company, thus writes:

"Your pill was first recommended to me by a physician; and for several years I have been in the habit of using it in my family, — my mother especially having been afflicted with neuralgia, to whom it has given signal relief. It has also greatly relieved myself and others. I do not consider my family safe without this valuable medicine constantly at hand."

We have space only to add the following names of gentlemen among many thousands, each of whom has had abundant occasion to learn, personally and from friends and acquaintances, of the great merits of this remedy: —

SAMUEL G. DRAKE, Historian of Boston, 18 Bromfield Street.

HON. NATHANIEL HAMMOND, Director B. & W. R. R. Co.

HORACE B. WILBUR, Late Treasurer B. & M. R. R. Co.

ANDREW CAZNEAU, Registry of Deeds, Court Square.

THOMAS ROBERTS (Roberts Brothers), 148 Washington Street.

JOHN K. HALL, Cashier National Bank of North America.

JACOB A. DRESSER, Superintendent East Boston Sugar Refinery.

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. One package, \$1.00, postage, 6 cents; six packages, \$5.00, postage, 27 cents; twelve packages, \$9.00, postage, 48 cents. It is sold by all wholesale and retail dealers in drugs and medicines throughout the United States, and by

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Vol. XXXIX.

No. 4.

THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1868.

EDITED BY
REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:
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Postage, 24 cents a year, in advance.

THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,
AND
Family Journal.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX.

APRIL, 1868.

No. 4.

A WORD ON FINAL CAUSES.

BY THOMAS HILL, D. D.

It is the fashion with certain modern writers to depreciate the argument from design, as used in Natural Theology. Some of them assume the existence of God, and some carefully avoid the assumption; but in either case they deny man's ability to discover the end or purpose of anything in creation. This denial is not unfrequently made in the supposed interest of religion. It is said that Faith asks no evidence, but is itself the evidence of things not seen; and furthermore that the attempt to adduce evidence in support of Faith has rather the tendency to weaken Faith and to make the truths of natural religion a matter of uncertain inference.

But this seems to me to be making an unwarrantable separation between Faith and other matters of instinctive belief. Faith, in this sense of belief, without evidence, must signify the instinctive apprehension of religion,—the intuition of religious things. In deciding upon the relation between this intuition and the understanding, we may gain light from a comparison with other intuitions.

I have taken great interest in watching very young children, and in some instances am sure that I have seen them show from the hour of birth an unwillingness to be alone, a craving for society; that is, a recognition of life in the mother

and nurse, and a craving for their sympathy, just as unmistakably as they show the instinct for the breast. When the child is a few weeks old, and before it can ever by feeling have perceived any likeness between its own features and those of other human beings, it tries to imitate movements of the eyes, nose, and mouth, or to touch its own ear, chin, forehead, etc., on seeing another person make those movements. From these and similar facts, I am forced to believe that the child has instincts which presuppose the existence of other men, and infallibly develop the knowledge of its own likeness to men.

These instinctive faiths and appetites are the real foundation of our belief in the existence of other men, and of our own likeness to them in those parts of our own body which we cannot see, nor even handle, — in the viscera, for example. Yet this does not hinder us from confirming, illustrating, and making clearer our knowledge of human nature through observation and experiment. All our knowledge, in fact, in every department of thought, is built on the double basis of instinctive consciousness and of experiential observation. Observation alone gives us nothing but isolated states of sensation or feeling, it is the flash of a *a priori* thought that can alone bind these isolated impressions into a truth.

So it appears to me that human nature has an instinctive feeling of kindred to the divine nature ; this instinct is the primary cause and indispensable condition of religious beliefs ; its existence is avouched by the existence of religious beliefs in all nations and in all ages, and by the difficulty with which the pantheist and the atheist free themselves from habits of religious expression. But the existence of this religious instinct does not hinder us from confirming, illustrating, and making clearer our knowledge of the divine nature through observation and experience. It is true, as was stated very forcibly by Scotus Erigena, that human thought cannot comprehend God, nor human language define him ; no affirmation concerning him is adequate, even to our poor conceptions of him. Nevertheless, we know that he is, and our instinctive faith that he is implies some apprehension of

his attributes. No man can by searching find out altogether what God is; but, on the other hand, no man can know that he is, without knowing, *to some extent*, what he is. We know, at least, that he has the three attributes of Wisdom, Power, and Love. We cannot define these attributes sharply, because God's wisdom transcends the power of our intellect; his power transcends the force of our will and our imagination, and his love is without the adoration which mingles in our love toward him, and without the sympathy that mingles in our love to man. But neither can we deny these attributes to him without denying his existence. They are as essential to our thought of God as dimensions to our thought of space, or resistance to our idea of matter.

Moreover, the instincts of the human soul lead us to connect these attributes with the conduct of nature. What can we mean by God's power, if we do not mean the energy which guides the stars and planets in their courses, which manifests itself in winds and waves, and storms and earthquakes, and in the evolution of the violet from the sod, and of the living creature from the egg, and which inspires in us our powers of thought and feeling and action? Deny me the right to say that any of these are instances of God's power, and you deny me the right to attribute power to God in any sense intelligible to me.

Or what can we mean by God's love, if we do not mean the goodness displayed in the adaptation of the universe to human needs, and in the inspiration in all creatures of those instincts, tastes, appetites, and affections which make life a pleasure and a blessing. John Stuart Mill may be wrong in his philosophy (as he seems to me), but he is right in saying that if God is not good in this sense of the word, he is good in no sense intelligible to men.

In like manner, what can be the meaning of calling God all-wise, if we do not refer to the wonderfully complex and beautiful thoughts which he has developed in the universe? The order of nature is rational, is intelligible, — it conforms to our *a priori* thought; not rigidly, as if from a mechanical necessity, but with sufficient closeness to indicate that the

conformity comes from the free action of a Spirit to whom that *a priori* idea was present, as the model for his deed. If I may not refer to the wonderful harmonies of the universe as evidences and illustrations of the wisdom of God, then the wisdom of God becomes a phrase entirely without meaning to my mind. Yet the writers alluded to in the beginning of this article inform us that we cannot, by the study of nature, discover *any* of the purposes of God. If we distinguish some purposes as good,—is their argument,—then we must admit that in cases of suffering or sin, where we do not see the good, the purpose may be evil; in other words, to profess to find the purposes of God in special cases allows us to make him a God of mixed attributes, good and evil; for good and evil are both present in the world.

I protest against this argument, premises and deduction. If I claim to have discovered a law in mechanics, I do not thereby claim to have discovered all mechanical laws, much less do I claim to have discovered all chemical or physiological or moral laws. The discovery of a natural law is the unveiling of a part of the thoughts of God. The universe is the embodiment of the word of God, whose eternal power and divine attributes are, as St. Paul declares, made intelligible to men, through the outward creation. The various natural sciences, as they stand in our human literature, are man's attempts at rendering or interpreting this speech of God into human language. But science in its strictness, positive science so called, attempts to confine itself, as it were, to the mere grammar and rhetoric of this speech without feeling its ultimate spirit and meaning. It asks How? without asking Whence? or Why? And some men would have the human mind remain contented with this very partial exposition of God's communications to us in nature. But why? The scientific order is not to most minds so attractive as the spiritual or æsthetic expression of the phenomena. The botanist and chemist may reduce the petals of the rose to the phyllotactic arrangement, and analyze the ottar into the three vegetable organogens, but the majority of us find a higher spiritual joy in the fragrance and beauty of the rose. A sensible man

would not blame, but rather praise, the majority in this. Why, then, should we blame them if they felt also gratitude to God that he gave the rose to man? And why should we blame the man of science if his gratitude be increased, and his faith in God's wisdom strengthened, on discovering that the rosaceous plants were not introduced on earth until the age of man, on discovering that the phyllotactic arrangement of leaves is repeated in the distribution of planets in the sky, and on discovering that the fragrance of flowers hovers round them and protects them from the chill of the night more effectually than a thousand times the bulk of matter could do in any other form.

Socrates, according to Xenophon, argued for the being of a wise Creator, from the adaptation of the eye to its uses. The argument would not be rendered invalid, were we to admit, what seems to me, the fanciful and wild hypothesis of Darwin concerning the gradual perfecting of the eagle's eye from that of some lower and undeveloped creature, whose eye was merely a nervous spot sensitive to light. The eagle's eye, with its perfect powers and adaptations, could have grown from that sensitive spot only because in the sensitive spot lay the whole idea of the perfect eye, sketched out, hidden from mortal vision, but clear in its Maker's sight, waiting to be developed in his own time. In the perfected eye there is a rational and intelligible adaptation of parts, the *origin* of which, and the *purpose* of which are not to be explained by any possible mode of explaining *how*, or in *what manner*, the development of the eye took place. No matter how the thought was embodied, the thought is embodied, and therefore first existed, in a mind, and this thought was for the fulfilment of a purpose; the eye was exquisitely adapted to the nature of light, and to the instincts of the eagle, that he might behold his prey afar off.

Now when I say that the eye was made for seeing, I say what is evident, and what is conceded by the vast majority, of clear thinkers, who once admit that God exists. I doubt whether any man, provided he is really a theist, can help admitting to himself that this is the purpose of the eye.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose delightful poems have frequently a semi-pantheistic tone, nevertheless assumes in his "Rhodora," as an axiom, that "eyes were made for seeing." But if we admit this, it does not follow that the cataract was made to prevent seeing, nor does it follow that we can ever find out for what the cataract is made. Who can refuse, unless bewildered by sophistries, who can refuse to admit that legs were made for walking, and wings for flying, and fins for swimming? Yet who will pretend that he understands the purpose of paralysis, or of the gout, — of the short wings of the penguin, or the long fins of the flying-fish?

No; we may certainly read a part of God's thought, without reading all; know, for example, how he makes a rose-beetle grow out of a grub, without knowing what he makes a cucumber-beetle grow from; and we may reverently read part of his purposes, without reading all; know, for example, why he gave us teeth, without knowing why he gave us toothache; why he gave a tear-duct to the nostrils, without knowing why he occasionally allows it to become stopped. Even in affirming that we cannot know his purposes, we imply that we do know one of his purposes; for any absolute and inexorable limit of our thought must have been affixed by him, — if we acknowledge that he is.

The direction, therefore, sometimes given, to avoid and distrust any scientific man who thinks he has discovered a purpose of God, is a false direction. As many valuable discoveries have been made by Galens and Cuviers, by Keplers and Newtons and Descartes, who reverently sought to interpret the mind and purpose of God, as have ever been made by Anaximanders or Laplaces or Lacroixs, who have sought only purely logical expositions of the invariable sequence of phenomena. Warn scientific men, and all other men, to be cautious and to be reverent in the study of God's truth, and not to be puffed up with the conceit that they know all, when they know very little; but do not tell them that they can know nothing of God's purposes, unless you also tell them that they can know nothing of his thought. It is his plan, or his thought, to put a stomach, a liver, and a spleen in

the human body. If we admit the existence of a Creator at all, we admit that this was a part of his thought. It seems to me equally evident that we can say truthfully, "I know the purpose of God in making the stomach more clearly than I understand his purpose in making the liver; I understand his purpose in making the liver more clearly than his purpose in making the spleen; and his purpose in making the spleen more perfectly than his purpose in making gall-stones or diabetes. Our knowledge of these diseases and their purpose is vastly less than our knowledge of the main purpose of digestion, and our knowledge of the function of digestion is incomplete and susceptible of large increase in the hands of faithful students." What there is either irreverent or unscientific or untrue in such a statement of man's knowledge of God's purposes, I cannot see; and the rebuke of such statements as presumptuous and irreverent, seems to me flippant and frivolous.

Among the ineradicable instincts of our nature, is one which leads us to distinguish between right and wrong, as decidedly as between true and false. There is a sense of obligation, of duty, which forces a man to say I ought. But if we attempt to analyze the ideas which underlie this sense of obligation, we shall find ourselves compelled, I think, with Jouffroy, to admit the existence of a universal moral order, bearing somewhat the same relation to the will that truth does to the mind. And as God has made the universe of matter in conformity with those *a priori* mathematical ideas or truths, which his inspiration enables us to see in space and time, so has he made the moral universe in conformity with this universal order which his inspiration enables us to see belonging to the world of spirit. Right, therefore, becomes, for us, coincident with God's purpose; just as truth is, for us, coincident with God's thought. In other words, as the philosopher must look to the natural world for God's thought, and finds in the attempt to read that thought the only method by which he can stimulate and arouse his mind to the pursuit and perception of abstract and *a priori* truth, so must the moralist look to the social world for the

indication of God's purposes as the only method by which he can practically learn what is right and wrong. To deny that we can discover God's purposes, is to deny that we can have any foundations for moral distinctions, other than the blind instinct which rouses our indignation at gross crimes, or our admiration at peculiar virtue. The moment that the question of right and wrong is raised concerning anything not thus glaringly wicked, or splendidly heroic, we must argue from the manifest intent and purpose of the Deity, and acknowledge that his will as manifested in creation is our only natural standard of law, our only test of right and wrong, — taking, of course, our own instinctive emotions as a part of creation indicating his will.

I have seen somewhere, recently, an appeal to Christians to beware of citing any gifts of Providence as tokens of God's goodness, lest we should be compelled to cite the ills of life as instances of his malevolence. Of course we believe that the sufferings and the joys of human life are alike the appointments of Divine Love. But if both are the gifts of Divine Goodness, then each is ; and where can be the harm of seeing and feeling that one is, while we acknowledge that the other equally is the gift of love, only that we cannot see its whole meaning? It is in vain for those who would limit religious thought to attempt to sublime away all anthropomorphism from religion. The only possibility of thought concerning God arises from the fact that we are made in his image ; that we recognize in nature the counterpart to our own thought, and call that recognition science ; that we recognize in nature the counterpart to our own kindness, and call this a recognition of Providence, a filial love and trust. This recognition is, of course, stimulated by instinctive longings and upward yearnings which thus alone learn to interpret their own meaning.

Some Christians ascribe this idea of the Divine Goodness solely to revelation. But one ground of my firm faith in the Christian revelation lies in its conformity to my *a priori* ideas of what is right and becoming to a revelation from God. To deny to man *all* power of original thought and in-

sight in spiritual and religious matters, is also to make revelation impossible. A messenger from God could not, without a spiritual, subjective miracle wrought in his hearers, gain any credence if he did not, like our Lord, appeal to men to judge even of themselves what is right. And it is to me one of the very curious intellectual phenomena of our day, that some men calling themselves Christians deny all faith in Christ as an authority, and others, clinging to the same name, deny all faith in the religious axioms or fundamental postulates to which he continually appealed.

As we are born with instinctive faith in human nature and in our own humanity, called into conscious activity by contact with men, so are we born with instinctive faith in God and in our likeness to him ; and this faith is called into conscious activity by contact with nature, or by the word of Jesus Christ, even without any distinct logical argument or form of inference. The soul thirsts for God ; the intellect cannot be satisfied with the finite ; the heart dares not lean on less than an almighty arm ; it longs to rest upon the conviction that unerring Wisdom and unbounded Love govern all earthly changes. But this religion of the heart, this vision within the soul of the heavenly things to which we are heirs, does not render arguments drawn from external nature impertinent. Those arguments, like the historical evidences of Christianity, are rather confirmations and illustrations, than proofs, of religious truth. The highest proof of the truth of the Gospel, and of its main doctrines, is the instant echo which the Word from heaven awakens in the human breast. Yet as our Lord himself confirmed his Word, and made it more living and effective, by illustrations drawn from the providence of God, we, also, may reverently seek to read the Book of Nature, with Jesus himself as an interpreter.

IN the mind renewed after the image in which it was created the divine order is already begun, — the key-note of the harmony to which God will in the end reduce all his works is already struck.

THE "PANOPLIST" ON MIRACLES.

BY E. H. SEARS.

THE "Panoplist" for March has an article in reply to us from which we extract the following:—

"Mr. Sears informs us that there are *some* acts of God which cannot be brought under any rule of beneficence, operating for the highest good."

Begging our critic's pardon, we have made no such strange assertion. We stated *that* as a fair and logical inference from our critic's own doctrine, and showing its falsity and absurdity. *He* says that a miracle is "a direct act of God *setting aside all law.*" Law, we said, is *beneficence acting by rule.* It is our critic's doctrine, then, not ours, that there are *some* acts of God—namely, miracles—which cannot be brought under any rule of beneficence.

A correspondent of the "Panoplist" takes up the subject, and his article opens thus:—

"Is Omniscience necessary to discern the proof of the performance of miracles? This surprising ground is taken by one of our contemporaries."

We have taken no such surprising ground, nor anything like it. It was a *false theory* of miracles which we argued against. The ground we took was, that since law, as defined by the best authorities, is the infinite order of the universe, only Omniscience can comprehend that infinite order, and if a miracle *sets aside all law*, only Omniscience is competent to see it. It is not miracles which we say cannot be proved, but this absurd *philosophy* of miracles; and we showed it by reasoning which the writer has not touched at all.

The writer goes on:—

"He [i. e., Mr. Sears] thinks the laws of nature are universal and cannot be counteracted even by the personal God who made them."

We think no such thing, and have said no such thing, but exactly the contrary. Instead of making "the laws of nature" universal, or the only laws that exist, we spoke of the Divine Laws as pervading *mind or matter*, the *spiritual world or the natural*, they being the highest and most beneficent order according to which God governs his universe. The writer goes on and asserts substantially the same thing:—

"If there is a mental signification in nature, *its operations may be governed by mental laws*; and mental laws, though they overpass material ones, are provable to mental beings."

Nature — or this lowest platform of being — is but a small portion of the universe. Its order is always subject to a higher order. The nature-world is but the dress and symbolization of a spirit-world in which there is the heaven, and the heaven of heavens, the latter of which, Paul says, contains things which cannot be described. What we call natural law is the order and sequence of natural change, but always under the supreme order, the higher or spiritual laws controlling the lower or natural ones, and being fulfilled in them and through them. Under this view, the miracles of the New Testament become not only provable, but exceedingly credible. Christ came not to break law but to fulfil all law, and make it "come full circle;" not to disturb the supreme order, but to preserve it; and hence with his advent there was an influx of power through nature itself, making it obsequious to his will. Orthodoxy ignores one of its own fundamental doctrines when it makes the work of Christ "setting aside all law" instead of the fulfilment of all law.

The writer goes on to argue against Strauss and Baur in the "startling" interpretations of the Bible which exemplify their principles. He gives these instances as if fairly resulting from *our* doctrine of miracles. This would be very uncandid, were it not plainly a misapprehension. Strauss and Baur — one actually, the other impliedly — deny the existence of a supernatural world. The nature-world with them is the only one. Hence they deny all the miracles of the Bible, or

explain them away. Believing just the opposite, we affirm them as antecedently credible, since they consist — as seen from a higher view-point — with that law “whose seat is the bosom of God, and whose voice the harmony of the world.”

As to pantheism, which is a softer name for atheism, our view has not the remotest affiliation with it. It is not denying the divine personality, but asserting it, when we say that God does not govern the universe by caprice, but always according to his own divine and beneficent order. Do we deny a man's personality when we say that his “every thought and deed by rules of virtue moves,” instead of acting by fits and jerks? No, we only deny that he is a bad man or a lunatic.

“If the occasions of his government require it,” says our critic, “God may lay aside the drapery of nature.” Undoubtedly. The most stupendous miracle we conceive of was the creation of nature, the unrolling of all this wonderful panorama. But it was not by a sudden and arbitrary jerk of power, but in fulfilment of the infinite and all beautiful order. And suppose all this drapery should be laid aside again, and we — pigmies that we are — should be looking on? Should we be competent to testify that God was violating the infinite laws of order, and not fulfilling a higher order than we had fathomed? The Hand that unrolled nature could roll it up again when it had accomplished the end of its creation, and to Him with whom a world is but a speck, and a thousand years as one day, it would be no more a violation of law than the folding up of a flower at evening.

GOODNESS IS SIMPLE BEING.

“GOODNESS is nothing more than simple being;
 All other being is but going-to-be,
 Or going astray from being, going to waste.
 Be not, O good man, proud, thou merely *art*,
 And as the rose may bloom out suddenly,
 Each who is going-to-be may straightway *be*.”

THE LAYMAN'S BREVARY.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

BY C. PALFREY, D. D.

WHEN the claims of a day specially set apart for religious uses are urged, they are sometimes met by a protest professedly made in the name of a high spirituality. No part of time, it is said, is more holy than another. No day can be more completely devoted to God than all days should be. Every day should be alike consecrated to his service.

All that is very true, and the Christian Sabbath does not contradict it. It only asks to be consecrated in one way, that all other days may be consecrated in another. The religious life cannot be maintained by one process alone. Its growth is promoted by various methods. Work is absolutely essential to it; work in and upon the outward world; work in accordance with God's plan, and in obedience to his will. That is the staple of a true life. It is a necessity laid upon most men for the sustenance of their bodily life; and if it were not so, some sort of useful activity would be found equally essential to the life of their souls. All such work, in its humblest departments, is susceptible of consecration by a right purpose. The time spent in it may be made holy time. But as the body would perish, if kept in incessant activity, as it needs rest and food to repair its wastes, and recruit its strength, so would the spiritual life die out, if the attempt were made to sustain it by active service alone. It needs seasons of retirement, self-recollection, meditation, and communion with God, from whom all needed supplies of light and strength must come. And just in proportion to the earnestness, diligence, and faithfulness of the outward life, and to the high standard of excellence sought to be maintained in it, is there the greater need of the inward exercises of the Spirit. The divine life of Christ himself was not sustained without this help. If his day was given to his appointed work, the whole night was sometimes spent in prayer.

The Sabbath meets this want. It was made for man. The reason for it lies deep in his nature. It indicates the

proportion in which the two elements of the spiritual life should be adjusted to each other. The six days of labor necessitate the seventh to be given to thought and prayer. In perfect agreement, therefore, with those who bring this supposed objection against a Sabbath, it may be said, let all time be regarded as holy; let every day of life be given to God; let the six days of secular labor be hallowed by the offering of all that the hands find to do, as a sacrifice; and let the hours of the seventh day be also hallowed by devout communion with God, in which we may draw from him new supplies of that Spirit by which all the work of the daily life may be sanctified.

The idea of setting apart to sacred uses a portion of space, as we do in the building of a church, or a portion of time, as in the consecration of the Sabbath, is no delusion. There is no superstition in it. It is perfectly rational. It has its foundation in a well-known principle of our nature,—the principle of the association of ideas. The power of local associations is a familiar fact. If a particular set of feelings was once strongly excited, or was long experienced, in a place, a return to that place, even after the lapse of many years, brings back those feelings in all their original freshness and force. We seem to be carried back to years long gone, and to live over again a past period of our lives. It is this which gives an ideal charm to the scenes of early childhood, and it is this which darkens with sadness a house in which we have experienced great sorrow. We recognize the power of this principle whenever we recommend a change of scene to one upon whom the gloom of affliction has settled down. We avail ourselves of it in the dedication of a church edifice. The idea of such a building is that it shall be a place, all our associations with which shall be religious; which shall be exclusively devoted to worship and religious instruction. Let it be indeed so consecrated by those who resort to it; let them habitually leave behind them, at its doors, earthly cares, thoughts, desires, and passions; let the time spent within its walls be faithfully given to God, and to thoughts of duty, and of spiritual realities; let all hearts truly mingle in common

worship of the Father of all, and the consecration of the church will be continually going on. It will become holier every week. Everything about it will recall thoughts of God and Christ and immortality and duty. The consecration which originated in the hearts of the worshippers will react upon them, and will deepen and strengthen the devout sentiments which they first brought to it; and in perfect consistency with all our most spiritual ideas of God's intimate presence everywhere, and in every human soul, it may still be truly said, that he meets them there, and that it is easier to converse with him there than elsewhere.

There are associations of time as well as of place. The stated returns of certain seasons, the anniversaries of important events, public and personal, have power over our hearts to kindle anew past feelings. Who can calculate the effect of the observance of national festivals, as a means of keeping alive sentiments of loyalty and patriotism? The returns of new years and birthdays, and the anniversaries of interesting crises in our lives, arrest our remembrance, give a turn to our thoughts, and awaken appropriate tones of feeling. No religion that has taken to itself an outward form has overlooked this powerful principle of our nature. All have their sacred seasons. Such a season has been given us in the Lord's day, the Christian Sabbath, as it at present exists among us. How shall we use the gift so as best to answer its purpose?

Certainly it is a good and desirable thing, that, from time to time, at regular intervals, which shall not be very distant from each other, a complete break should be made in the labors, plans, cares, and some of the pleasures of daily life, and an opportunity be given to rest awhile from earthly toils and anxieties, in the secrecy of the divine presence. In so saying, we do not disparage the daily worldly work. Granted, that it is all sacred, all thoroughly penetrated with divine purposes, all susceptible of the holiest uses, still when our bodies are bent in toil, and our eyes are necessarily fixed on the work of the hour, it is not always easy to see this. It is necessary that we should, once in a while, lift ourselves up

from our work, and look abroad, and renew within us the right spirit for our work, by contemplating the beautiful and beneficent plan of which it is a part. This is one use of a true Sabbath of the soul. Whilst we are busily employed in secular occupation, our attention is apt to be exclusively directed to the little portion that is given us to accomplish in the economy of Providence, and to be unnecessarily anxious, as if everything depended on the wisdom of our contrivance, and the energy of our industry, and to lose sight of the infinitely greater part that Divine Providence takes in the affairs of the world, the perfect wisdom that overrules all our plans, and the almighty power that works above all our work, under which we have only to use conscientiously the ability and opportunity given us, and to leave events to God. It is an appropriate use of the hallowed day thus to retire and repose on God, and to look out upon our life from his point of view.

The power of religion over the heart depends in no small degree on the distinctness with which the truths of religion are apprehended by the mind. One benefit of a consecrated day is, that it brings leisure for the study of those truths. It is not desirable, indeed, that every man should avail himself of the day, to make himself an accomplished theologian, or that he should busy himself with the controversies about minute points of doctrine that have divided men's opinions. The vital and fundamental truths of religion, those which have most power to kindle devout affection, to purify the heart, and give a right tone to the character, and direction to the life, are few and simple, and easy to be understood, and yet they are a subject of endless study, because they are infinite truths, and continually unfold themselves to contemplation, and are susceptible of ever new applications to the various conditions and exigencies of life.

Questions of duty, requiring thought and consideration for their solution, must be constantly occurring to one who wishes to live a right life. What is right for me to do, in the complicated circumstances in which I find myself placed? How can I use to best advantage the influence given me over the

character or the happiness of my fellow-men? How best employ the means of usefulness placed in my hands? How best fill the several relations in which I stand? These are questions which one who duly feels his responsibility will be frequently asking himself. They are often difficult questions, which cannot be suddenly answered in a satisfactory manner, as they arise amidst the busy scenes of life. They need to be examined in the light of Christ's presence, and determined in the spirit that is generated by devout communion with him. The Lord's day is the appropriate time for considering them.

As of the church, so it may be said of the holy day, we contribute to its consecration by the use we make of it. If we steadily persevere in using the day for the religious purposes it was meant to answer, by and by this powerful principle of association will come to our aid, and will make the day an effectual help to spiritual progress. Hallowed associations will be continually multiplying about it. Its very return will put to flight earthly thoughts and cares, and will bring back the feelings we have been accustomed to cherish on that day; a holy calm will fill its morning air, its sun will shine with a serener light, and the face of nature will smile upon us with diviner loveliness, and we shall find that it is easier to converse with God on that day than on any other. This has been the experience of many Christians, and we repeat, there is no delusion, no superstition in it. It happens through the natural operation of the laws of mind. It does not mean that God is nearer to us on Sunday than on week-days, but that, by a right use of the day, we may be in a condition more clearly to discern, and more deeply to feel his presence.

We can do much to sanctify the Lord's day to our own hearts, but we do not therefore make our own Sabbath, nor could we do so. The institution of a holy day does indeed so exactly meet a spiritual want, that it would seem as if, had no such institution existed, a common experience of that want would suggest the idea of a consecrated day, and would prompt an effort to institute one. But a holy day is given

us. This spiritual need of ours was provided for many long ages ago. Christianity has done for the Jewish Sabbath what it has done for everything else that it borrowed from the old dispensation. It has evoked the spirit from the letter. It has elevated and spiritualized the institution, and revealed higher uses of it. We know not when, or by what authority, the change was made from the seventh day to the first; but we see that it has been made by the providence of God; and by his Spirit working in the hearts of Christian believers, it has been preserved and brought down to this day. It is a part of our religion, and has survived all changes in its administration; it has been most highly valued wherever the spirit of religion has been most deeply felt, and it has been among the most effectual means of keeping that spirit alive in men's hearts. There is no danger of its not lasting as long as Christianity itself. It is an established providential fact. It is a gift of God that will be held most precious by those who are most conscious of their spiritual wants, and most faithfully used by those who are most careful for the progress of their spiritual life.

In the existing Sabbath, God has given us a beneficent institution, such as we could no more make for ourselves than we could create such a world as this in which he has placed us. It is consecrated by the religious use of countless generations. It comes to us already holy, and we have only to keep it so, and to make it so to the experience of our own hearts. Behold this temple erected in time, with which not the most beautiful and spacious temple in space is worthy to be compared. It is a temple not made with hands. It rose up silently, without the sound of axe or hammer. How venerable and sacred! For how many centuries have the prayers and worship of devout hearts been consecrating it! How vast is its enclosure! It covers the whole community. A man may refuse to enter the space temple; he may shun the inner sanctuary of the time temple; but he cannot help finding himself sometimes treading its outer courts; he cannot always escape a sense of its sanctity brooding over him; he cannot live and act within its sacred precincts as he would

elsewhere, for there all life and action breathe a different spirit.

The Lord's day stands up an imposing monument in time, conspicuous in the eyes of all men, a memento of God, of a higher life, of spiritual realities, and it addresses a silent admonition to all men, and brings a blessing to all. To those who have been accustomed to make the highest use of it, it comes fraught with all the rich blessings which are the natural fruits of such use; and to those who do not so improve it, but who, in obedience to the behests of society, pay it the customary respect of outward observance, it brings a blessing also, — the blessing of rest to body and mind, of leisure from toil and care, of opportunity for the quiet enjoyment of family and home. It saves them from the unutterable weariness of life that would ensue, if day after day were given to work and business, with no such grateful interruption. Or if such incessant occupation were found too much for human endurance, and relief were sought, as it too often would be, in irregular and intense excitements, the return of the holy day offers to deliver them from that evil, by bringing to them, at short and regular intervals, an opportunity of tranquil relaxation, which shall be to them a true refreshment from past toil, and preparation for that which is to come. At the same time, the day is to them a religious monitor. It reminds them of God, whom they should know and love and trust and serve; of an endless existence to be taken into the account in all their calculations for the future; of a life to be lived in this world above that which is the immediate end of their daily occupation; of duty, which is to be kept in view in and through all those occupations, which gives to them their deepest meaning and their highest value. Sabbath after Sabbath, as it comes and goes, asks them seriously to give to these subjects the attention which their importance demands, and offers them the needed opportunities of retirement, public worship, reading, meditation, and prayer.

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

"THE MORNING COMETH."

O WATCHMAN, on the lonely towers,
O'er-wearied with the night's long hours,
See'st thou the radiance from afar,
Fairer than light of moon or star?
Thy call is heard as trumpet clear;
It tells the promised day is near.

O poet, thou hast caught the strain,
It sounds in all thy sweet refrain;
Thou bear'st upon thy soaring wing
The bloom of a perennial spring;
With heart and voice inspired anew,
Thy song distils as early dew.

O worker, in earth's lowly fields,
What golden fruit thy harvest yields!
With limbs unchained and spirit free
The morning beams shall rise on thee;
In heaven's own light thy garments shine,
And linked with angel-service thine.

O soul of mine, what sounds of cheer,
Sin-bound, have thy dull ears to hear?
What offering brings thy hand to lay
On altar of the rising day?
What deed of thine, what pure desire,
Kindles afresh its living fire?

Our Light, our Day-spring from on high,
Whose dawning brings salvation nigh!
On mounts of love we fain would meet
The coming of thy blessed feet,
And from their radiant summits trace
The opening vision of thy face.

A. E. M.

THE NEEDLE.

BY JOHN F. W. WARE.

I HAVE searched in vain for something which shall throw light upon the early history, the creation, and the use of the needle. Judging from all record, sacred and profane, the habit of household industry and the use of a household implement of the nature of the needle, runs back far into the shadow-land of antiquity, was a part of the economy of very early peoples. Needles made of bone are known to have existed at an early period. Bronze needles are found in Egyptian tombs, three and four inches in length. The steel needle is Spanish, and was introduced into England in Elizabeth's reign. It almost seems as if woman must have been created with a needle in her hand, so essential is it to the very simplest method of living, so closely cling to and revolve about it all the comfort of homes, individuals, even the possibilities of trades, commerce, and civilization. You may subtract almost anything else out of your daily life with less detriment.

Those are very pleasant glimpses that we get in Scripture and classic days of the work and industry connected with this little implement, though the word itself occurs but once, and that in our Saviour's proverb about the camel going through the eye of the needle. You all know that touching incident of conjugal fidelity which comes to us from Grecian poetry, — Penelope, waiting in hope the return of Ulysses, yet obliged to quell the importunity of suitors by agreeing to their proposals when the work should be finished she had then in her hand, which she carefully every night unravelled. It may not be strictly classic, and may be a little strained, but as it was some sort of texture she was upon, some sort of needle is implied. You know the picture the Scripture gives us of the good wife, which, illuminated and framed, would not be a bad thing to hang in bridal-chambers: "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands; she layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She

maketh fine linen. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Refresh your memories by turning to the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. It would not hurt the character or the prospects of the women of to-day, were that word of an old poet to be more nearly the fact of to-day.

These incidents are sufficient to prove the antiquity and universality of something like our modern needle, whose sphere and necessity have ever increased as civilization has spread, until machines have stepped in to relieve the human hand of tasks beyond its ability, themselves creating new demands and achieving wider success, while I believe it to be true "that the best machine is as yet a poor substitute for the supple human hand." Many women hailed the machine as an edict for their emancipation from a household thralldom, forgetting the honor that industry ever hath, and that many of the most seemly household graces, as well as the most irksome of its necessities cluster about the needle. I believe it will be a bad day for woman that sees her emancipate from her needle.

I propose to speak of the needle in various relations. I want to speak of it seriously and honestly, and see if I can get back a little of that old-fashioned but healthy respect for that sharply-pointed and glittering bit of steel which really lies very near to the foundations of that which is most excellent in life and valuable in traffic. Perhaps we shall not get back that pleasant time in the history of the world, when "every woman found, in spinning, weaving, and sewing, in the active labor of a small, or the skilful management of a large household, full employment for time and thought." Certain things civilization, with all its advance, drops from time to time, which separate us more and more from a healthy simplicity, and make life more complicate and artificial. I do not believe the whole glory of the world to be in the past, while, with a good many old things, genuine glory has departed.

And first of the needle as a domestic implement. I hardly dare to say so of it now, but are there not many of us who

can remember it as the household centre? We talk about the old hearth of home, before the days when man's mistake drove it out of being, and gave us furnaces in the cellar, and ghastly stoves, with tainted breath poisoning the air, in the place of the broad-mouthed, healthy, happy fireplace. Without the needle, the hearth could not have been that happy centre. Come with me back to the days when those of us who now begin to wear the silver crown were young. It is evening. The day's work is done. Its hurry and its worry are over, and the first sober sense of rest, as a benediction, has come down and settles about the house. The supper-table is cleared away; the hearth is swept; the fire, generous in log and forestick, is renewed; the lamps are lighted, and the whole family, from the farm, from the counting-room, from the dairy, from the kitchen, are drawn and grouped together in various occupation. What is the centre of that group, what the centre-drawing power? What throws a happy charm over the circle, and sends its life into the whole? Will you count me extravagant, or only and weakly sentimental, when I say that it is not even the mother-presence, but the implement she plies? Let her take a book, let her be listless, let her be sleepy, let her hands hang idle while the evening wanes, and the evening wants a charm, the domestic life is incomplete. It is the busy needle that centres and cements the group, and sends an unconscious life-thrill to all. Subtract it, and you will at once see the fair brightness of the circle fade. It is a great hour in the memory of many when the mother brought her work-basket, and placed it on the table, and sat herself down to the homely mysteries of making and repairing, while the whole group felt the happy, cosy comfort of the hour. It comes ever freshly to me, my mother's face and form, and the simple, inevitable work-basket, and the stockings she took such laudable pride in darning, and myself sitting at her feet, while the dear mother-love was so sweetly and touchingly talking to the wayward boy, planting seed that seemed then for the wayside only and the choking thorn, but a part, thank God, destined for life. I tell you that of all the scenes the twinkling night stars look

upon, there is none sweeter and none holier, and none from which such broad waves of influence go forth, touching and embracing remotest life. The gayer and more brilliant will fade away, leaving the indistinct memories of having once enjoyed them, but such home-scenes abide strong and clear and are a joy that grows forever.

The needle is the blessing of the house. Why is it that so many ignore, ridicule, despise it, think it ungenteel, and throw their interests and energies into other things, — things which exhaust themselves, and leave behind no valuable result, no inward satisfaction? Why is it that the simple, homish arts and accomplishments of all kinds are so unpopular to-day? Why are our young people preparing themselves to deprive the children that shall come to them of so many of the surest blessings wherewith they have themselves been blessed? It is too serious a matter not to look into. Every young woman expects to be a wife, and she ought to. Every husband will have a hole in his coat, or a button off his shirt, or a stocking to be darned. Wear and tear begin at once in the best equipped households, and it is the stitch in time that saves not only property, but reputation and temper. I have heard a wife describe the abject misery with which she sat and wept over the first thing her husband brought her to mend. She had dawdled away hours over her needle, had imagined herself industrious over her embroidery, but a button upon a coat! she was not up to that. As children come, the needle is ever in more and more demand. It has no time to rust. It must lie as close to the hand of the mother as the sword lies to the hand of the warrior. Now, how are the young girls of to-day to meet these demands, which come to disrobe the future of its unrealness, and clothe it in more sober as more truthful guise? They cannot all have housekeepers, or keep seamstresses, and if they could, they would shirk the honest domestic duties that devolve upon them as integral part of their relation of wife and mother. They cannot let things go, for I do not believe any one thing so annoys a man — even a slip-shod man — as the slip-shod indifference or inability of his wife to perform these

household labors. She may be pretty and accomplished, and all that, and he may love her very much; but, young friends, the strain upon a man's affection comes in just the little things of daily life, in matters which not merely touch his convenience and comfort, but those which show a woman's appreciation of her duties, and her ability and willingness to meet them. It is a grand mistake they make, who suppose that what the schools teach is what a woman most wants. She most wants that which is to make her home, — the knowledge of arts called homely, but which are the grandest of arts, and achieve the proudest results. When shall we learn to gauge things by their real and not by their apparent value? I knew a bright and brilliant girl, and at the same time I knew that the holes in her stockings were tied up with twine, for she did not know how to mend them! There is endless crochet and ornamental work, "wisely kept for show," or to meet the fitful fervor that some *fair* creates, — that abomination of abominations, that wolf in sheep's clothing, doing so much to root out the gospel principle and law of charity under the cheating semblance of fulfilling it, — there is a wicked industry and waste in these, which a woman fancies to elevate, and not degrade her, but the sober *duty*-industry of daily domestic demand, a given time in every day devoted to the *real use* of the needle, — is that what our young people are doing? Indeed, are they not everywhere, and in everything setting aside *duty*; where duty is on the one side, and something else on the other, is it not duty that must take the wall? I do not doubt that it is irksome to sit and sew, but is it not irksome to do most things? I do not doubt that a finger which has no needle-pricks may be fairer to the eye, but it is not more honest, or in so much respect, because it is not in the way of its duty. God has given to woman a great blessing in the needle, and she should know it and use it, and bless herself by it, and again bless others.

Now look at the needle socially. You take a set of men and they must have a club, cards, or billiards. They have no earthly thing to do with their hands when they come together, and they are the most useless and awkward of beings

where there is not something active going on, and blessed will be the ingenuity of that man who shall devise something for man's hands to be at in the hours of ordinary social intercourse. They cannot sit down quietly to an evening with ladies, as ladies do. They are only themselves when they have a cigar at least. See a woman's advantage. And what gives it? *The needle.* "Come and see me to-day, and come early and *bring your work.*" Is that only a Northern phrase, and only sweet and familiar to my Northern ear? And what does it mean? Inevitably, just the freest intercourse, such intercourse of freedom as women only have over their needles, and men never have over their cigar or glass. The mother says to her daughter, "Take your work and sit down with me," and that means the very freest, truest interchange of confidence and thought. The father has no such resource with his boy. It is a rather hard and repulsive thing when the father, with all his love, suggests a talk with his boy. Is not this one secret of the mother's superior influence? Is it not to her faithful ally that she and we owe so much? Why, that little thing seems to pick out and point the very choicest bits of inner life, and though one is far from commending all that is said over the needle, what woman does not know that her deepest confidences, her wants, her joys, her hopes, her fears, that the lifting of many a burden, and the sharing of many a thought, the possibility of many a confession, has been over and because of the needle? How many a life history has so been told; how many cherished friendships have so grown and been cemented; how much the young have so learned of elders; how many a mother has made sacred forever to her child the hours so spent together, in the utterance of experience and confidence and warning! To the closest ties and intimacies the needle is the most invaluable auxiliary. It furnishes occasion and opportunity as nothing else. The intercourse of fashion and society, the intercourse of idleness, will not do it. You will know more of another, you will reveal more of yourself in one hour so, you will have a warmer heart and truer friendships so, than in all the other intercourse of years. I think fashion and its absurdities only alienates

and hides woman from woman. The needle draws, reveals, and binds.

And while I own that there may be a something of *too-muchness* in a woman's solitude over her needle, I believe, if she will check her reverie, and dwell upon things wise, in memory or in thought, she may find her needle not occupation or companion only, but friend. There is inspiration in the needle. Men talk about the inspiration of a cigar, but that half-lazy, half-stimulated thought which the smoke of tobacco encourages has no inspiration in it. It does not lead to work. The cigar scatters, diffuses, the needle concentrates. It wakes, rouses, soothes the mind, and the hours which seem a dull monotone of threading and stitching pass swiftly, serenely, not unprofitably. Profitable they surely may be made, in reveries of studies and of books among the young; in searching into a vast and ever-growing field of past experiences out of which one may always evoke healthy help for the future. It is a bright eye and a cheery voice that I have many times heard over the needle, as if the thoughts had been sure thoughts and happy thoughts, as if the heart had been enriched by converse with itself. It is a pleasant sight in a home to see a young face bending upon its work, not as a task, but with a glow that tells of interest. In her needle, God has given the maiden a true companion and friend, one she should not despise. She may tell her needle what she may tell none else but her God. It may in turn tell her what no friend may know, or care to whisper, and she may daily fold her work and put all things in place, with the same feeling that she parts with a friend, and the same hope of meeting again.

No, my friends; no fancy in all this. I do not care who or what you are, or where or what your walk in life; you cannot afford to banish the needle, to be ignorant of its domestic uses, to regard it as a drudge on the one hand, or an ornament on the other. It is not, "*Can you work an affghan?*" but "*Can you make or mend a shirt?*" it is not dainty lace that you want to know about, but household calico and cotton. You will find in the useful domestic arts of home a pleasure

and a profit you will elsewhere seek in vain. I do not believe that I exaggerate one whit in making the needle the centre of choicest influences in the home and upon the individual woman; in believing the whole domestic and social fabric would tumble without it; in asserting that it ministers to wants in the womanly nature, as well as wants in domestic and social economy. Where it is not used, and is not respected, the deterioration of the womanly character is inevitable.

In all this, I do not forget the obverse of the picture, and how strongly Beecher has put it: "I pity," he says, "those women whose staff is their needle; for when they lean upon it, it pierces not their side, but their heart. The devil's broadsword in this world has often been the needle with which a woman sews to earn her daily bread. I think the needle has slain more than the sword."

True — sadly true; but is it the needle that has done this, and must the blame be laid up against it? It is a ghastly history which the needle has upon this side. I cannot go down into the depths of its horrors, but could a sudden flash of light reveal to you all that to-night looks down upon in street and garret and hovel, in flaunting vice, in wasting misery, in gilded tempting, in wearing disease, which trace themselves back to the needle, you would cry out with a bitter cry, such as the Psalmist never knew, "How long, O Lord, how long!" Yes! the graves are full of victims, and there are other graves in which dead hopes and hearts and characters lie. I pity them, — God help them, for alas! man will not, — but the evil is not because the needle is the staff, but because of the pittance that you allow the needle as its wage. Consider it reverently. Reward it rightly, and upon nothing may woman so securely lean. In itself it is a staff to life, to support, and not to pierce the heart.

I wish I knew enough about the relations of capital to labor, to talk wisely upon a subject so vital to the best good of all classes. If the one has rights, the other certainly has its wrongs, and there is nothing in which the wrongs are more glaring, and the rights so atrociously abused as in the employ-

ment of women. I cannot talk about that now. As you will presently see, I do not cast the whole burden of the sin and sorrow that overtake the needle upon the employer, while I do not hesitate to say that there is not an outrage against human nature and human hope greater and deeper than that practised upon the large number to whom God has given the needle as the staff. It is no use to go into facts and statistics. It is true they do not lie, but somehow they do not convince, and all the tragedies that have been rehearsed, and the fearful scenes every one of us knows are being enacted all about us, do not move a Christian community one whit toward the one relief. Men roll up bank accounts, move into big houses, get to be a power in markets, and perhaps make the laws, all whose success is built upon the agony of women's hearts, and it may be the shame of women's lives. They stand a great glory to themselves and a great power in the community, but it is the necessity of woman that has placed them there. They owe it to the needle, and the power they had to tyrannize over it. I saw the other day a petition — I think in England — remonstrating against some change in the manufacture of army clothing, and stating that, poor as the price was, the moment Government withdrew, private parties who had been compelled to pay Government price would cut the wages down below starvation point. I got from the best authority the other day this fact, that for making of garments for which the employer got seven dollars *eighty-five cents* was paid, and the employed said that by rising early, working till midnight, and cutting off her hour at noon, she could earn *seventy-five cents* a day. I adduce this as an example of the difference in profit between the actual worker and the capitalist, so to speak, in a grade of work very far above "*the slop-work*," which is the usual work of the poor, from which the larger portion of statistics is gathered.

I believe, and I suppose everybody believes that capital is entitled to the larger per cent. of return, but it has no right in the eye of God or of humanity, however it be with law and market, to make so fearful a gulf between price paid and price received. The hand through which a commodity merely

passes, between producer and consumer, has no *moral right* to retain all the wage, and we can have no keeping of the second commandment while it is done. Work has its just wage, and he who does not give it, what is he? In another way but in the same spirit, what the evangelist says he was who "kept the bag."

But the men alone are not to blame in this matter, — the contractors and large operators. Woman complains of woman, and her complaint is just, and there is the more harshness on the part of woman, and the less excuse as she preys upon her own sex and desecrates the womanly nature. What are the wages allowed sewing women? What can their best industry do in times like these? Bring the golden rule to bear here. Be reduced to your needle; would you like such pay? I say, deliberately, that the way in which woman squeezes work out of woman is one of the darkest things in the history of the human heart. It can no longer be thoughtlessness. Too much has been said about it. Heaven help us! language was given us to use, — and I say it is *meanness* that does it. You want the money for gewgaws and tinsel; you want the stitches in among the finery, but you don't want to pay any more for them. You are always quarrelling with your dressmaker's bills, and declaiming against the extortion of your milliner. You want the show, but you do not want to pay for it, and you do not hesitate to stoop as no woman should, to receive a gratuity at the hand of poverty, or wring from it a part of the poor wage legitimately its due, that your vanity may be fed cheap.

I have already spoken of the needle as the woman's friend. It is best her friend in poverty. When reverses come, she can always rely on that. Reverses may come to any, and should not woman be prepared for them by knowing her needle, that she may at once, through its fidelity to her, bridge the gap? Its work is always wanted, and is what all women can do. And here comes in woman's injustice to herself. The needle largely fails of being the good friend it might be, because she is not educated to do with it what it can do, and what needs to be done. It is a great perplexity in "putting

work out," that you cannot find those who know how to do it. They have not been educated to it. They have taken the needle as a resort, as a necessity, and they have an idea that they can sew, because they can pull a needle with a bit of thread in it backward and forward through a piece of cloth. As I write this, my eye casually falls upon this sentence of a woman's writing: "It is surprising to find how wretchedly the greater proportion of women sew. They seem to have no idea how to put a garment together with entire nicety. Their corners are badly turned, their hems crooked, stitches uneven, and thread knots prominent. Their garments often look as if a good strong wind would scatter the breadths thereof to the clouds. And what is odd, a seamstress will expect the same wages for a garment badly made as for one put together like wax-work." This is true, and it is bad.

The needle is not a thing a woman is to resort to as her last despair, to look to when all other things fail. It is not a thing bound to give her a living, or which she can all along neglect till the time of her need compels her to take it. The needle is the implement of an art, as much as the chisel of the sculptor or the brush of the painter. An art has to be learned. It is not mere mechanical execution, but needs some head work. Brain must go into everything. Thought and practice produce and perfect it. To sew a seam, a child may learn readily; to fit a garment, to cut out and prepare, and put together and "make go right," easy in feeling, comely in shape, why, that is another thing, — and yet it is the all-important thing. To-day, the crying want everywhere is for women who really know how to use their needle, — women who are above slop-work, — women who have ambition and skill and industry. I believe there is no such sure way of support, respectability, comfort in a community, as for the woman who will set herself about dressmaking as an art, become a skilful, intelligent artist, not in the slang use of the word, but its really legitimate and honest sense. It is lamentable, with all this cry of woman's wrongs, low wages, want of employment, with all this talk — which is too true — about the shame to which so many sewing-women succumb, to

know that there is a wide field of profitable demand into which none are ready to enter. And it is because the home has not made the needle a part of education, dignified, elevated it, as man dignifies, elevates the plough and the pen; because home has not made growing children wise in its mysteries and uses; and it is, beside, because of a want of educated self-reliance and self-respect, which would spur women on to the higher walks of their vocation. Too many will be content with ordinary work and wretched pay, rather than bestir themselves and become adepts in better and more profitable toil; too many will refuse that wise look ahead which will lead them to prepare for the possible contingencies of life. There have been all sorts of free schools opened, even to teach the art of cooking; and I know no public charity better worth undertaking next than that of schools, for adults, — as well as those for children, — where any woman shall, by systematic instruction, be taught thoroughly, one or more of the various higher branches of needlework, where we can graduate them as we do in colleges, fitted to work, fitted to demand and get their wage. Could not the Curators of "the Lowell Institute" inaugurate some such thing, bless themselves and their founder's memory with such blessings as are indeed beatitudes, and put Boston in the van again in a new interpretation of the second commandment? Everything else beyond the amelioration or prevention of poverty must come from themselves, and I believe we should soon see a different state of affairs, while I should trust that trained and disciplined women would come to the rescue of the female form and face, and learn to clothe the one, and adorn the other, by some true principles of propriety and beauty, and not by outrageous taste, decency, good looks, and health.

I would like to enlarge upon the patriotism of the needle, but all that is too freshly in every mind to need a word. Not only was the soldier blessed by it, and a thousand mitigations, unknown before, made possible to him, but I shall always feel that the war did the women of the land a great good, as it compelled them to a knowledge and exercise of that of which they were growing up in ignorance. As the

man flew to his gun, the woman flew to her needle, and there were some very raw recruits at both, while the results of the one quite as much startled the world as the achievements of the other. It is surprising what ignorance was developed. I am afraid the knowledge acquired is not kept bright and fresh by use, and that women are lapsing into forgetfulness of how much the needle honors them and how much they owe to it.

And I can only glance at the needle in charity. In any emergency of want, you may depend upon the needle. The men make speeches, and the women sew; the men lay down the money, and the women embroider and hem; the men go and buy, the women coax and filch, sell and sponge; the men get off with a loss of a little temper, a little respect for woman, a little money, but the woman slaves herself, and throws into the treasury an amount of time and stitching you could not get out of her for any other thing. I was thinking as I wrote this specially of those abnormal pests, *charity fairs*, at which, in a most doubtful form, the spirit of sympathy assists and presides. But there is a better truth, that the needle is a woman's ready and genuine response to any true call. She cannot dig, but she can sew, and if it is some sick neighbor or some poor unknown, or some undoubted good, in city and in village, you will find the ready needle volunteering, and while they sew together tongues are loosed, heart goes out to heart, the glow of a united sympathy warms and cheers. Everybody feels happier and better, a charity of heart goes with the charity of hand, and there is a large blessing comes to those who give as well as who receive.

When I think upon the important part the needle plays, and that scarce a thing would so uncivilize life, as to take it away, when I know that from cradle to grave, in almost everything, to everybody, it is of primest consequence, I cannot but wonder at the dis-esteem in which so many hold it. Is it not alway so with our human benefactors? Is it not so alas! with the divine? It is the old story, the same in everything. "Man is least grateful for all that is most precious, because it is most common." In the old time, honors were

done to more doubtful things, and lesser things have been sung into renown. The plough, the sword, the pen, what have they done more for man, — the brush, the chisel, the spade? The needle is an implement of subtler art and wider range than either. It came before them, and when the arts were unborn, its work had begun. In the glory of the ancient Tabernacle, in whose doorway the Divine Presence stood, behind whose curtains was the ark of the covenant, it had part, and in those world-renowned tapestries and cloths which made the traffic of nations, and are yet the wonder of ages. The ship could not cross the ocean, or the flag fly in the breeze, nor a bit of cloth be wove without it; for what is the busy shuttle driving backward and forward, to and fro, in the loom, but a needle weaving the woof into the warp? Without the needle, no true domestic influence or economy, no real home-centre; the companion, the friend, would be gone; the poor would have no hope, and the rich no means of help, while all the industry so rewarded, and the charity so evoked, could have no existence. You might as well subtract the sun from the firmament, and call it day, as subtract the needle from our use, and call it life. Without the needle, you must forego greater and lesser benevolences, and your churches must sink into nothingness. Without the needle, no sewing-circle, and without the sewing-circle, you cannot have an organized charity, or a Christian church. It is a little thing in the seeming, but in the sum of things it is mighty. You attempt to-day to build a religious society, by the voice or the fidelity of the minister, and you attempt bricks without straw. The needle is the colleague of the pulpit, and at least it always has, what the other sometimes wants, *point*.

Closely, then, with the moralities of home and economies of traffic and the success of faith and the hopes of man is the needle allied. It will not do to despise it, or to think that the use of it degrades. Woman thinks so at the risk of degrading herself. As she forgets her needle, she forgets her nearest duty; as she neglects its use, she neglects a gift of God; as she grows up in ignorance of it, she shuts herself from opportunities of usefulness, and in the day of reverse

entails upon herself a needless woe. A thing which has such capacities can only ennoble, and it is the poorest folly that a supposed gentility is guilty of, that it demands of woman the rejection of that thing in which God has made her happiness and usefulness so largely to reside. Shame upon the society which establishes as laws of gentility that which contravenes the laws of God! When will that which is true and good in the heart rise, in honest might and wrath, against the sham gentility to which so much of the best and finest in man and woman is sacrificed, and sweep its cursing presence and power out of our homes, and out of our land? When shall its slanders and fictions be hushed, and man dare again to bow before the real and true alone? Cunning machinery may do away with much of the pressing demand, or the more heavy and general work, but it would be a sad day for the race when the needle should cease to be the companion and friend and staff of woman, the centre of Christian charity and of dear home influence and joy!

HOW TO BEAR LITTLE TROUBLES.

“If thou canst not life’s trifles understand,
And string them with good sense upon a chain
That bears itself with ease, as in the air
Like to a chain of bees what time they swarm,
Or flight of cranes upon the eastern clouds,
Or a full wreath of flowers upon the sea,—
How wilt thou ever, like the blind old man,
Il-regulated one! thy pile of sticks,
Not to say all the thousand little boughs,
Bear home with thee from the great woods of life!
Thou must feel things rest lightly on thy heart,
Lightly as on the pine her thousand needles,
Lightly as on the oak his heavy limbs.
Lightly as man carries his own two arms,
Or rosebush bears all its rose-population,—
They must grow up out of thy very soul!
Then will great Nature bear them, as her stars,
And then, like *thy* stars, will they gladden thee!”

THE LAYMAN’S BRIEF.

THE DOVE. — A SEQUEL.

On the Raven long I pondered,
 Musing merely, scarcely wondered
 That a thing so grim and ghostly
 Should be sitting o'er my door.
 Still I sat and courted sorrow,
 Still from grief a joy to borrow,
 Brighter day might shine to-morrow,
 And chase these shadows from my door.
 Until then I'll clasp the phantom ;
 'Twill remind me of Lenore,
 Though I clasp *her* nevermore.

Vision soon began to fail me,
 Surely, thought I, strange things ail me.
 Is it death that doth assail me ?
 Hoped it was, and nothing more ;
 For the fact is life is dreary,
 Of the world my soul is weary,
 All my powers have failed to vary
 My heart's sad echo *nevermore*.
 Death by transfer might avail me
 To meet in heaven the loved Lenore ;
 Senseless I fell upon the floor.

Soon bright lights were shining round me,
 Earth no longer held or bound me, —
 Free as condor on the mountain
 To upper worlds I seemed to soar.
 Presently, in dream or vision,
 I beheld the fields Elysian,
 Glowing as in fabled story
 On the eternal, endless shore.
 More of *fact*, this, than of *fable* !
 Fields I saw, but nothing more, —
 Nothing of the Maid Lenore.

Was she lost to me and heaven ?
 Had she aught to be forgiven ?
 Fears like these my soul had riven,
 And, if *in life*, I wished 'twere o'er.

Then again ascending higher,
I caught the sound of harp or lyre : —
It *might* be but some heavenly choir
 In praise of Him all hearts adore,
And yet it touched a chord within
 That naught had ever touched before
 But lips and fingers of Lenore.

While these doubts I stood debating,
Anxiously the truth awaiting,
I descried a golden grating
 And an open golden door.
O'er this portal was erected —
What, indeed, might be expected
From the light it has reflected —
 The ancient Cross our Saviour bore ;
And a dove of silver whiteness
 Crowned the cross above the door,
 Emblems both, we all adore.

Gazing on these symbols holy,
I bowed myself in reverence lowly,
When the dove, advancing slowly,
 Bade me rise from off the floor.
Since thou canst *speak*, sweet bird of love,
I fain would ask if here above
There dwells a maid from earth removed,
 Known to the angels as Lenore ?
A radiant, rare, and lovely maiden,
 Here called — if *this be heaven* — Lenore.
 " Follow," it said, " to yonder door."

Gently tapping on the lattice,
A voice within cried, " See what that is ;
Let me know soon what thereat is,
 And this mystery explore."
Opened then the window-shutter,
When the bird began to flutter,
And with command these words did utter,
 " Open wide the entrance door !"
" It is the dove," the voice replied ;
 " Admit it to the upper floor."
The dove then called the maid Lenore.

Like the morn from night emerging,
 While my heart was deeply surging,
 Soon there stood a Vestal Virgin,
 Whom angels, even, might adore.
 Instantly my heart ceased beating ;
 Slowly *she* commenced retreating ;
 Both seemed unprepared for meeting ;
 But *eyes* the heart's true message bore.
 Nerved by this, I clasped the maiden,
 And here eternal love we swore :
 Then said the dove, "*Part nevermore.*"

Startled by an earthly clatter,
 I awoke to conscious matter, —
 Conscious still of date and data,
 Of all that passed while on the floor.
 While I lay in trance or vision,
 Ere I left the fields Elysian,
 I had come to this decision, —
 Distrust the Lord God nevermore.
 Never doubt him, but adore him,
 Love and worship and adore,
 Come what may for evermore.

Hereupon, that croaking raven, —
 That accursèd, cowardly craven,
 Left his perch and lofty station,
 Just above my chamber-door.
 This it was that caused my waking ;
 He was through my window breaking,
 And my chamber was forsaken
 For his own Plutonian shore.
 Heaven withhold him from returning
 To my chamber evermore.
 Echo answered, "*Close the door !*"

A. W.

IRVINGTON, Dec., 1867.

A LIVING faith is a loving faith ; *how can it but believe in the love
 by which it lives ?*

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF THE LATE WILLIAM
RATHBONE.

AN ADDRESS, DELIVERED BY REV. CHARLES WICKSTEED, IN HOPE STREET
CHAPEL, ON FEBRUARY 16, 1868.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

OF a certain king in the Book of Chronicles it is said that he lived so many years, that he reigned so many years, and that he died without being regretted. Now, this has always struck me as about the most melancholy sentence in the whole Bible, "and he departed without being desired." To have no one to mourn you, — no one to regret you, no one to wish you back again, — means to have had no one to love you. I should not like to inquire too minutely of how many persons who die this is true; but I trust, and I partly believe, they are not very many.

At any rate, it is a grand and speaking thing when the contrary is true; when numbers miss a man, when his vacant place suggests him, when you reach out your hand to feel the wonted grasp, and gather in its embrace nothing but thin air; when you look up, up towards heaven, for the true and genial smile that used to greet you, and gaze on vacancy; when you look out for the friend that was active to help, and see in his stead the silent monument; when you want an example and influence to promote the right, the true, the just, the generous, and behold the shadow of a great name. What God leaves us, then, is a memory, and, if we will, the memory of the righteous may still live; and as we have only a memory left to us, the question for us to ask, is, How may it be most blessed to us?

Now, it does not appear to me that the last or the closing impression of a good man's life, although it may be the most pleasing, is always the most instructive. Certainly it is sweet, and in a certain sense encouraging, to mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, and see that the end of that man is peace. It is well and it is true to say, —

"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest."

It is well and it is true to say, —

“ Earth's transitory things decay,
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away :
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.”

It is well and it is encouraging to mark a close of life at which are present the sear and yellow leaf, and that which should accompany old age, — as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends. But how did all this come about? That is the question, the answer to which contains all the pith and marrow and instructiveness of the contemplation. Was it always so? Was it thus from the beginning? We are contemplating results. What was the process? It is very sweet and soothing to look at the end; but what were the means? Now, the instructiveness of a good man's life, and therefore the real blessedness of his memory appears to me to lie in the earlier, not in the later years of his life. I want to know how all this was achieved. I see that it was; but how did it come about? It is delightful to see so fine a harvest. He has gone to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season. But how was the ear so fine? how was the harvest so abundant?

My brethren, our hearts are full of the recent general, and I will add generous, — for such a tribute of respect and love from such various parties does honor to the community that rendered it as well as to the man that received it, — of the recent general, I say, and generous offering of hearty reverence and affection that has been laid on the tomb of the late William Rathbone, and I will attempt to add nothing to it. But what, I think, will not be an uninformative employment of this hour, will be to try to review the processes by which that venerable and sturdy oak grew up; to recall to mind the storms it braved, and by which it was strengthened, — the rains of heaven which drenched it, but by which it grew, — the stiff soil into which with difficulty it struck its roots, but by means of which it got a deep foundation, and was able to stand.

When the late Mr. Rathbone was born, this was the state

of this country and its laws. Death was the penalty attached to numerous crimes, — not only to murder, highway robbery, housebreaking, but to horse-stealing, sheep-stealing, coining, forgery, and to some less heinous crimes. In the year of his birth (in 1787), one hundred persons — and this was nothing extraordinary — were hung in London alone. Two years after, a woman was first strangled, and then fixed to a stake, and burnt before the debtor's door at Newgate. Her offence was coining. Muir and Palmer were placed in irons in the hulks at Woolwich, put to the convicts' labor on the banks of the river, and transported, for petitioning for a reform in Parliament. Gilbert Wakefield (once a curate in Liverpool) and others, some ministers of religion, were confined in the common jails for writing too freely, not against the King, but against the ministerial policy of the day. The impugning of the doctrine of the Trinity was penal. The law of Scotland imposed death on the offence. While freedom of speech was thus prohibited by law, men were permitted by law to kidnap and sell each other; and our black fellow-creatures were stolen in Africa, chained down in successive tiers of low-roofed holds, and such of them as were alive at the end of their voyage, landed in America, and sold into perpetual slavery, by London and Liverpool merchants. The poor of this country were compelled to buy their bread dear at home, when they could have got it cheap abroad. A ruined house or two would be represented by two members in Parliament, while Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Birmingham had none of them any.

The Church was full of sinecures, non-residences, pluralities, and abuses of all kinds, and yet insisted that every man should belong to her immaculate community and take the sacrament from the hands of her ministers, or he should not hold any office of public trust; thus no Roman Catholic was admissible to any office of State, to a place in the corporation of his borough, or to a seat in Parliament; no Roman Catholic peer could or did sit in the House of Lords, no Roman Catholic gentleman in the House of Commons. No Dissenter declining the aforesaid conditions could be elected to a

seat in the corporation of his town, be its mayor, or even be trusted with the superintendence of the sweeping of its streets. The national universities of England were closed to the whole nation, except to those who would sign the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. Except to such, Cambridge withheld her decrees, and Oxford her admissions. Day schools for the people there might be said to be none; education for them was generally thought no necessity, and even an evil. Bell and Lancaster had not yet begun their, after all, imperfect work. No person except the persistent Quaker could be legally married anywhere but in a church of England, or by its service. There was no national register of births or deaths. It was understood that to prove you were born, you must prove that you were baptized, and to prove that you died, you must show that you were buried. If a man's father had been the king of a country, we insisted that his son should be king, even if the nation to be governed was of a different opinion; and we went to war to carry out that idea, and in twenty-two years we borrowed five hundred millions sterling, and raised by taxes and spent a considerably larger amount than that in addition, besides the cost in misery, in sin, and in precious human lives. That was the state of things into which the late William Rathbone was born, and in which a large part of his life was spent.

Do you think a man was born into that state of things to make money, to keep his carriage, to drive a flourishing trade in his fellow-creatures, to drown all voices raised to mend that state of things by shouting "Church and King"? He did not think so. Industrious and intelligent, he no doubt applied himself to maintain the outward position in life which he had inherited, to extend and to profit by the legitimate resources of an honest and spirited commerce. But he would have scorned, and did scorn all his life, to suppress a single conviction, to withhold his avowal from a single truth, to refuse his aid and advocacy to a single cause which he believed to be important to the happiness or to the righteousness of mankind. What do you think of a man who for the first fifty years of his life could not be trusted with the humblest

position in the council of this borough? What do you think of a man who went on year after year attending meetings and uttering protests for the promotion of the simplest and now universally acknowledged rights of freedom and of citizenship under the frequent risk of interruption, fine, or imprisonment? What do you think of a man calling a public meeting for the promotion of a simple right or a manifest good, and having difficulty in getting three or four names to attach to the resolutions that were passed, for the public papers?

What do you think of a man attending a meeting of the enemies of justice and freedom, and, having attempted to utter his protest, to be obliged to leave that meeting with his few faithful companions, and being pointed at as he left by the finger of scorn, and pursued by the taunting words, "Count them!"

What do you think of a man at whose father's door, at one period, the carriage of a well-known physician could not be seen standing in the day-time, and who had to visit his patient by dark? That is the kind of man we are talking of to-day! Not the prosperous gentleman, before whom as he walked along our streets, every head was uncovered, and at whose appearance in any public meeting every voice was raised in hearty, loving, respectful greeting. Not the venerated citizen who descended to his grave in the midst of the sincerest mourning and the most unmixed respect that was ever felt or shown in Liverpool.

It may have been decorous — nay, I am sure it was so — to avoid dwelling on such a retrospect on recent occasions, when men, laying aside their differences in religion and politics and philanthropy, rallied to the last farewell; and I grant that it would have been ungracious and unbecoming, at such a time, and in such a varied presence, to have called up any memories that would have excited an angry, or even a pained feeling in those who had simply come to honor and to mourn. But I nevertheless say that it is of the greatest importance to the full lesson of this life, that we should look at its earlier, as well as its later forms; that we should look at the man in

the making, as well as at the man made ; that we should examine the interior springs of character as well as the rich and ripe results. We shall be deceived, especially the younger of us, in our interpretation of that life if we merely look at what came last, and omit the study of what went before. That calm and tranquil and satisfied mien, with all life's great objects gained, was not, you may rest assured, the earlier manner. In that earlier manner there was doubtless something of that vehemence that betokens a man thoroughly in earnest, — something of that plain speaking which would not disguise itself in neater phrase, but hit very hard, and held no terms with what it knew was wrong and base. And we are not to suppose that the path of his early life was strewn with roses, as his journey to his long home was strewn with reverence, or that there was always, or in the days of those early and life and death struggles, that secure trust in the respect and confidence of his fellow-townsmen, "that graceful ease which marks security to please," which we observed with so much satisfaction in the later years of life as he walked along amidst admiring friends and vanquished foes. "Of all my early recollections," writes one of yourselves to me, "none are so well retained as that which recalls the pleasure it was to see him at the reform and anti-corn law meetings twenty-five years ago, when, as soon as his venerable head was visible at the entrance, the working people would all rise to their feet and cheer him as he advanced to his place on the platform, showing how well they loved to see the dear old man among them." And it was so, of course, we know, to the last, wherever he showed himself, on whatever occasion, and among what party or portion soever of his fellow-townsmen.

Now, among the admirers of the man and the mourners for his loss, have been numbers who, or whose fathers had, differed with him in political principle, in educational and other social efforts, and still greater numbers who differed with him in matters of theological opinion ; and yet, to the honor of their hearts, these men have come forward, notwithstanding those serious differences, and, crushing down with a noble

effort of generous liberality their sense of these differences beneath their feeling for the greater agreement in wider principles still, have passed over what they could not contemplate with entire satisfaction, and have suffered no "but" to detract from the fulness of their eulogies. Whatever his views might be, they said, he held them sincerely, and maintained them boldly, generously, and with good feeling. This is right and magnanimous from them. From our hearts we thank them for it. But it is not enough for us who agreed with him. We are not content to praise his sincerity, his honesty, his manliness, his conscientiousness. We say, in addition to this, that he exercised these qualities with a wise selection of objects, in a wise direction. We say he not only fought bravely, but he fought on the right side for truth and right and God. Many a man doubtless contended against him with equally sincere convictions and equally honest purpose. But the glory of William Rathbone was that he selected from the first the right cause; that he fought from the first to the last on the right side; that for decade after decade he contended against fearful odds; that he was supported only in the unequal struggle because he knew he was contending for liberty, for justice, for truth, for charity, and for man, and therefore for God; and the great blessing with which God finally rewarded him was that he gave him the privilege of living long enough to see that cause successful, and to descend to the grave with the crown of victory on his brow.

You saw the state of things in this country into which he was born. Against every one of those crying evils and iniquitous oppressions he raised his hand, and that hand he never took off them, and never would have taken off them, so long as he had strength to hold it up, until they fell beneath it.

He lived to see Romilly and Bentham and Bingham and Wilberforce and Roscoe, whom he had so earnestly aided or followed, successful in their reform of the Draconic penal code, and in their overthrow not only of the slave trade, but of slavery itself in any British dominion, and subsequently even in the United States. He lived to see freedom of

thought and speech vindicated; the emancipation of Roman Catholics carried; the Test and Corporation Acts repealed; the reform in the representation of the people effected, and, just as he was dying, incredibly extended. He lived to see a great system of national registration of births, marriages, and deaths, free from the petty ecclesiastical obstructions that had previously prevented its completeness and loaded it with exactions and oppressions. He lived to see the principles of a free and national education — which he had with such doggedness, and in the midst of so much opprobrium, ceaselessly advocated and generously supported in this town — almost universally acknowledged. He lived to see the Church relieved of most of its power to oppress, — reformed in its temporalities and administration, and incredibly liberalized in its spirit. He lived to see the principles of non-interference with foreign states in their selection of their own form of government vindicated and widely acted upon. He lived to see restrictions upon commerce to a vast extent removed, and people permitted to exchange with people the fruits of their respective industries, with few comparatively remaining of those unwise and oppressive limitations that had irritated and impoverished the nations.

You see, therefore, it was not merely honesty, sincerity, manliness, which all can see and admire, that shone forth in this man, but the wisdom which saw what was true, the love that felt for human suffering, the indignation that resisted human wrongs, the courage that took its stand by the right cause, however unpopular, however unfashionable, at however low an ebb. It seems to me in the present tendency of society towards a vapid and watery liberalism, which is too often nothing but a cover for the ignorance that will not know distinctions, or the indifference that cares very little either for God or man, but that is willing to think everything that is pleasant to be right, and everything to be relatively true, or all things to be about equally far from the truth, that the contemplation of a man who, with love and kindness and candor and liberality to all, took a decided stand on every important question, and knew very well whereof he affirmed,

is a short, instructive contemplation, and affords a lesson which William Rathbone, although descending in full and almost blinding honors to the grave, should be allowed to leave behind him to the generations that follow him.

You may well suppose that if he studied thus carefully, thought thus earnestly, advocated thus boldly, and supported thus generously the great efforts and causes by which he believed the social and political good of man could be best promoted, he was very far from being less thoughtful, less true, less earnest, and less liberal in his pursuit and sustenance of religious truth.

This is a subject which, from an obvious propriety, has not been hitherto, in our mourning for him, publicly referred to. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that therefore it should not now be referred to. In this reference I think he affords us as fine an example and lesson as in any of the others. I think him as right, and I feel sure that we shall sooner or later (perhaps he beholds the coming harvest from his dwelling-place in heaven) see this cause crowned with the same success as each of the others to which he devoted himself. Brought up in the Society of Friends, of which his father was an honored member, he was, as a matter of course, read out of it when he married out of it. He still, however, would not part from his old friends who thought it their duty thus to part from him, and continued to attend the Friends' meetings, and in the closing years of his life I could always see a lingering attachment to his early religious friends. But his mind had no doubt been led to inquire into the ground of the opinions professed by the society, and to take a discriminating view of them. The result was that, while he heartily approved, and to the last hour of his life practised many of their principles and customs, in theology he adopted the views generally held by Unitarians, and became a regular attendant at Renshaw Street Chapel, under the ministry, I believe, of the Rev. William Hincks. A man more firmly and deliberately convinced of the happiness, truth, and certain eventual victory of those principles, as main principles, I never knew. He watched rejoicingly all the

approaches in the public mind towards the adoption of those views, and hailed with a keen satisfaction the advances made in recent years by the great scholars and divines of the Church of England. He was himself a thorough Dissenter, and I think did not look with much hope or confidence to any establishmentarian form of religious administration. But his heart was as wide as the world. A decided Unitarian himself, and having always in his house the leading denominational writings, reading with interest the weekly and quarterly vehicles of intelligence and organs of opinion amongst us, in addition to publications of a more general kind, he yet refused to limit a single thought or a single charity of his nature to the boundaries of any sect. A sectarian he was not in the slightest degree. He was rather a cosmopolitan. He honored and loved good and able men of every religion. In heart and mind and soul and sympathy and purse, he was a thorough catholic, and never felt himself as belonging to any narrower sect than the sect of good men. His worship with Unitarians was just like the rest of himself,—simple and true. He worshipped with them because he felt that theirs was a worship in which he could most sincerely and profitably join, and that this body, for the most part, were the correctest interpreters of the theology of the New Testament; and therefore, as in all other matters, he acted in this with his straightforward simplicity and singleness of heart, neither looking to the right hand towards the luring of a more popular form, nor to the left at the misunderstanding and obloquy by which his own was sometimes visited.

Finally, there is the lesson that we may derive from his great generosity and charity,—a lesson which I must say this community has known how to point out and to apply with sufficient heartiness and appreciation. But here again we must refer to earlier times. So great were these qualities in Mr. Rathbone, that a certain mythical element has mingled with men's accounts of them, and things are said of him that are sometimes more true to the ideal conception of the man than to the literal fact. Thus it has been stated that at twenty-two years of age he began to lay

aside £2,000 a year for the purpose of giving away. Now, this is unlike him, and is not true. First, because he had not—and I wish young men who may think that it was not so difficult in a person who began with such large resources to do a vast deal of good in this way during a long life, to note the fact—at that time £2,000 a year so to dispose of, and I state this by the authority, and I am sure with the wish of the family, who would dislike any false coloring as much as Mr. Rathbone himself would have done; and, secondly, because a fixed, artificial, prearranged plan of this kind was, in the words of a member of the family (Mr. Thom), “altogether out of character; for though charity was a fixed principle with him, its acts and manifestations were never so. They arose out of the occasions, and they rose up to the occasions, as far as his means would permit,—further than to a man of less faith and love they would seem to admit. Few ever gave more in stated subscriptions to benevolent institutions, and, so far, charity with him was a deliberate habit; but it was an ever-living spring, and its greatest deeds were all impromptu.” I may add to this that they were characterized by a wonderful delicacy. A man of high pride himself and great sensitiveness, he knew how to regard the self-respect of others; and in this, as in all other points of his intercourse with his fellow-men, and in the latter years of his life especially, when surrounded, instead of the earlier conflicts, with a halo of respect and popularity, he was particularly careful not to wound the susceptibilities and self-love of others,—sometimes perhaps almost apprehensively so. Notwithstanding, however, the secrecy and delicacy of his private beneficence, a wide reputation gathered round him, founded on this very fact,—a reputation which extended from private to public life, the echo of which I have heard in the retirement of Wales, and which came back from the other side of the Atlantic, when the contributions from Americans to Irish distress were confided by their generous donors to the care and the distribution of Mr. Rathbone. Of all these instances,—literally too numerous to mention, even if there could be a complete enumeration,—I am tempted, however,

to utter an impossible wish, — the wish that they could be known without, except in the personal intercourse of life, being publicly spoken of, and thus that the veil of delicacy which he himself threw over them might be left, as he would have wished, upon him.

One thing more I must say, to render the portraiture of his side of the character less incomplete. It was not only in taking out his purse and saying, "Whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee," that he resembled the good Samaritan, but in that he himself poured oil into his neighbor's wounds, put him on his own beast and took care of him, thus bringing him even to his own household, where many a one has known the soothing hand and the watching eye in sickness, — from the young to the old, — and where a forlorn, but heroic sufferer, Blanco White, was nursed through an illness, the distressing accompaniments of which would have appalled and staggered all ordinary friendship.

So noble was the nature of this man, that if he made a mistake by which others suffered, he regarded it as a crime, and sought by every means in his power to atone for it accordingly — proving, my brethren, that it is not for the entire absence of mistakes in life, or even defects in character, that men are loved, but for the presence of great excellences and the wondrous grace of atonement. And so, when he himself came to lie on that bed of sickness, from which he was to rise, the Master calling him, to heaven, all that tenderness, love, and unwearied care could do was done for him; and if all the hoped-for success did not attend the means employed for his recovery, none can do better than their best, or act more wisely than their wisest; and he was mercifully saved from prolonged suffering.

Full of years and honors, and surrounded by a united family, he breathed his last on earth, the whispered words issuing from his lips, "Peace I leave unto you," "Let me go."

WHATEVER God tells us to do, he also helps us to do. Our Saviour, who knows whereof we are made, sends us on no vain errands, sets us upon no unprofitable tasks.

TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

[MISSION WORK FOR CHILDREN.]

THERE are few, if any, teachers who will deny that more might be accomplished by us individually, and as a united body, were we more in earnest, more awake to our opportunities for imparting the blessings we have received, more deeply conscious of our responsibilities to Christ in interesting those in early life in his cause, and in leading them while yet young to do what lies in *their* power in cultivating the wide harvest-field lying all around, waiting for more and true laborers. For *us*, these responsibilities are to be measured only by the individual blessings and advantages we have received, limited by no *one* place or sphere of action. But referring now, more directly, to our duties as avowed teachers of Christ's truth, we would ask, are we accomplishing what we might and ought, in simply *teaching* his precepts of love and charity, unless we also point out to our pupils the way in which they are to put these precepts into practice, and *open* to them the path of effort? It is true that home is the first and chief sphere for old and young, in which to learn the duties, and adorn themselves with the graces of a self-sacrificing, Christian spirit; and without the *Home* missionary spirit of forbearance, charity, love, and self-denial, of little advantage would it be to seek the wider sphere of duty.

Children, with few exceptions, take pleasure in doing for others. Any little secret plan to surprise and please some member of the family, any service rendered to another, is always an occasion of happiness, and lights the countenance with an unwonted glow of pleasure. Suffering and want they usually desire to relieve; some, prompted by a native spirit of self-sacrifice, others, by a sense of duty, and the desire to overcome selfish inclinations. Now these feelings, if allowed to expand freely in early life, and to find their appropriate *expression*, will grow and strengthen with increasing years; but if left uncultivated, no sphere of action opened to them, the generous impulse crushed by ridicule, or the heart-

less words of a mere cold expediency,—what wonder that instead of an open, generous, loving spirit, characterizing the child's after years,—a narrow, selfish, calculating policy should too often mark each deed, and mingle with every higher motive?

The mind of the child looks beyond the mere confines of his own home. The more loving and true he may there be, the more will there be the secret longing and aspiration to do something for others,—a longing often unuttered from diffidence or reserve. Many a child and youth has anticipated, with an almost impatient longing, the time when he might act independently, and for himself, in order to gratify this very desire to do for others. He may be taught, indeed, that God requires first of all, obedience to parents, kindness and love to brothers, sisters, and playmates, the faithful performance of home duties; but he is still conscious of a want that is unsatisfied,—a want that is not merely an ambitious longing for a wider sphere, but which God has placed in the soul even of the child, that in his own true and appropriate sphere, he may be a helper to others, and in his *early* years, a disciple of Him who “went about doing good.”

Upon parents, indeed, devolves the first duty of guiding, training, and disciplining the impulses of the child's heart; but is there not also a responsibility resting upon us as teachers, and a means of usefulness here opened to us, which we have too much neglected? May not *children* be led to feel an interest in the cause of missions, both in their own homes and elsewhere, which they will never lose in after years? May they not be led to *do* something for such, which will secure a permanent interest in the same? for any cause in which we *personally* labor becomes more dear and interesting to us.

Should they not be directly informed, from time to time, of what is doing by our city missionaries and others,—and also be interested in the labors of faithful men and Christian women in distant lands? Should we have to witness, as now, the feeble interest taken by so many in plans for spreading the gospel among the ignorant and degraded, were *chil*,

dren impressed with the duty of doing whatever lies in *their* power for such? Would the broad, white harvest-fields be so long waiting for earnest and faithful reapers?

But some may say children have no means at their own disposal; if they want to give to any charitable object, they must ask their parents for money, and so it is not *their* giving. This is the case with some; but we believe that in most of our schools the majority of the children do have, in the course of the year, some means in their own hands, however small; and many, if they really desired, could *do* something for which they could receive some compensation from their parents or others, thus enabling them to feel that they were really exerting themselves, or exercising some self-denial, for the sake of others. If a parent can give a child but one dollar a year, he should have that one, and feel that he *alone* is accountable for its use. We would not be misunderstood. We know that the bestowment of money *alone* is one of the lowest forms of charity, though an *essential* form, — essential to carrying forward many of the wider plans for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom, but which should never take precedence of personal influence and effort. Yet if the *child* be unaccustomed to the habit of reserving something out of his own little stores for others, he will rarely be found, in mature years, the open-handed, generous, free supporter of every good and Christian cause.

What, then, are we to do, as Christian teachers of the young? Apart from our teaching in our respective classes, and any personal efforts or plans to interest our pupils in the great life-work of doing good, may not, and could not something be done by us as a united body? Why should we not have, from time to time, contributions among the *children* for some useful purpose, when all would have the opportunity of doing the little in their power; or have a box so placed that, from Sabbath to Sabbath, the single cent might be contributed, unknown to others, thus *opening the way* for the child to give his mite to some good end? Then we would have an occasional address to the children, informing them of what our missionaries and teachers are doing in distant

places, thus interesting them in early years in the great cause of missions, and of the education of the hitherto unprivileged. It is true, we can do but little; can only sow here and there a seed that will bear fruit, but have we hitherto had any definite aim in view, in seeking to quicken this missionary spirit among *children*, — those in opening life? May there not, even now, be those in our schools who need only to have their zeal rightly directed, their efforts rightly guided, to lead them to consecrate themselves *actively* to their Master's work?

We have said we can seemingly do but little. — Yet to us, as to the first apostles, is the command given, "Go ye into *all* the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." We may not, indeed, leave home and friends to obey this command. Our first duties, perchance, *may* lie immediately around us; but we *can* obey it, by sending forth others to labor in the fields all white for the harvest. We can obey it, by distributing the printed page, which has quickened our own spiritual life; we can obey it, by the earnest prayer for those laboring amid difficulties and discouragements.

Really to feel and manifest an interest in the great cause of spreading abroad the Truth as it is in Jesus, this is the spirit and life we need to cultivate; and if thus cultivated, the young will feel its power and partake of its quickening influence.

" So others shall
Take patience, labor to their heart and hands,
From thy hands and thy heart and thy brave cheer;
And God's grace fructify through thee to all;
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dewdrop, with another near."

H. M.

" UNTIL we begin to learn that the only way to serve God in any real sense of the word is to serve our neighbor, we may have knocked at the wicket gate, but I doubt if we have got one foot across the threshold of the kingdom."

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

He who in mercy makes the sun to shine
 In mercy bids the storm-cloud do his will ;
 And ripens into fruit the life divine
 By turns of wisely-mingled good and ill.

In love, not wrath, our righteous Father-God,
 Smiting his wondering child to bless him, sends
 The dark-robed Angel of the chastening rod,
 The veiled co-worker in his gracious ends.

Smiles the Lord's messenger beneath his mask,
 Rich treasure hiding under pain and loss.
 The meaning of his mission dost thou ask?
 God's answer read on the transfigured cross.

Wreathed with Heaven's half-hid roses in the bud,
 Behold the crown of thorns, the accursed tree!
 Full many a blessing, dimly understood,
 O stern Adversity, is born of thee !

Come in what shape thou wilt, thou canst not come
 To the true soul unsanctified, unblest :
 Upward still pointing to the Father's home,
 The Father's face, his service and his rest.

Thou makest us know, what else but half we know,
 Our dear friends' love, their sympathy and truth ;
 And so new tendrils, soft and strong, do grow
 To the fond ties that bound us in our youth.

Nearer to Jesus thou dost draw the soul,
 And thou revealest to its opened eye
 Life's great realities and heavenly goal
 Shining through all its checkered mystery.

So out of every Marah healing springs,
 All pure and sweet, come gushing up at length ;
 And He who made and loves us wisely brings
 From bitter woe and weakness joy and strength.

Pours he his bounties from a brimming urn ?
 Stints he their current ? Praise him, trust him still, }
 And each new trial to a triumph turn
 In patient doing of his holy will.

Learn of the Crucified *thy* cross to bear ;
 Unto the end, as he endured, endure ;
 And with the sword of Faith and shield of Prayer,
 In the life-war with evil, stand secure.

CAMBRIDGE.

W. H.

 I AM THE WAY.

THE way ! ah, who could tell as well as thou
 The way to God, — the way no man hath found, —
 The way of wisdom spoken of of old,
 Where joy and peace and happiness abound ?

Thou, in thy life, didst show that way to men ;
 Thou wast the way, — the way and thou were one :
 And though forsaken even by thine own,
 Thou still didst tread, uncheered, the path alone.

The narrow way of suffering, pain, and death
 Thou didst pursue, enduring mortal ill,
 That thou mightst teach mankind the way of life,
 Obedient to thy heavenly Father's will.

Then to the Father thou didst upward soar,
 To strengthen sorrowing souls with gift divine ;
 The Spirit thou didst send to guide and help,
 And make thy feeble followers wholly thine.

Ah, why should men that perfect way neglect,
 Or, having found, still from it go astray ?
 Is there another path than this more plain,
 Is there another guide than Christ, the Way ?

To whom, O Saviour, may his followers say ?
 To whom, but thee, for guidance shall we go ?
 Thou art the Christ, the anointed Son of God,
 And dost to all the heavenly Father show.

MARTHA ELMER'S CONVERSION.

BY C. A. M.

MRS. ELMER was a professor; that is, she had gone through a certain experience of depression and thoughtfulness, had emerged therefrom in a sort of ecstatic state, — probably as much the result of physical and mental reaction as of any spiritual change, — had talked with her pastor, and after a suitable time, had joined the church.

But for all this Mrs. Elmer was not a happy woman. Her husband's means were limited, and they lived in what is called a small way; hired no servants, indulged in no expensive luxuries, — in short, they were saving, frugal people, though by no means stingy in their ways, or small in their ideas. On the contrary, Mrs. Elmer possessed, naturally, ambitious desires and expensive tastes. It galled her to pinch and save where she would fain have spent generously. She liked handsome things, craved beautiful surroundings and lovely adornings. She wanted a piano in her parlor in place of her small melodeon, costly and well-framed pictures where now hung the few cheap prints which adorned — or disfigured, she scarcely knew which — her parlor walls. She wanted a tapestry carpet instead of her plain Kidderminster. Rosewood furniture was her passion. She would even have fancied liveried servants, instead of which she had none at all.

Mrs. Elmer was not a happy woman because she was not a contented woman. Her heart was at odds with her lot. That beautiful utterance of St. Paul, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," was not part of her experience. It had not been before she thought that she became a Christian; it was not so now. The fact that it ought to be so had never entered her imagination. Indeed, she rather prided herself upon her exactly *opposite* state of mind. Looking upon her plain surroundings, it rather pleased her to say to herself, "Well, at least I was *formed* for a different sphere; I should adorn a higher

station ; I am fitted for, I deserve, a better fate." Of course, after such reflections, the little plain parlor, the dingy kitchen, and the unfurnished hall looked plainer, dingier, and more bare than ever. But that was not the worst of it. If Charlie came in just then with a torn frock, or Mr. Elmer with dirty boots, she was exactly in the state to "fly out" and say things not very motherly or wisely in their character.

"Though, to be sure, it's not much matter," she added one day, when she felt more than usually out of sorts. "Look the best we can, it's a shabby concern, — the house and everything in it. For my part, I'm tired of my life! Everything is getting worn out, and what there is whole might as well go with the rest. Mr. Elmer, when are you going to new-paper this room? You can't put a pin's point between the fly-specks; and besides, it is getting so dingy with the smoke and dust that you can scarcely make out the original pattern. Oh, dear!"

Mr. Elmer, who was, fortunately, a sunny-tempered man, smiled good-naturedly. "Wife," he replied, "you are well named Martha, — 'careful and troubled about many things,' — but cheer up! Next week I'll —"

"Why, that's in my Sunday-school lesson for to-morrow!" broke in little Charlie, "and the rest of it is, 'But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.'"

Mrs. Elmer looked flushed and uneasy. "Well done, my little man!" said her husband, half glancing at his wife, — for both had been struck with the passage as Charlie quoted it, and perhaps both had the same thought about it, — "well done! You have learned your lesson pretty thoroughly. That's a good verse, and you must never forget it. Here, take my boots to the closet, and bring me my slippers."

Supper passed almost in silence on the part of Mrs. Elmer. The bread was sweet and light, the apple-sauce excellent, and the buns done to a turn, but she did not enjoy the meal. As soon as it was over, and she had washed the dishes and tidied the room and put Charlie to bed, — her husband having gone to the store for their next week's supply of groceries,

— she took her unfinished mending, and sat down to darn and to think. Pretty soon she arose, went to the shelf, and took from it Charlie's little well-thumbed Testament. It opened of itself to the place where his Sunday lesson was. She read the whole passage carefully and slowly.

“‘Cumbered about much serving,’” she repeated to herself; “‘careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.’”

She shut the book, replaced it on the shelf, and sat down again to her work; but her eyes were blinded with tears, which she had to brush away again and again, in order to see, for the stockings must be darned for to-morrow's wear.

An hour passed, but that hour was freighted with a solemn and life-long blessing to Martha Elmer. For there had come to her a revelation such as, in all her craving dreams of the beautiful possibilities of life, she had never had before. She saw that existence thus far had been to her a miserable failure; that, cumbered about much serving, careful and troubled about many things, she had allowed “that good part”—even the joy and the recompense of a cheerful, abiding, teachable love and trust at the feet of Jesus, the Master—to slip by her, unrecognized and ungrasped. She realized, too, how ungrateful her course had been; how her fretful, repining mood had been a constant rebellion against God's appointments, a ceaseless protest against his disposal of her lot; how, in craving the impossible in life,—its outside glitter and show,—she had missed the possible and real joy and glory of it. The tears came fast and thick,—tears not wholly bitter nor sad, for the sweet dew of a godly repentance mingled with the gush,—and laying aside her now finished work, she kneeled and prayed as she had never done before, committing herself, body and soul, for time and for eternity, into God's keeping, asking for grace to live every day as in his sight, asking for contentment and cheerful trust, for a heart to accept her lot in life as the best that could be devised for her, for a self-denying, helpful, hopeful spirit, that so she might be a better wife and mother to the dear ones

whom she called husband and child ; that, in a word, the old with her might pass away, and the new kingdom of Christ, the reign of love and joy and peace in the Holy Ghost be inaugurated within her willing and repentant soul.

This was Martha Elmer's true conversion. The first had the form without the power thereof. Now, indeed, she had entered upon the Christian life, — a life which, like the path of the just, was to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Now existence had a new meaning, an adequate aim. The little cottage was no longer dark and cheerless and poor in her eyes. Her own happy, contented spirit brightened and enriched it. Her hands, too, no longer clogged by the dispiriting influence of a fretful, repining temper, grew deft and cunning in their work, and, one by one, little household adornings found their place inside its walls. A look of thrift, almost of elegance, grew about and within it, until "Martha Elmer's cottage" became the synonyme for order, contentment, and comfort throughout the village. More than this, Martha herself became a sort of "Mother in Israel" among the simple people with whom she lived. Her pure, sweet face, — for she was a comely woman, — as it bent above the sick and dying, had a benediction for them in its very look of restful and holy love, and her hands a soothing ministry born of sympathy akin to His who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. *For she had learned of Christ*, and her own burdens thus lightened, she could well afford to help bear those of others.

Martha Elmer's conversion was a thorough one. She still loved beautiful things (for grace was never meant to supplant and eradicate Nature, only to ennoble and purify it), but not with the old, covetous, craving desire for possession. Tasteful and rich adornings were as lovely in her eyes as ever, but she had seen that these things were not for her, and the thought brought now no pang with it. So long as she felt that this was the will of God concerning her, so long, too, as all Nature was hers to enjoy, — the blossoming flowers, the singing streams, the blue skies above her head, and God's own peace over all, — she felt that she was not left out in

His regard who had fashioned her senses to delight in all beautiful harmonies, all lovely sights and sounds. So she tended her simple country flowers, and fed her tame canary, and listened to the brook that sang past her door with a strange and sweet content that made her homely pleasures more to be desired than a king's delights. For she had found that secret of the Lord which is with them that fear Him,—even the peace of a loyal and contented heart. So finding, she was rich; and having nothing, she yet possessed all things.

LEARN OF NATURE TO WORK CALMLY.

"THE stars move on along their giant path
Mysteriously up, across, and down;
And on their silver disks, meantime, God works
His holy wonders so mysteriously!
For lo! in blossom-laden twigs, the while,
The bird sleeps undisturbed; him wakeneth not
That mighty sweep of vast activity;
No sound brings tidings of it down to earth;
No echo hear'st thou in the silent groves!
That murmur is the brook's own rushing sound,
That sough is but the whisper of the leaves.
And thou, O man, desirest idle fame?
Thou dost whate'er thou dost so noisily,
And childishly wouldst write it on the stars;
But let that gentle spirit enter thee,
Which from the sun's noiselessly mighty work,
From earth and spring, from morn and starry night,
Speaks to thy soul,—then, thou, too, art at rest,
Doing thy good things and creating fair,
And going so still along thy earthly way,
As if thy soul were woven of moonlight,
Or thou wert one with that calm spirit above."

THE LAYMAN'S BRIEVIARY.

CARELESS TALK.

UNDER this head come many speeches which do serious harm, of which he or she that utters them is quite unconscious. We hear occasionally that children are educated by what goes on around them, and by the talk indulged among their elders, while they are listening unnoticed, quite as much as by their school-lessons. I should say that some of the strongest impressions, and those which practically affect the life, are apt to come in this way.

One of the most fatal mistakes woman can make is made daily in society, in the very midst of us. I would not dare to say that half the marriages a clergyman performs are unsuitable ones. I will say nothing of the proportion of true and false marriages. But I will venture to say that a large proportion of the unsuitable marriages which are publicly or secretly doing harm have grown out of false impressions made on a child's mind by careless speeches. I call them "careless" in charity.

I doubt if many girls reach ten years of age without hearing such speeches as these: "Oh, I am afraid such a one will be an old maid," or, "If you do so, you will certainly be an old maid." A sensible, excellent, genial, single lady of forty is heard to lament over the prevalence of the infatuating German dance. She would say the same thing if she were a married woman; but the only comment thought necessary now is, "Ah, of course, that is because she is an old maid." If a little girl is unusually particular about order in her desk or drawers, somebody will say, rather contemptuously, "How old-maidish you are!"

Both sexes bear their part in this mischief; but those who have least right are most ready with their flippant speeches. I say least right, because courtesy to her sex is what every woman should expect from every true-hearted Christian gentleman; and no man has a right to sneer at her, unless her character puts her below his respect.

Yet a father, with little daughters at his table, will be quite sure that a piece of gossip came from such a lady because

"she is an old maid," when perhaps his own wife and half a dozen of her married friends have been circulating that very story, of which the slandered single lady is quite ignorant.

So, too, a single lady urges a young girl to join some active benevolent society, and the father thinks it enough to say, "Time enough for that when you are an old maid, and have nothing to do but run about and attend meetings." And some bystander will say significantly, "Oh, she'll never be an old maid, don't be afraid." Can it be below the dignity of a religious periodical to allude to such social errors as these? Look at the consequences. Deep sinks the impression into the little girl's mind that it is a dreadful thing to be an old maid. Before she is old enough to know how she came by such an impression, or to reason on the subject, the idea is fixed. Other things come to help it; the fictions she reads, — for even Sunday-school books do often create the taste for novel-reading, — the talk of older schoolmates, — all deepen the sad conviction that to be happy, or even respectable, she must be married to *somebody*. Who that somebody may be is of small consequence, provided he take her out of that dreadful gulf of single life. She may have an ideal — a wise or foolish one — floating in her undisciplined mind; these secondary influences may color it, but with them, we have nothing to do at present. The first, early, and indelible impression works, an dwill work, affecting the most important acts of her life. In seeking to escape from celibacy, she may be led to act boldly; or at least foolishly, subjecting herself to deserved ridicule. And in making her escape, she may exchange imaginary evils for real ones.

Many a young woman of fine mind and culture marries a man every way her inferior, rather than risk a life-long celibacy. She cannot but know and feel his deficiencies; she may be ashamed of them, or she may find in him other qualities to respect; but her own culture will no longer be stimulated, and her mind will deteriorate. Harder yet will be the case if she be a devout woman, — for devout she may be, and yet not have strength of mind enough to judge her duty rightly in this case, — hard, indeed, if her husband be incapable of

sympathizing with her religiously. It *may* be that she can help him ; it may be that he shall hinder her ; it may prove that the true joy of marriage shall be defeated ; the two shall never be one.

And alas ! how many ministers have pronounced the solemn words which weld two lives into one, with a secret heartache, knowing that the habits of him who is taking such awful responsibility upon himself can promise nothing but misery to the wife ! And yet no words of expostulation can prevent the sacrifice. It may be that in her simplicity she has learned to love this sinner ; it may be that her family approve, if a splendid establishment await her ; but in many cases, I do believe that she marries from fear rather than from love, — from fear of celibacy rather than from love of the man.

This is not a subject for levity. It is a matter on which the duty of parents is most solemn. They cannot silence idle tongues, or prevent their little daughters from hearing foolish speeches ; but they can carefully guard their own tongues, and can watch for the first symptoms of false ideas on this most important subject. The seed must be caught away before it germinate.

Somehow, mothers are not always the first to know when the young imagination has received impressions on this or kindred matters. But from a gentle, loving mother, who has been thoroughly true to the duty of winning a child's confidence, such secrets will not be kept, and the antidote may be administered as easily as the bane, if the heart has been duly prepared to receive it.

If the little girl has been taught to know and feel joyfully that God orders all things, it will not be hard for her to understand that he will arrange her life just as is best for her. I have seen those who could prepare themselves deliberately for either lot, and look forward without the least anxiety, quite sure that there was nothing for them to do or feel about the matter, for God would send marriage or celibacy, as he saw would be good for their souls, and would give them, in either mode of life, work enough, hope enough, and joy enough.

L. J. H.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

WE have more than once alluded to the "Catholic World," a monthly periodical, published in New York, in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, and singularly distinguished for its sprightliness, vigor, scholarship, good taste, and good temper. Of its literary criticisms the editor of the "Nation" says that "they give greater evidence of honest preparation on the part of the writers than is shown in the reviews published by any other monthly magazine except the 'Atlantic.'" Its leading articles discuss the great questions of the age with a boldness and ability that are refreshing when compared with the timid and whining tone of much Protestant literature.

The advertisement of books published by the New York "Catholic Publication House" gives a hint of the vast extent to which its friends are using the press as an instrument of propagandism. They seem to be fully aware that a new era is opening before the world, and that the millions of their co-religionists, now all over this country taught to read, can be most effectually reached and moved by books.

We certainly rejoice in all the evidence of zeal and wisdom with which our Roman Catholic friends are springing to the use of this great opportunity. If the progress made in the last few years should continue for some time to come, they will rival the foremost Protestant sect in the number, freshness, and ability of their publications. We have noticed, also, a rare skill in adapting presentations of Catholic doctrine to the feelings of this age, and the temper of our people. If the Pope and cardinals at Rome had a wisdom and tact of this kind, it would be difficult to say what they might not do in this epoch of the world.

It is sometimes said that Popery is effete. We are far from thinking so. If Pius the Ninth should have for successor a man who should comprehend his times as thoroughly as have some of the great pontiffs of the Church, — a man who would put himself, at the head of the best thoughts of this age, its science, enterprise, progress, and generous inspirations, he would win an easy victory over the narrow, factious, and bigoted spirit of much of our Protestantism.

We have been led to these reflections by reading an article called "Canada Thistles," in the last "Catholic World." The

writer represents himself as passing a short time with a rural friend, who remarked that the reappearing of old objections to Catholicity was like the persistent life of the thistle, which hardly ever can be effectually grubbed up. He enumerates some of these objections, and comes at last to the editor of the "New York Observer," whose careless statements we have ourselves marked with surprise. He says, —

"The frenzy which instigated the burning of the Charlestown convent, the bloodshed and incendiarism of the Native American movement in Philadelphia, and the Know-Nothing riots in different parts of the country, had been gathered up and nursed long beforehand by preachers like 'The Observer.' They did not know what they were doing, I suppose, but others foresaw and predicted the consequences. Rant is always the forerunner of riot. The periodical excitement on the subject of Popery which breaks out in the United States, like the cholera or yellow fever, has always been followed by lamentable disturbances. The man who makes his living by thundering at the corruptions of the Church of Rome is an incendiary in fact, though he may not be in intention. Of course, it is a pity that men should be prone to anger. It is a pity that we are not always meek and long-suffering and forgiving; that we do not bear reproaches with patience and repay calumnies with good deeds. Our Lord tells us to love our enemies, but only a few of us are good enough to obey him. If all Catholics were perfect Christians, 'The Observer' might shout hard names at us until it was black in the face, and there would be no danger; but there is a good deal of human nature in us, after all, and it is better not to go near gunpowder with a lighted candle. I do not mean to say, of course, that there is danger of our deliberately resenting such attacks. We are far too sensible for that. No amount of abuse would, of itself, provoke us to break the peace. But such calumnious harangues tend first to draw a broad line of distinction between Catholics and Protestants, and keep them apart, which, alone, is a social evil; then they inevitably fill the two parties with mutual dislike, and, in time, drive them to antipathy; the bad feeling gets worse and worse; and some day accident brings about a clash, and there is a terrible explosion, nobody knows exactly how, and nobody knows who is most to blame. All we can determine about it is, to use Froude's words, that it could not

have happened 'had not theological frenzy already been heated to the boiling-point.' I think it is high time that all decent citizens, all honest theological disputants, should set their faces against the Gospel of Frenzy. I am willing to meet any man in a fair controversy, but there is nothing but danger and aggravation in bandying hard names. The only legitimate object of controversy is to make converts, and you can't do that without good temper and honest argument. The apparent purpose of such tirades as those of 'The Observer' is merely to show the preacher's own party how much better they are than the rest of the world. Nobody but a fool could expect them to do any good to the Catholics; you can't make friends with a man by abusing his mother. It ought to be clearly understood that calm theological discussion over points of discipline or dogma is always in order; but atrocious charges, unsupported by a tittle of evidence, deserve no name but that of sheer calumny, and all good men ought to detest them. If Protestant preachers only carried into the pulpit and the editorial chair the same rules of morality which, I am happy to believe, they generally practise in private life, they would observe this cardinal principle, not to publish infamous accusations against their neighbors unless they have personal knowledge of their truth."

—It is related of the great actor, Garrick, that when a preacher once asked him how a sermon ought to be delivered, he replied, that it ought to be with the same pathos of diction and countenance with which you would warn a friend in imminent danger of his life. The "Chicago Pulpit" comments on this anecdote in the following sensible manner:—

"This tallies with that other, although possibly more apocryphal, anecdote, wherein it is related that some preacher or other asked some actor or other why he, the actor, produced more effect upon an audience than he, the preacher. Whereupon the actor replied with that antithetical brilliancy which is only to be found in conversations made to order, 'Because you speak truth as if it were fiction, and I utter fiction as if it were truth.' And here we recall that other equally apocryphal and equally well-worded anecdote of the elder Booth, to the effect that he recited the Lord's Prayer with such 'energetic pathos of diction and countenance' as to draw tears from the eyes of those upon whose ears fell the hallowed words from the debauchee's lips.

"Now, there is a great deal of downright humbug in all this, as every preacher of any experience very well knows. That preachers, like all the rest of human saints, are hindered by human derelictions is a statement we do not, indeed, dare not, call in question; but that any person of penetration is to be duped by such cant as that which is herein above quoted from David Garrick is no less improbable. In order to advocate the importance of elocutionary culture in the clergy, it is not necessary to load them with obligations which they cannot meet.

"To say the truth, we are quite out of patience with this most egregious of all absurdities, the contrasting of the behavior of the preacher in the pulpit with the behavior of the man who 'speaks concerning a friend who is in imminent danger of his life.' Imagine a preacher deporting himself at the sacred desk as he would upon the bank of a lake wherein a fellow-being is going down for the last time! Let any of those who may be influenced by the ridiculous sophistry to which we allude picture to their mind's eye a preacher going through, before his congregation on a calm Sunday morning in May, 'with that energetic pathos of diction and countenance' which would become him if he were in the act of saving a child from a burning building, or rescuing a friend from the clutches of a mob!

"In the first place, there never was a preacher on the face of the earth who could have conformed to the standard indicated in the quotation in question. It would have been and is a physical impossibility. And yet some of the most saintly men, as well as the most effective public speakers the world has ever heard, have in all ages and in all languages been found in the pulpit. The most impassioned pulpit-orator that ever lived was unequal to the task of being equally impassioned upon all occasions and under all circumstances. And there never was a preacher of this school but who did feel and behave very differently when suddenly in the presence of a fellow-being 'in imminent danger of his life,' from what he did when standing in the presence of a congregation, notwithstanding the fact that in the latter circumstance the life eternal was in jeopardy. If any Garrick or Forrest or Booth thinks he can act this *role* which he is so fond of enjoining upon preachers, we can only the more devoutly pray that he might experience that change of life which is essential to his entering on the experiment. And as to those who are possessed of this pre-requisite, and who yet bemoan the dramatic

deficiencies of their preachers, let them not delay in making the experiment. They are all preachers in the most vital and practical sense; they obey the command that is on them, and the commission that is given them; they preach the gospel to every creature within their reach. How is it in their experience? Do they preach according to the standard set before them by the tragedians whom they so frequently resort to for instruction and example in the divine art of saving men? Do they find any difference between the speed with which they run home when their house is on fire and that with which they 'run and speak to that young man' about his soul? Do they experience the same 'energetic pathos of diction and countenance' when they halloo a fellow-being away from under a tumbling edifice as when they warn him to flee from the wrath to come? Does the dramatic action come at a beck, or the comprehensive insight rise at a bidding? Is the fire of zeal unintermittent? Is the faintness of the flesh never too much for the willingness of the spirit?

"And let those of the laity who imagine they could keep themselves perpetually in this dramatic frenzy put themselves in a position to do so for forty-five out of the fifty-two Sundays of the year, two sermons per Sunday.

"Let us say, then, by way of climax to these reflections, that in all our gettings let us get common sense. Let us learn that human nature, like every other nature, is regulated by laws as immutable as the throne from which they emanate. Learning this, we shall learn that neither to the stage, where the actor 'assumes a virtue, if he has it not,' nor to the places of human peril, where instinct impels to a fellow-being's preservation, are we to look for that 'diction and countenance' which become the ambassadors of Him who spake as never man spake, and whose manner of speech is the only example for those who speak in his invincible, hallowed name."

— Rev. Dr. Bushnell has no fears that science is to inflict any harm on religion. In "Putnam's Magazine," the eminent Hartford divine writes as follows:—

"We are to say, Go on, gentlemen, for there is a much larger field to be possessed. As yet you have but scratched the world's surfaces in what you call your sciences. Go deep; for the deeper you go, and the more unsparing your search, the bet-

ter it will be for us. Wrench every subtlest and most secret thing from nature's bosom, and let us have it. We shall appropriate every true thing you bring us, and thank God for it. Only bring us no conceit, as if nature were the all, and science the all-expounder. What you call nature is but a very small affair, compared with God's high spirit empire, and the vast immortal quantities and powers and passions and truths, that build the eternal system it composes. Do not imagine that you are in a commission large enough to include and give you jurisdiction of things supernatural, when your only jurisdiction is of the shell. Be not in haste to put your sentence on the faiths of religion."

— The following is from the "Bible Magazine : " —

"In a Yorkshire village, I knew one Thomas Walsh. It was a favorite opinion of Walsh that the Bible was 'all made up.' He could never believe it was written where it professed to be, and by the men said to have written it.

"Walsh owned a considerable part of a factory, and one year he set his heart on making a very large and fine piece of cloth. He took great pains with the carding, spinning, dyeing, weaving, and finishing of it.

"In the process of manufacture, it was one day stretched out on the tenter-hooks to dry. It made a fine show, and he felt very proud of it. The next morning he arose early to work at it, when, to his amazement, it was gone! It had been stolen during the night.

"After weeks of anxiety and expense, a piece of cloth, answering the description, was stopped at Manchester, awaiting the owner and proof. Away to Manchester went Thomas, as fast as the express-train would carry him. There he found many rolls of cloth which had been stolen. They were very much alike. He selected one which he claimed as his. But how could he prove it? In doubt and perplexity, he called on his neighbor Stetson:

"'Friend Stetson, I have found a piece of cloth which, I am sure, is the one which was stolen from me. But how to prove it is the question. Can you tell me how?'

"'You don't want it unless it is really yours?'

"'Certainly not.'

“‘ And you want proof that is simple, plain, and such as will satisfy yourself and everybody?’

“‘ Precisely so.’

“‘ Well, take Bible-proof.’

“‘ Bible-proof! Pray, what is that?’

“‘ Take your cloth to the tenter-hooks on which it was stretched, and if it is yours, every hook will just come to the hole through which it passed before being taken down. There will be scores of such hooks, and if the hooks and holes just come together right, no other proof that the cloth is yours will be wanted.’

“‘ True. Why didn’t I think of this before?’

“ Away he hastened, and, sure enough, every hook came to its little hole, and the cloth was proved to be his, and the thief was convicted, all on the evidence of the tenter-hooks. Some days after this, Thomas again hailed his friend.

“‘ I say, Stetson, what did you mean by calling tenter-hooks proof, the other day, “ Bible-proof”? I am sure, if I had the good evidence for the Bible that I had for my cloth, I would never doubt it again.’

“‘ You have the same, only better, for the Bible.’

“‘ How so?’

“‘ Put it on the tenter-hooks. Take the Bible and travel with it; go to the place where it was made. There you find the Red Sea, the Jordan, the Lake of Galilee, Mounts Lebanon, Hermon, Carmel, Tabor, and Gerizim; there you find the cities of Damascus, Hebron, Tyre, Sidon, and Jerusalem. Every mountain, every river, every sheet of water mentioned in the Bible is there, just in the place where it is located. Sinai and the Desert and the Dead Sea are there, so that the best guide-book through the country is the Bible. It must have been written there on the spot, just as your cloth must have been made and stretched on your tenter-hooks. That land is the mould in which the Bible was cast, and when brought together, we see that they fit together. You might just as well doubt that your cloth was fitted to your hooks.’

“‘ Well, well, I confess I never thought of that. I’ll think it over again. If you are right, why, then I’m wrong, that’s all.’”

— The Philadelphia “ Baptist Quarterly,” for good paper, good print, exterior attractiveness, and calm, scholarly tone, seems to

us to be a model publication. The last number has a leading article on the "Educational Problem in this Country" chiefly in review of Dr. Hedge's Cambridge Address, and Dr. Jacob Bigelow's Remarks on Classical and Utilitarian Studies. The writer puts in a strong plea in behalf of the classical languages, believing that the present danger is that of slighting them, to which Dr. Hedge is led by his taste for German literature, and Dr. Bigelow by his love of science. He says that the experiment of dispensing with a thorough study of the languages has been tried in the *Real-schulen* of Germany, and he indicates the result in the following paragraph:—

"The educational experience of the last two centuries in Germany has proved the superior value of the Gymnasia with their old, rigid course of study in the ancient languages. For general culture, or as a special preparation for all the higher walks of literature, of philosophy, and of statesmanship, no one now thinks of comparing the course of study in the *Real-schulen* with that in the Gymnasia. The superior value of the latter in preparation for the editor's or for the professor's chair, for the pulpit or for the bar, is still more obvious. But it is not so generally known that the gymnasial course, with its *ten long years of Latin and its six of Greek*, is regarded by competent judges as a better preparation for the successful study of abstract science than the more purely scientific course of the *Real-schulen*. This will at first view appear surprising; but the fact has been proved beyond controversy by the fairest experiment. We were reading not long ago in a work, whose title we have now forgotten, from the pen of Baron Liebig, a statement to this effect, that, of the two classes of students who entered his laboratory, — those from the *Real-schulen* and those from the Gymnasia, — the former were at first more expert, but that they were soon far outstripped by the graduates of the Gymnasia, with their superior discipline of mind, with their habits of close logical analysis formed in the study of philology. This is important testimony from one whose impartiality and competency to judge cannot be questioned. Thoughtful men would do well, in the midst of the popular clamor around us, to weigh such testimony carefully. But not in the study of chemistry alone; in all the departments of scientific research, and in the higher regions of the mathematics, those who have been trained in the Gymnasia everywhere prove

their superiority. It is almost too obvious to remark that, for the thorough study of the modern languages with their literatures, the linguistic training of the Gymnasias is not only superior, but is well-nigh indispensable. We cannot conceive how any of the modern languages of Europe can be understood without a knowledge of Greek and Latin. The modern tongues, in their words, their entire structure, and in all departments of their literature, are so intimately interwoven with the ancient, that we might almost as well have a piece of cloth with the warp alone, and without the woof, as the modern languages without the ancient. All these results have been so fully developed in Germany by the experiment of a hundred years, that no one there, of any just pretensions to scholarship and candor, now questions them for a moment."

— Dr. Sturtevant, President of Illinois College, has lately subjected himself to some censure, which the New York "Independent" notices in these words:—

"A 'liberal church'—a church, we believe, without a creed—was a few days ago dedicated in Jacksonville; and although several evangelical clergymen of the town, who were invited to assist, declined to take part in the services, yet Dr. Sturtevant actually lent his presence and voice to the questionable occasion. For this act he has fallen under the severe criticism of some of his evangelical neighbors in the ministry. These fraternal but sorrowing upbraiders allege that there is all the more grievousness in the Doctor's offence because, in the first place, he has heretofore been one of the chiefest sticklers for that orthodoxy which he has thus seemingly compromised; in the second place, he has taught that a sound theology is a necessary part of true religion, and yet by his late exhibition has given apparent currency to the idea that there may still be religion without theology; in the third place, he has himself so positively criticised others for fraternizing with 'liberals' that his recent action seems to imply a kind of confession of illiberality in his own past course; and, in the fourth place, as he is the official head of an institution of learning, he has made himself amenable, like Socrates, to a charge of 'corrupting the youth.'

"Meanwhile, in advance of any final and official judgment upon Dr. Sturtevant's case, we respectfully ask, Why shall not a good

man like the Doctor (who, in spite of his faults, early or recent, is one of the best of men) be allowed to fraternize with 'liberals' as much as he sees fit? Must orthodoxy make a man a dog, and forever keep him chained to his own kennel? Shall there be no mitigation of the stringency of such criticism as the Doctor has just encountered, and which extends equally to all evangelical men who show public courtesies to Christians of opposite opinions? As for ourselves, we freely confess that, sound as we are in the faith, we like the Doctor all the better for his recent aberration. Like a fountain, our sympathy flows out toward Dr. Sturtevant, or any and every man who is under a suspicion of heresy. The best men in the world are sometimes so suspected. In fact (to speak it modestly), we have been suspected ourselves. But the Doctor knows, just as *we* know, that people who hint such suspicions mean nothing by them; that such charges have no other foundation than a mere temporary crossness, ill-will, or indigestion in those who make them; and that the more an honest man is so condemned, the more all good people are sure to love, cheer, bless, and pray for him. Verily, nothing is so good for a Christian man's growth in grace as to have just enough heresy in his views to keep all his friends remembering him in their prayers. Dr. Sturtevant will now have the prayers of all pious hearts; and certainly he will find in these a more than ample compensation for any little vexations which he may now be suffering from the hyper-criticisms of his evangelical critics.

"Let us assure Dr. Sturtevant that, as a refuge from whatever condemnations he may still further receive for his too great liberality of Christian conduct; from whatever sarcasms may be levelled at him by 'The Advance;' from whatever excommunications may be fulminated against him by 'The Congregationalist;' from whatever adverse 'cards' may be published against him by Chicago clergymen; from whatever 'protests' may be recorded against him by the Illinois Association; from whatever beggars' petitions for his expulsion may arise from hungry aspirants who want for themselves his influential chair,—from these and all other persecutions of a vain world we shall be happy to offer to this venerable divine the welcome, fellowship, and hospitality of the columns of 'The Independent,' where, like the Psalmist of Israel, he may enjoy green pastures and still-waters; and where he shall find that, though the wicked cease not from troubling, yet the weary are at rest."

— We take the following from the Chicago "Advance." It shows us what is the doctrinal position of the English Congregationalists : —

" 'The English Independent,' the great organ of our denomination in that country, says, it is true that the bulk of our churches hold a faith which may be styled Calvinistic. But in this respect we differ in nothing from the other churches of Christendom; with one exception, every confession of doctrinal faith, which has been adopted by the churches of Christendom, has been based on the great philosophic principles which underlie Calvinism. That one exception is found in Wesleyanism. The Thirty-nine Articles of the English Episcopal Church are our standards of doctrine. But in so far as respects God's sovereign grace, and man's sinful estate,—the two doctrines that distinguish what is popularly called Calvinism,—these Articles embody the teaching of Augustine and of the soundest doctors of the Romish Communion. . . . But, whilst thus confessing to the fact that, like all Christian churches, the faith that is generally accepted among us is the doctrine that is styled by some Calvinism, we wish these two most notable facts to be recollected, and we announce them because they show the spiritual wisdom and catholic liberality of our churches,—virtues which have not been the fruit of chance, but arise from the fundamental law of their communion. First, Calvinism, according to the fashionable conceptions of it, and even as John Calvin has summarized it, has never been the creed of our churches. Calvinism, in its extreme and one-sided developments, had been buried in England in some obscure isolated chapels which have no fellowship with our churches, and in the lower strata of the evangelical party in the English Church, where it consorts with pre-Millenarianism and other crudities. It is wholly unknown in English Congregationalism. But further, even in Presbyterian Scotland, it is slowly passing away. No great living teacher, or dominant school of theology, in any church in Great Britain, can be accused of holding its preposterous dogmas. . . . We have said it is unknown in our churches, and we add that it never has been the creed of English Independency. In the seventeenth century, Howe and Baxter may be regarded as the best expositors of the common faith of English Independency; and in both of these, as in the other great Puritan Independents, we

see the doctrine of human liberty tempering and balancing the doctrine of divine sovereignty. Since that time the traditional faith of our communion has remained the same. Matthew Henry, Doddridge, Fuller, Robert Hall, Dr. Wardlaw, these all alike, with perfect unanimity, represent the doctrine known as Moderate Calvinism.

"Calvinism is not the term of communion in any Congregational church in England. The question in debate between Arminians and Calvinists is left wholly open. If ever it has been otherwise, it has been in distinct violation of the principles of Independency. From the time of Robinson downward, freedom and liberality of opinion on all save the cardinal doctrines of Christianity have been characteristic of our churches. They would not bear the yoke of any human creed. The Lord of the Church alone, they believe, is able to define its law, and his Spirit, in the conscience of the believer, is alone able to interpret it. At the present moment Arminians mix freely in all our churches with those who differ from them, and the only reason that makes Calvinism the common faith is that it commends itself most to the enlightened judgment of the members of our churches. In no sense whatever can our churches be said to constitute themselves upon the ground of their Calvinistic belief."

— Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, has been writing a series of articles for the New York "Methodist," on "Preparation for the Ministry." In a late paper he says, —

"Many years ago I pointed out, in a newspaper essay, what I then thought to be the weak side of the system which educates ministers in theological seminaries. I am of the same opinion still. The weak side of that system is its tendency to put teaching and theological learning above practical training. Here is the starting-point of the difference between the way in which Presbyterian and Congregational churches ordinarily expect to get their ministers and the system which has heretofore prevailed among the Methodists. A young man in one of our churches (Congregational or Presbyterian) seems to have gifts and graces which justify the hope that he may become useful as a preacher of the gospel. Either spontaneously or at the suggestion of friends, he inquires what his duty is in that respect,

and he finds himself called of God to make the ministry his life-work. What next? If he is not already a college graduate nor a student in college, and is not too old to enter on a classical course, he does not begin with preaching, — nay, the prospect of his beginning to preach is a great way off, — he begins to study in preparation for college. After two or three years of preparatory study, comes the four years' course under college professors and tutors, and, after all this, he begins the study of theology.

“Just at the termination of his three years' course in a theological seminary, — in the last year, according to the arrangement most honored, — he begins the composition and delivery of sermons, and at the end of that third year, he goes out among the churches, a regular candidate for the ministry, with, perhaps, half a dozen seminary compositions which he calls sermons. As seen at the first view, this whole course of education is little else than a course of study and teaching, with hardly any mixture of training. How unlike the old Methodist system, which was training almost without teaching! The young aspirant, conscious of his inward vocation to proclaim the gospel, began to preach, in one way or another, with whatever education he had already gained. As soon as his gifts and the evidences of his call from God began to be known, he was taken into connection and appointed to a circuit. He was directed to read certain books which might enlarge his acquaintance with the Bible and with Wesleyan theology; he studied as well as he could while performing his itinerant work; his frequent preaching stimulated him to read and to think, and everything that he learned from the Bible or about it was immediately put to use in his preaching. The contrast between such study as was possible for him and the course of study in a well-appointed theological seminary, or in a college, is, at first sight, so striking as to be almost ludicrous. One of the two systems educates men *for* the ministry by teaching; the other educates them *in* the ministry by training.

“Facts forbid us to hold that either of these methods is altogether and exclusively right. The Wesleyan system has raised up a ministry not only numerous and zealous, but able, — a ministry as competent, in the average, for the distinctive work which Methodism has done and is doing as any other ministry for its own work. It has raised up not only preachers who have been powerful in the pulpit, but some who have become learned

commentators on the Bible, like Adam Clarke, or solid writers of theology, like Richard Watson. On the other hand, the system which educates ministers in colleges and theological seminaries does not make scholars merely, ignorant of everything but books, and with no faculty for reaching the common people. Very many of those whom it has brought into the ministry have shown themselves to be workers as well as students ready to endure hardness, burning with zeal, and abundantly able to command the attention and win the confidence of plain hearers. How much the zeal of Methodism may have provoked them to Christian emulation, I need not attempt to determine; but I may say that ministers who were educated in colleges and theological seminaries are to be found doing apostolic work as missionaries to the heathen in the remotest and most barbarous lands; and I may also say that, in the pioneer work at home, they are found abreast of the Methodist itinerant, and enduring as many privations as he, wherever the frontier is, — on the prairies, on the Rocky Mountains, on the Pacific coast. Facts show that neither the system which educates preachers by teaching them, nor that which educates preachers by training them, has a monopoly of success.

“Each of these two systems, no doubt, has some advantages over the other. I have set the two in contrast with each other for the sake of introducing the inquiry whether another system is possible, in which the *study* of theology, after our Congregational and Presbyterian fashion, shall be combined with something like the constant *practice* of preaching, after the Methodist fashion.”

— In the “Sabbath at Home” we find the following domestic talk on the question, Why Christ came as a babe : —

“ ‘There is one thing,’ said Wynn timer, after a pause, ‘that I have often thought about, — why it was necessary for Jesus to come as a babe; he could not do anything for so long.’

“ ‘First, I would answer, Winnie, that if you would tell me why it is necessary for all of us to come as babies, it would be less necessary for me to tell you why he came so; whatever was human must be his. But I would say next, are you sure that he could not do anything for so long? Does a baby do nothing? Ask mamma there. Is it for nothing that the mother lifts up

such heartfuls of thanks to God for the baby on her knee? Is it nothing that the baby opens such fountains of love in almost all the hearts around it? Ah! you do not think how much every baby has to do with the saving of the world, — the saving of it from selfishness and folly and greed. And for Jesus, was he not going to establish the reign of love in the earth? How could he do better than begin from babyhood? He had to lay hold of the heart of the world. How could he do better than begin with his mother's, the best one in it. Through his mother's love first, he grew into the world. It was first by the door of all holy relations of the family that he entered the human world, laying hold of mother, father, brothers, sisters, all his friends; then by the door of labor, for he took his share of his father's work; then, when he was thirty years of age, by the door of teaching; by kind deeds and sufferings, and through all by obedience unto the death. You must not think little of the grand thirty years wherein he got ready for the chief work to follow. You must not think that while he was thus preparing for his public ministrations, he was not all the time saving the world even by that which he was in the midst of it, ever laying hold of it more and more. These were things not so easy to tell. And you must remember that our records are very scanty. It is a small biography we have of a man who became — to say nothing more — The Man of the world, The Son of Man. No doubt it is enough, or God would have told us more; but surely we are not to suppose that there was nothing significant, nothing of saving power in that which we are not told. Charlie, wouldn't you have liked to see the little baby Jesus?"

"Yes, that I would. I would have given him my white rabbit with the pink eyes."

"That is what the great painter Titian must have thought, Charlie; for he has painted him playing with a white rabbit, — not such a pretty one as yours."

"I would have carried him about all day," said Dora, "as little Henny Parsons does her baby-brother."

"Did he have any brother or sister to carry him about, papa?" asked Harry.

"No, my boy; for he was the eldest. But you may be pretty sure he carried about his brothers and sisters that came after him."

"Wouldn't he take care of them just! said Charlie."

“‘I wish I had been one of them,’ said Constance.

“‘You are one of them, my Connie. Now he is so great and so strong that he can carry father and mother and all of us in his bosom.’

“Then we sung a child’s hymn in praise of the God of little children, and then the little ones went to bed.”

—The New York “Independent” has the following among its editorial notes:—

“History repeats itself, and so do its blunders. The greatest blunder ever made by the Protestant Episcopal Church was its exclusion, a century and a quarter ago, of the Methodist element from its communion. It might have been retained, but was contemptuously cast off. John Wesley, though remaining a member of that branch of Christ’s body till the day of his death, was refused admission to its pulpit. And now the effort is making in this country to punish, to silence, and, if necessary, to drive away its most active and earnest element. The Church is broad. It can admit prayers for the dead in its manuals of devotion; high mass, even, is quite canonical. Its forms and ritualism, its bowings and genuflexions, its albs and chasubles, may put St. Peter’s, at Rome, to blush; and the Church has no protest. But let a few earnest men, careless of priest’s vestments, begin to care for people’s souls, — let them preach Christ’s gospel wherever they can secure a patient hearing, — and the Church is scandalized, and proposes to drive from its fold, if it cannot silence, the disturbers of its torpor. Mr. Tyng is condemned; but he is not and will not be gagged. The Evangelical party has been very long-suffering, but it means action. It has not the hereditary wealth of Trinity Church, but it has energetic and Christian friends. Mr. Tyng’s single church built up during the five years of his ministry, and earnestly engaged, like his father, in missionary work, contributes for the support of the gospel nearly one-half more than the united seven churches of the five doctors of divinity and the two other untitled clergymen who were presentors or judges at his trial. His church supports him in his course, as does Mr. Hubbard’s, in the late more flagrant case of disobedience to the express prohibition of Bishop Clark.”

RANDOM READINGS.

OLD TESTAMENT LANGUAGE IN MODERN ARABIA.

THE conversation of the Arabs is in the exact style of the Old Testament. The name of God is coupled with every trifling incident in life, and they believe in the continual action of divine special interference. Should a famine afflict the country, it is expressed in the stern language of the Bible: "The Lord has sent a grievous famine upon the land;" or, "The Lord called for a famine, and it came upon the land." Should their cattle fall sick, it is considered to be an affliction by divine command; or should the flocks prosper and multiply, particularly during one season, the prosperity is attributed to special interference. Nothing can happen in the usual routine of daily life without a direct connection with the hand of God, according to the Arab's belief.

This striking similarity to the descriptions of the Old Testament is exceedingly interesting to a traveller when residing among these curious and original people. With the Bible in one hand, and these unchanged tribes before the eyes, there is a thrilling illustration of the sacred record; the past becomes the present; the veil of three thousand years is raised, and the living picture is a witness to the exactness of the historical description. At the same time, there is a light thrown upon many obscure passages in the Old Testament by the experience of the present customs and figures of speech of the Arabs, which are precisely those that were practised at the periods described. I do not attempt to enter upon a theological treatise, therefore it is unnecessary to allude specially to these particular points. The sudden and desolating arrival of a flight of locusts, the plague, or any other unforeseen calamity, is attributed to the anger of God, and is believed to be an infliction of punishment upon the people thus visited, precisely as the plagues of Egypt were specially inflicted upon Pharaoh and the Egyptians.

Should the present history of the country be written by an Arab scribe, the style of the description would be purely that of the Old Testament, and the various calamities or the good fortunes that have in the course of nature befallen both the tribes

and individuals, would be recounted either as special visitations of divine wrath, or blessings for good deeds performed. If in a dream a particular course of action is suggested, the Arab believes that God has *spoken* and directed him. The Arab scribe or historian would describe the event as the "*voice of the Lord*" ("*kallam el Allah*") having spoken unto the person; or that God appeared to him in a dream and "*said*," etc. Thus much allowance would be necessary on the part of a European reader for the figurative ideas and expressions of the people. As the Arabs are unchanged, the theological opinions which they now hold are the same as those which prevailed in remote ages, with the simple addition of their belief in Mahomet as the Prophet.

There is a fascination in the unchangeable features of the Nile regions. There are the vast pyramids that have defied time; the river upon which Moses was cradled in infancy; the same sandy deserts through which he led his people; and the watering-places where their flocks were led to drink. The wild and wandering tribes of Arabs who, thousands of years ago, dug out the wells in the wilderness, are represented by their descendants unchanged, who now draw water from the deep wells of their forefathers with the skins that have never altered their fashion. The Arabs, gathering with their goats and sheep around the wells to-day, recall the recollection of that distant time when "Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the East. And he looked, and behold a well in the field; and, lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it, for out of that well they watered the flocks; and a great stone was upon the well's mouth. And thither were all the flocks gathered; and they rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the sheep, and put the stone again upon the well's mouth in his place." The picture of that scene would be an illustration of Arab daily life in the Nubian deserts, where the present is the mirror of the past. — NILE TRIBUTARIES AND ABYSSINIA.

THY STRENGTH IS AS THY DAY.

"LET no misfortune ever master thee!
For only strong endurance leads thee to
The day of bliss. Whate'er can chance to man,
That he has strength to meet; what he has strength for,
That it behooveth him to bear, dear soul!"

A LEAF FROM MY DIARY.

WASHINGTON, *Tuesday, May 28, 1863.*

A CHANGE of "base," from Washington to Fredericksburg, required me to hunt up my clothes this morning, — a negro-boy, George, had taken them to be washed. With some difficulty, found the place. The laundresses in that humble house in "Goat Alley" were an aged woman and her daughter, who had several young children. The house, though small, was remarkably neat and clean. A printed letter, framed and hung on the wall, attracted my attention. It purported to have been written by Jesus Christ, and found several years after his death beneath a large stone. Its origin was obviously Catholic. The younger woman had a fine-looking face and head, intelligent and quick. I asked her if she had been a slave.

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Eleven years. Was sold when a child for only twenty-four years. Was married to a man who had been a slave till after the act of Congress freeing the negroes in the District of Columbia. He was owned in Maryland, and," said she, with some little embarrassment, "indeed, walked off."

I asked if they were not as well off in slavery as now, having to toil and worry to get a living. Had they not plenty to eat, and were they not well treated while slaves?

"Oh, yes; but for one who is well treated there are a thousand not so well; but any way," said the younger, "who would not prefer freedom?"

Up spoke the grandmother, who was possibly seventy-five years of age, with sharp European features, and not so dark by several shades as her daughter.

"Give me freedom, sar, to anything else."

"Have you been a slave?"

"Indeed, I have; but, thank de Lord, Ise free now."

She told me she was mother of two children during the war with England in 1812, and, as she remarked, had devil enough in her then to run to the English, if she could. By this time I found my aged friend was quite ready to talk, and I, being anxious to learn all I could of the characteristics of her race, plied some questions as follows: —

"How did you feel on the 1st of January last, aunty?"

"Oh, glory to God! Ha, ha, ha! I can't tell how I felt, massa. I shout out on de street, Glory to God dat I see dis day. Glory, glory, now! I always thought 'twould come, and now it have."

"What do you think of the new general who has been appointed?" I queried, anxious to see if they had any thought on that subject.

"I dunno, massa. Gen'al Jesus, de Lord, am de Gen'al for me."

"You have heard of the Lord, then."

"Yes; blessed be Jesus, I have him yer," giving her breast a slap with her hand. "I have him in dis yer old heart, massa, an' he make me feel young again."

"How did you get him there, aunty?"

"I tell you, massa. When I lived 'way down yonder, I was hard. I was full of all manner of wickedness. I was the very devil hisself, on'y I didn't never swar. Wal, I hear one of the young massas, John, read in de Tes'ment, at dat place whar it say, 'A man mus' be born agin, — *a man mus'.*' Wal, Ise a woman; but still the question would come back, what dat mean? how can dat 'ar be? An' I axed Massa John; but he say nuffin. Den I axed Massa James, an' he say, 'Aunty, I will tell you. It means we must be born of the Spirit.' Wal, I kinder wondered what he war, and what he war like; but I didn't fine out, no-how. Wal, it gone on dat way for several year; I was in de dark, an' I didn't feel jus' right har;" and she gave her breast a rub with her palm, her body swaying with emotion. "Wal, there was a doctor, — I forget his name, — he come along one Saturday, an' he wanted me to give him a promise dat I gwo to de meetin' next day. I luffed at him, and axed what I want to gwo to meetin' for. Indeed, no I wont. So he left me an' went to massa, an' tell him dat if I want to gwo to meetin' to let me, for I was under strong conviction. I know nuffin 'bout dat den; he tell me after. But massa kep' me a-working till very late dat Saturday night. And den he say, 'Now, Sally, don't you be gwoin off to dat ar nigger meetin' down dar.' Der was a camp-meetin' agwoin on near by. But dat what he say, on'y want to make me gwo, for I was allers contrar and bad. So I gone, and oh, massa, massa, I was born again, and de Sperit, — glory to God, — I got him har, right in my heart whar dey can't take him

out. Dey may cut me, dey may kill me, but de Lord is leff de same. I may die, I do die eberry day, but I get nearer to Jesus, bress de Lord for dat. Now I got de upper hand o' de devil. I don't feel so wicked now, de devil is conquered now by Jesus, yas, Gen'al Jesus — he is my Gen'al, and some day he triumph ober all dis yer other Gen'al. De end o' time am at hand, massa." And the poor old woman straightened herself up and became eloquent. "De good Book says dat afore de end o' time der shel be wars and rivers o' wars, and haint dat come? Aye, de blessed Lord Jesus hisself will soon come, whan dis poor ole soul o' mine will ascend on high, and be free from all care and sorrow. Glory to God! glory, glory!"

By this time she was shouting at the top of her voice, and tears of joy ran down the cheeks of the happy old Christian, and shall I write that tears ran down my cheeks. It may be weakness, but let me blush not to own the truth. I shook hands and bade good-morning to the happy Christian household, and from the bottom of my heart prayed that every home in the land might be equally blessed, for the Father and the Son had evidently taken up their abode there. One more evidence that the order of God is, not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble; but while hiding the deep things of the Spirit from the wise and the prudent, He reveals them unto babes.

THE THREE SACRED RIGHTS OF MAN.

"THREE things belong to every man, which none
Has any right to wrest from him or harm :
God's gift of being and of happiness, —
The help of them who share this life with him, —
But the third only makes him fully man !
The right to reverence God and love his children
In trouble and in death. For without love
This great house of the world must needs collapse,
And every human house and human heart.
Sooner than lose this right, then, lose thy life,
To exercise it, welcome death itself !"

THE LAYMAN'S BREVIARY.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Hymn, Tune Book, and Liturgy, which has been for some time in course of preparation by a Committee of the American Unitarian Association, has been published. It contains seven hundred and forty-four hymns, besides chants, which are either bound up with the Liturgy, or given in a separate form. Its merits over former collections are that the hymns are all set to music, giving the work special adaptation to congregational singing. It must have required much labor and pains-taking. It has very great merits. Its arrangement is excellent, it has a wide range of topic, and it has the inspiration of warm Christian fervor. Many first-class hymns are included, which will be found in no other collection.

The Committee have aimed to meet an average want in the churches, and we presume they have done so. The collection would have met ours better if it had included less hymns by one third, and if the favorite first-class hymns of the other two thirds had been given always without curtailment. Let us have the whole, we say, of such hymns as "Oh for a closer walk with God," whether we sing them through every time or not. Seven hundred good hymns do not exist in the English language, and why should we be at pains to set any but good ones to music?

The Liturgy, so far as we have examined it, we like much. The objection which we see has been raised, that it borrows orthodox phraseology, has not, as we can see, the slightest foundation.

S.

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD have published Mr. Giles' eloquent and discerning Lectures upon the Genius of Shakspeare, with a very touching introduction by the author. The purchaser will receive all the book costs him and more, with the pleasure of knowing that every copy sold will help a little to replenish the slender purse of one who is no longer able to win his bread.

E.

Woman's Wrongs. A Counter Irritant. By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Gail Hamilton evidently does not share the admiration of ecclesiastical persons which is usually regarded as an unfailling trait of womanhood. We advise her not to go to Pittsfield next summer. The book is full of good common sense done into good strong English.

E.

Autobiography of Elder Jacob Knapp, with an Introductory Essay by R. JEFFERY. New York : Sheldon & Company.

Elder Knapp is a great Baptist revivalist, — fervent, concise, and effective. It appears by this book that he has been very successful in making converts. How made, and to what converted, the following extract will show. It is a good summing up of Elder Knapp.

“ When the Church is roused and consecrated, and the presence of the Spirit realized, then pour out God’s truth *hand over hand* ; now thundering out *hell and damnation*, until the mountain is covered with fire and smoke, and the people tremble ; then ascend Calvary’s bloody summit ; bid the smitten people ‘ behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.’ Preach Christ crucified ; knock out every prop on which sinners lean. Sometimes the prop is one thing, and sometimes it is another. It may be Universalism, or Unitarianism, or morality. No matter what it is ; let not one remain, and see to it that the soul build on no other foundation than that which is already laid, which is Christ Jesus.”—p. 205. s.

The Chimney Corner, by Christopher Crowfield, is a volume of Mrs. Stowe by Ticknor & Fields. It includes thirteen essays, independent of each other, though related in this, that they deal largely with the woman question, and in topics of special interest to women. Some are of general interest, and all become so in Mrs. Stowe’s freedom of treatment and luminous good sense. Woman’s Sphere, Bodily Religion, or a Sermon on Good Health, How to Entertain Company, How to be Amused, Dress, The Sources of Beauty in Dress, The New Year, The Noble Army of Martyrs, are among the subjects of the essays. s.

The Ground and Object of Hope for Mankind. Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, in November, 1867. By the Rev. F. D. MAURICE, M. A., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. Boston : Wm. V. Spencer, 1868.

We are not always quite sure that we have caught the meaning of Prof. Maurice ; but as to his temper and the main drift of his thought, there can be no doubt, and with these we are wholly in accord.

The sermons are indeed arguments of hope, and eloquent prophesyings of a devout and faithful disciple of Christ. E.

Letters to a Man of the World from the French of J. F. E. LE BOYS DES GUAYS. Revised. Chicago: E. B. Myers & Chandler.

This is a popular exposition of the System of Swedenborg. It is regarded as somewhat heretical by sound Swedenborgians in some of its statements, and the reader has been guarded against them in this revised edition, but there are few works which the plain English reader can peruse to better advantage who is in quest of the profound truths expounded by the great Seer put in readable and tangible form. s.

M. W. DODD, of New York, publishes the following: *Elsie Dinsmore.* By MARTH FARQUHARSON. Elsie is a little girl eight years old, pure, sweet, and radiant with goodness, winning the reader's heart. Also, *The Little Fox*, or the story of Captain Sir F. L. M'Clintock's Arctic Expedition, containing much information about the frozen regions, entertaining to the little folks, simply and pleasantly told. Also, *The Clifford Household*, the heroine of which is Alice, who was left a motherless child, but by her sweet and loving temper, exerted an elevated and regenerating influence over the whole Clifford household, showing what one beautiful and sunny child-spirit can do. These three volumes we can recommend as unexceptionably good in moral tone and tendency.

Charles Dickens' Works. Illustrated. The Charles Dickens edition, so called, is still in course of publication by Ticknor & Fields. They have now issued "Bleak House," in which the abuses, delays, and extortions of the Chancery Courts are brought into judgment. This edition is in very readable print, is handsomely bound in cloth, and has the inimitable illustrations of Cruikshanks.

El Bib. Chicago: E. B. Myers & Chandler.

What is the use of giving a title to a book which affords no clew to its contents. "El Bib," as we open and look at the title-page, is on "God and Man by the Light of Nature." As we open farther and read, we find brief essays on Life, Death, Society, and on Jesus of Nazareth. The essays are pleasantly written, but are too brief to get very far into the heart of these great subjects. As far as they do get, the thought is rational and good. s.



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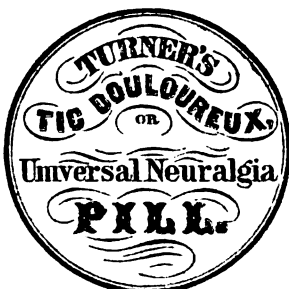
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The following, among many of our best citizens, testify to its wonderful efficacy: —

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"J. R. DILLINGHAM, Dentist.

"12 Winter Street, Boston, Feb. 18, 1867."

Mr. J. M. R. STORY, for many years an apothecary in this city, and for three years, during the war, in the Hospital Department under the U. S. Government, thus speaks of it: —

"I have known Dr. Turner's *Tic Douloureux* or *Universal Neuralgia Pill* for twenty years. I have sold it and used it personally, and I have never known of a case where it did not give relief. Customers have told me they would not be without it if each pill cost ten dollars. I think it the most reliable and valuable remedy for neuralgia and nervous disease in the world."

Mr. WYZEMAN MARSHALL, — well known to all who are familiar with the dramatic art in its best displays, — says, —

"Through the medium of this invaluable discovery, I am now happily rid of neuralgia."

JOHN S. DAMRELL, Chief Engineer Boston Fire Department, June, 1866, says, —

"The constant exposure, by night and by day, incident to an arduous position in the Fire Department of our city, has brought upon me the disease known as *Tic Douloureux* or *Neuralgia*. I have taken your remedy for it, and received most decided relief. I do not hesitate most heartily to recommend it as a very valuable medicine."

Mr. WM. CALDER, of the Boston Detective Police, says, —

"One package of Dr. Turner's *Neuralgia Pill* entirely cured me of severe neuralgia. I cannot commend it too strongly."

FREDERICK A. WILKINS, late Cashier of the Boston Gas Company, thus writes:

"Your pill was first recommended to me by a physician; and for several years I have been in the habit of using it in my family, — my mother especially having been afflicted with neuralgia, to whom it has given signal relief. It has also greatly relieved myself and others. I do not consider my family safe without this valuable medicine constantly at hand."

We have space only to add the following names of gentlemen among many thousands, each of whom has had abundant occasion to learn, personally and from friends and acquaintances, of the great merits of this remedy: —

SAMUEL G. DRAKE, Historian of Boston, 13 Bromfield Street.

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JOHN K. HALL, Cashier National Bank of North America.

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Vol. XXXIX.

No. 5.

THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1868.

EDITED BY
REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

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THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,
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THE
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VOL. XXXIX.

MAY, 1868.

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THE UNITARIAN DENOMINATION.

BY E. H. SEARS.

SOMETHING more than a year ago the biographer of Theodore Parker was placed on the Executive Board of the American Unitarian Association, from a wish to have represented in its deliberations that portion of the religious community with whose opinions he was known to be in sympathy. What these opinions are he had sufficiently indicated in various ways, and he has since summed them up in language which is very frank and vigorous. His exhortation is "that we may proceed to the great work of emancipating our minds from all the Old Testaments and New Testaments, supernaturally interpreted, from old statements and new statements, from specialities of every description, from partialities and personalities, from temperaments of every shade and color, *leaving them out of the way, putting them down and trampling them under feet.*" So emancipation lies through his "idiosyncrasy" in order to have the liberal religion of God's "immediate presence."*

Mr. Weiss — much to his honor, we think — withdrew from the Executive Board, where he was placed, as he thought, in a false position, but he was urged to remain under the assurance that his appointment indicated the policy which the Board were desirous of carrying out.

* See Mr. Weiss' speech at the meeting of Free Religionists in Horticultural Hall.
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One of our liberal societies declined contributing to the funds of the Association, sending to them a letter, and giving the reasons. It was not from any motive of hostility, but because silent non-compliance would have been misunderstood, because they deemed it their duty and their right to release themselves from all responsibility in disseminating such opinions, and because, though they had no faith in the policy indicated by the Board, they had abundant faith in the Board itself, and in its Secretary, as gentlemen of the highest Christian character, and truest loyalty to the best interests of the denomination and of Christianity; and they believed that the reasons would be weighed and discussed, if at all, with a dignity and candor becoming the subject, and their just influence allowed, and they believe so now.

This simple recital we have deemed necessary as an answer, and a sufficient one, to many things which have been said and written, — not always in a Christian temper and mood. The subject, however, ought to be lifted away from "specialities and personalities." The action of the Board was only one of the many signs in our denominational sky. Some of the best and wisest men among us regard the denomination as in a transition period, either towards weakness and disintegration, or, as they hope and believe rather, towards greater efficacy and a more pervading and commanding influence. Nevertheless, many excellent persons have left it and are leaving it, and one or two religious societies quietly withdraw their relations because they will not be responsible for opinions which they believe subvert the foundations of Christian faith. We hold it the duty of every good man and woman whom the Divine Providence has placed in the denomination to stay in it, especially in times like these, and staying in it, to utter the truth which God gives them pertaining to its highest prosperity and welfare.

I. First, then, let us not be blind to the fact that an opportunity now offers itself to the liberal churches such as no sect has had before. It is no disadvantage that our numbers are small. Pioneer bodies are always small, and work more ef-

fectively on that account, are able to wield their forces more surely and hit the mark. The denomination has wealth, learning, and a full share of intellectual and moral strength, and from its historic vantage-ground could command illimitable resources. It has just attained to an organization which would make it a national church of vast efficiency provided the life-blood of Christianity can be made to throb warmly through it. The national conference, with the local conferences for its constituencies, east, west, and south, will offer an opportunity not for church extension alone, but for doing a great work in moulding the thought of the times and in the civilization of our domestic barbarism.

But what is to give any unity, coherence, or life to this organism if its historic vantage-ground is once abandoned? What is it but a chance agglomeration of individuals to tumble apart as easily as they tumbled together if the great central Personality of Jesus Christ and his authoritative word are to be taken out of it, and every man remanded to his individual inspirations. Some of the brethren may have passed into the "immediate presence," even beyond the sapphire blaze, but how in the name of common sense are we sinners to know it who have not learned the seraphic dialect, and who can only be gathered around Jesus of Nazareth whom they think they have left behind? What sort of a church extension shall we have, sending out preachers whose minds are "emptied clean of the Old and New Testaments" while nobody knows how the vacuum is filled up, or whether it is filled at all? Ministers are evanescent, and soon pass away. But the Word of God remains, and if any minister amid ever so much weakness and foolishness can ground any people upon it, the Word will be there and Jesus Christ will be there, long after the whole of us have gone into our graves; and they may open up inexhaustible treasures to that people, and preach to them a living gospel beyond what the best of us have yet apprehended. A church founded thus — such a church as Channing dreamed of and prayed for, fettered by no human creed nor private interpretations, but gathered only around Him in whom the fulness of Di-

vinity dwells* — has all the future for its inheritance with none of the dead dogmas of the past; it may grow forever into the more perfect form and body of Christ till he lives in all its functions; its differences will be only as surface waves, while its unity of spirit will be as the deep and still currents beneath, — “many like the billows, yet one like the sea.” But it is plain to us that churches founded on the “idiosyncrasies” of this man and that will not last a single generation, but drift down the stream like the fogs of a November morning; and we must ignore strangely both the facts of history and the tendencies of human nature if we do not see that a denomination constituted in this way is very sure not only to break in pieces but crumble to atoms.

II. On the score of Christian catholicity and charity we think the denomination cannot abandon its historic vantage-ground, and that if it does, it will become very rapidly not a Christian Church Catholic, but a wrangling Babel. What is to preserve the catholic spirit of universal charity and goodwill? Not the conglomeration of incongruous masses, not the herding together of opinions that antagonize and neutralize each other, but the gathering of souls around Jesus Christ in

* “My first objection to creeds is that they separate us from Jesus Christ. To whom am I to go for my knowledge of the Christian religion, but to the Great Teacher, to the Son of God, to Him in whom the fulness of the Divinity dwelt? This is my great privilege as a Christian, that I may sit at the feet, not of a human, but divine Master, that I may repair to Him in whom truth spoke without a mixture of error, who was eminently the Wisdom of God and the Light of the world. And shall man dare to interpose between me and my heavenly Guide and Saviour, and prescribe to me the articles of my Christian faith? What is the state of mind in which I shall best learn the truth? It is that in which I forsake all other teachers for Christ, in which my mind is brought nearest to him; it is that in which I lay myself open most entirely to the impressions of his mind. Let me go to Jesus with a human voice sounding in my ears and telling me what I must hear from the Great Teacher, and how can I listen to him with singleness of heart? All Protestant sects indeed tell the learner to listen to Jesus Christ; but most of them shout around him their own articles so vehemently and imperiously that the voice of the heavenly Master is well-nigh drowned. He is told to listen to Christ, but told that he will be damned if he receives any lessons but such as are taught in the creed. He is told that Christ's word is alone infallible, but unless it is learned as interpreted by fallible men, he will be excluded from the communion of Christians. This is what shocks me in the creed-maker. He interposes himself between me and my Saviour. He dares not trust me alone with Jesus. He dares not leave me to the Word of God. This I cannot endure.” — CHANNING.

such spirit of discipleship that his temper and life become theirs. That makes a church catholic if anything is to do it, taking out of human nature the poison of hate, envy, and selfish ambition, and inbreathing the spirit of tolerance, love, and good-will.

But a Christianity with Christ taken out of it has no such power to enlarge the heart and sweeten its fountains. Our neighbors tell us that the differences are only about "the method and instrumentality" of a divine revelation; only about "the nature of God's messenger," only about "the precise nature and office of one whom they admit to be one of God's creatures and instruments." Indeed! That is all the difference, is it, between receiving Christ and the New Testament as the rule of faith and life, and cleaning them all out of the way; all the difference between Lord and Master and a fetish which the moral sense disowns?

We submit that the prime question is not about the precise nature and office of Christ, but whether any Christ ever existed, any, at least, which is known to history.

What are the conclusions which the new school of criticism have arrived at? These: that the fourth Gospel is spurious throughout, and that everything miraculous or supernatural is to be sifted from the other three and from the Epistles as the work of forgers or dreamers. But the miraculous and supernatural of the New Testament pertain to the birth, the works, the death, the resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ and his second coming in the Paraclete,—the frame and body of the entire New Testament narrative. Take these out, and all of discourse, promise, prophecy, and colloquial intercourse which proceed from them, and which they involve and draw after them, and what have we left? Nothing but a few precepts and apothegms, most of which you might compile from the Talmud. Jesus Christ has vanished from the field of history. He has not so much shape or consistence as one of the ghosts of Ossian, but he disappears in that dark and voiceless inane whence no tidings have ever wandered or ever will.

Now what is and ever has been the great power of Chris-

tianity, in all the forms in which it has been professed, to melt the native savagery of the heart and set free its warmest and tenderest humanities? Not its precepts and apothegms, not its exhortations to love and forgiveness, but all these as embodied in a Life; as exemplified in a Divine Person whence an influence ever breathes upon the soul as the very fragranciness of heaven, melting the ice out of it, and bringing it in lowly self-sacrifice at the feet of the Son of man. It is this Divine Personality which through all the ages has been changing the false and cruel theologies that have gathered around the name of Jesus, giving them touches of softness and making them humane. It is of less consequence, we think, what one's speculations about the "hypostatic union" may be. None of us get very deep when we undertake the psychology of God. So long as we read the New Testament as veritable history, here is the central reality, here is the transforming power of Christianity under whatever theory we may form about it, melting through all the ages and inspiring humanity itself with the sublimest spirit of self-devotion. Are we to be told that it is all the same whether this power is to continue as the central reality, the sun of the whole system whence all its truths do trick their beams, or whether it shall be expunged and turned into a ghostly shadow and Christianity shrivel to a code of rules?

III. But why not teach the great truths of universal religion — God and the Holy Spirit, and immortality, and the duties of love to God and love to man — without any other authority than the truths themselves, and without any reference to "the old stories of the Old and New Testaments"? Why not found churches upon these truths alone? Because these words — God, the Holy Spirit, and Immortality — within the circle of Christian ideas and personalities, are fraught with a meaning which they can never lose, but which grows more full and sufficing with all Christian progress; and because without that circle the meaning leaks out of them all the while till they hang empty and float in air. No one who receives the New Testament as history ever loses faith in the personal Fatherhood of God, in his universal provi-

dence, in the Holy Spirit as an effusive energy coming from above man to find him and renew him, in the existence of an angel world, and in man created and destined for its abodes. Not only so, but these truths grow upon him and become the ever brightening scenery of his mind. On the other hand without the circle of Christian ideas and personalities they freeze into abstractions, or fade off altogether, till God sinks into an impersonal force and the spirit world is swamped in the natural. Some of the Hegelians, having discharged the New Testament of any historical Christ by means of the Tübingen criticism, still used the Christian nomenclature the same as before. They believed, they said, not only in God, but in the Trinity, in the Supreme Deity of Christ, in the Atonement, the Holy Spirit, and eternal life; and they professed to have placed these doctrines on a most impregnable foundation. Hegel even died in the odor of orthodoxy. But the God of his system has self-consciousness only in humanity. Christ the God-man was not a person who appeared in Palestine, but the human race in its solidarity; eternal life is not personal existence after death, but regress into the impersonal Deity. All personal existence is corrupt and sinful; this is strained out of us by death, through which we return into the unconscious infinite, with which we are really identical, and from which our separation was only docetic and illusive. Man's immortality, or life after death, is only here on the earth, in his works and in the memory of mankind; and this is eternal life defecated and sublimed by pantheistic philosophy.* For some time after the idea of an historical Christ, a self-conscious Deity, and a personal immortality had been discharged from Christianity, the old phraseologies, rituals, and names kept on just the same even in orthodox pulpits. It was only discovered on nearer approach and examination that the citadel was de-

* "Grass," says Meyen, "is already growing over the grave of Daub. Is he therefore dead for his friends and for the world? His works and hence also his Spirit live! Many winter storms have already swept over the grave of Hegel and of Goethe, but does not their spirit still live amongst us? It is as Christ said, Where two of you are met together, there am I in the midst of you. Thus each continues to live according to his works."

sented, that the ordnance was all wooden, painted in exact imitation of the old guns that had been taken down; and that when you entered through the gates, you found the city evacuated, all its armies and peoples gone, its stores of provision removed, its streets as silent as a graveyard, and your voice echoing back from deserted habitations.

We by no means imply that these great and sacred names have always slipped their meaning to this extent outside the Christian revelation, but we must be strangely oblivious to well-known facts if we do not see that this is the inevitable tendency; and that "progress" out of the circle and beyond the influence of the majestic personalities of the Bible is not into the light that burns warmer and clearer, but into the dusk that deepens into night. If the idea of God, as held by such men as Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill, and by men of equal ability nearer home, gets every quality of a Divine Fatherhood strained out of it, leaving only an unknowable force for the evolution of phenomena, what reason have we to suppose that churches founded not on Jesus Christ, but on somebody's idiosyncrasies, may not exist with all the forms and titles of Christian theism, while all Christian thought is leaking out of its words and rituals?

IV. There is another view which commands the interest of Unitarians. It becomes plainer every year that the high vantage-ground which they assumed is the one to which all the denominations are tending. The hard, unchristian features of the old creeds are softening; the old lines of division grow wavy and indistinct. That our liberal Christianity has done something to bring this to pass is undeniable; but perhaps we are apt to take more credit to ourselves in this than fairly belongs to us. These changes, as we read the signs, come not mainly from our controversies nor from any visible appliances whatsoever. They come from the profounder currents of the Spirit within; from "the grander sweep of tides serene" which is bearing all of us, Trinitarians and Unitarians alike, towards higher realms of truth and towards a higher and more comprehending unity. But as we apprehend it this divine current sets not away from Jesus Christ and his word,

but towards profounder, more inspiring, and more unitizing views of both. The yearnings of this age as uttered out of the deepest wants of human nature are not to get farther away from Christ, but to get nearer to him. The Tübingen criticism is not the product of the highest and best scholarship, and is becoming obsolete in Germany to-day. The first "Leben Jesu" of Strauss was eagerly and widely read. His second, thirty years after, written for the people, falls comparatively dead. In America the great denominations that move on with renewed vigor to the work of Christian civilization and education, as the new golden opportunities arise, do not make their theologies less Christian, but more so, and the Christ in them gives to them both their aggressive power and their inspiring song. Our Unitarian rationalism has not shown itself as yet the advanced thought of the times, but the very smallest among the reflex eddies under the lee shore, while the vast current of the world's progress is sweeping brightly and grandly by. We can get stuck and finally swamped on one of these little side eddies if we will; and then the other denominations, advancing with the ideas which we have ignobly abandoned, will do the work which we ought to have done, — or, as we pray and believe will be the case, we can be true to the historic urgencies and pledges of the denomination, — and then it is plain to see, at least it is plain to us, there is a point not far in the distance where we shall be at one with all the advancing denominations, fulfilling as never before the words of the Master, "I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that thou hast sent me and hast loved them as thou hast loved me."

Moreover, let us strive earnestly not that we may have less of Christ, but a great deal more of him as the inspiring life and moving power of our organizations; let his love and Spirit be sent in warmer pulses from the churches into the conferences, from the local conferences to the national, and from the national back into the local; and let the Unitarian Association be true to the historic urgencies and pledges of the denomination, and we apprehend that without any storm-

ing of the public mind or any extraordinary effort whatever, the funds would flow into its treasury with the regularity and profusion of the early and the latter rain. Every pastor would be its agent and every society its constituent; and what is more, it would be in the wake of God's providence, and his Spirit would be the prompting life of all the churches to the divine charities of the gospel.

We had written the above when the "Liberal Christian" came to us with an article by Rev. A. P. Putnam, on "The Association and its Literature," from which we take the following passage:—

"It is strong evidence of the real Christian merit of this literature that those who wish to prejudice our churches against it, and against the Association that publishes it, have to travel far beyond its proper range to find material for their warfare. To make the Association responsible for the unchristian utterances of those who have taken special pains to separate themselves from the denomination, and who no longer claim affiliation with us, is as mischievous as it is unjust. The evident purpose of this warfare is to compel the Association to a less liberal policy by giving 'aid and comfort to the enemy.' Mr. Sears very well knows that whenever he quotes the words of these outsiders as something for which the Association is to be held responsible, his representations are eagerly seized upon by orthodox editors and preachers far and near, and are employed by them to prejudice still more the public mind against us and against our views."

Now we think our brother Putnam is too true and too candid a man to write deliberately in this way, and that he could not do it unless he were oblivious of well-known facts. We have taken pains with every opportunity to commend and circulate the literature which he so earnestly recommends.

Quoting these "outsiders!" Was Mr. Weiss an "outsider" when placed upon the Executive Board expressly to have his opinions and those of his friends represented? It made him an *insider*, with all the friends with whom he affiliated, and it is vain to deny it.

"Aid and comfort to the enemy!" Who gave aid and comfort to the enemies of Liberal Christianity, when the most unchristian article we quoted assured the public, on the authority of our most respectable organ, that there were large numbers in our religious societies who exulted in the destructive words that set aside Jesus Christ as an object of religious faith? Who gave them aid and comfort when assured again that no one had a safe place in the denomination who was not in fellowship with Theodore Parker; or yet again, that the faith of Christendom based on the teachings of Christ was pseudo-Christianity? These and numerous things of a like character, published in Unitarian organs right under our brother's eye, went east, west, north, and south, were quoted as the last result of Unitarianism or embodied in articles written against it long before we cited them. And how comes it so "mischievous" in us to quote these very things only to show that the denomination ought not to be made responsible for them, while our brother has no word of remonstrance for those who would make them so or who utter them in its name? We ask him in all kindness whether if he and others like him gave his word and influence to hold the denomination consistently to the ground of the Preamble of the National Conference, instead of playing fast and loose with it, we should need any longer to heed what other people say of us, standing on the very rock against which, as the promise is, the gates of hell shall not prevail?

LOVE TO CHRIST.

[AN EXTRACT FROM CHANNING.]

CHRIST's religion is very imperfect without himself; and therefore they who would make an abstract of his precepts, and say that it is enough to follow these without thinking of their author, grievously mistake, and rob the system of much of its energy. I mean not to disparage the precepts of Christ, considered in themselves. But their full power is only to be understood and felt by those who place themselves near the Divine Teacher, who see the celestial fervor of his affection whilst he utters them, who follow his steps from Bethlehem to Calvary, and witness the expression of his precepts in his own life. These come to me almost as new precepts, when I associate them with Jesus. His command to love my enemies becomes intelligible and bright, when I stand by his cross and hear his prayer for his murderers. I understand what he meant by the self-denial which he taught, when I see him foregoing the comforts of life, and laying down life itself, for the good of others. I learn the true character of that benevolence, by which human nature is perfected; how it unites calmness and earnestness, tenderness and courage, condescension and dignity, feeling and action; this I learn in the life of Jesus as no words could teach me.

So I am instructed in the nature of piety by the same model. The command to love God with all my heart, if only written, might have led me into extravagance, enthusiasm, and neglect of common duties; for religious excitement has a peculiar tendency to excess; but in Jesus I see a devotion to God, entire, perfect, never remitted, yet without the least appearance of passion, as calm and self-possessed as the love which a good mind bears to a parent; and in him I am taught, as words could not teach, how to join supreme regard to my Creator with active charity and common duties toward my fellow-beings.

And not only the precepts, but the true doctrine of Christianity, are bound up with Jesus, and cannot be truly under-

stood without him. For example, one of the great doctrines of Christianity, perhaps its chief, is the kind interest of God in all his creatures, not only in the good, but in the evil ; his placable, clement, merciful character ; his desire to recover and purify and make forever happy even those who have stained themselves with the blackest guilt. The true character of God in this respect, I see indeed in his providence, I read it in his word, and for every manifestation of it I am grateful. But when I see his spotless and beloved Son, to whom his power was peculiarly delegated, and in whom he peculiarly dwelt, giving singular attention to the most fallen and despised men, casting away all outward pomp, that he might mingle familiarly with the poor and neglected ; when I see him sitting at table with the publican and the sinner, inviting them to approach him as a friend, suffering the woman, whose touch was deemed pollution, to bedew his feet with tears ; and when I hear him in the midst of such a concourse saying, " I am come to seek and to save that which was lost," I have a conviction of the tenderness, benignity, and grace of that God whose representative and chosen minister he was and is, as no abstract teaching could have given me. Let me add one more doctrine, that of immortality. I prize every evidence of this great truth. I look within and without me for some pledge that I am not to perish in the grave, that this mind, with its thoughts and affections, is to live and improve and be perfected, and to find that joy for which it thirsts and which it cannot find on earth. Christ's teaching on this subject is invaluable ; but what power does this teaching gain, when I stand by his sepulchre, and see the stone rolled away, and behold the great revealer of immortality rising in power and triumph, and ascending to the life and happiness he had promised !

Thus Christianity, from beginning to end, is intimately connected with its Divine Teacher. It is not an abstract system. The rational Christian who would think of it as such, who, in dwelling on the religion, overlooks its Revealer, is unjust to it. Would he see and feel its power, let him see it warm, living, breathing, acting, in the mind, heart, and life of its Founder.

Let him love it there. In other words, let him love the character of Jesus, justly viewed, and he will love the religion in the way most fitted to make it the power of God unto salvation.

EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL IN HIS TIME.

“MISFORTUNE and good fortune are things past,
Else are they things that have not yet arrived,
And what is past is done irrevocably, —
It is a form of Nature now to man,
And only by a beauteous, holy law
It came to pass, and Nature welcomed it!
Dissatisfaction with the thing that's done,
This is what makes men miserable! content
With what is done, this is men's happiness.
What now is wise in passing through this world?
To know what Nature brings to best account,
To make of it a life, yea, festival,
As children do with snow, which, fluttering down
Silently, buries all their pleasant days.
And never hold thy life a finished thing!
Then fortune, good or bad, is not yet come,
Then life has not yet happened; 'tis to be!
Man has material yet for bliss and life
Till the last hour, even death itself is such,
Which in a godlike way pronounces good,
And blesses what is done! For sure 'twas good,
True, human, heavenly in God's beauteous world,
And in the good heart long since beautiful.”

THE LAYMAN'S BRIEVIARY.

“BUSINESS is too often regarded as the hindrance to the spiritual life. I regard it as among the finest means the world affords for strengthening and causing to grow this inner real life. For every deed may be done according to the fashion of the outward perishing life, as an end; or it may be done after the fashion of the inward endless life, — done righteously, done nobly, done upon occasion, magnificently, — ever regarded as a something to be put under the feet of the spiritual man to lift him to the height of his high calling.”

LITURGICAL WORSHIP AND FREE PRAYER.

BY REV. HUFUS ELLIS.

At a meeting of the Standing Committee of First Church, held on the 30th of January last, it was voted "that a committee of three be appointed by the Chair, and requested to consider the adoption of a Liturgy in the devotional services at this church, to ascertain if they can obtain the consent of the Wardens of King's Chapel for the use of the form now followed by that society, and to report their doings to the proprietors, at their next annual meeting." As one of the Committee so appointed, the present writer has given to the subject such time as he could command, and offers here some of the results of his inquiry, in the hope that he may prepare the way for a consideration of the matter in some other quarters. I shall take for granted that those who have been called into Christian liberty will not, from a natural and proper attachment to existing usages, turn a deaf ear to any discussion of proposed changes. Our present practice was once a questionable novelty, a departure from the way of the fathers, with no more claim to be considered final than theirs, and open to revision and reconstruction whenever there is a reasonable hope of something better. It is a part of our liberty to subordinate the form to the spirit, to be superior to traditions, even our own traditions, not to be compelled to refuse old things simply because they are old, or to reject what is true and useful because it has been associated with what is false and harmful.

It may be of service to trace the course of the Christian Church in this matter of worship, and to see how we have come into our present situation. The disciples of our Lord, in their assemblies for worship and instruction, seem to have followed in the main the order to which they had been accustomed in their Jewish synagogues, — a blending of the liturgical method with the practice of free prayer and extemporaneous address. The oldest Orders of Service are little more than orders. The Lord's Prayer and certain primitive words

of salutation and benediction on the part of the minister and people were the only fixed symbols in the second century ; whatever else we find in the old liturgies is of later date. These old greetings and blessings, such as " The Lord be with you ! " " And with thy spirit ! " are retained in the English Book of Common Prayer, and are its most ancient portions. The Service always consisted of two parts, the Lord's Supper being observed on every Lord's Day. Here is one of the oldest Orders of Service : * A Psalm from the Old or New Testament sung in the antiphonic manner of the Hebrew poetry, according to Hemistichs, or, in the place of this, an act of humiliation or confession. The Psalm closed with a doxology which has come down in three forms, — Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever, or, Glory be to the Father and to the Son, with the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever, or, Glory be to the Father in the Son, and through the Holy Ghost for ever and ever. Then came a canticle of the Old Testament, or a Christian hymn ; then lessons, first from the Old and second from the New Testament, then a homily or explanation of Scripture, especially of the Gospel, and exhortations to Christian faith and life ; then the dismissal of those who did not remain to the Lord's Supper, with a prayer and blessing, which might be delivered by a layman. The ancient Church recognized and practised three kinds of devotion : silent prayer, free prayer, and short forms. Gradually the Lord's Prayer was amplified and the utterances of the worshippers became formularies which, however, were used with great freedom, until the Church passed more and more into the keeping of the clergy, and the voice of free prayer was no more heard in the congregation, the mediæval choir chanting the old psalms, not with the people, but for the people. The Roman Church recognized four great liturgies, — the Gregorian, the Ambrosian, the Gallican, and the Spanish.

The Protestant Reformation brought in free prayer, and gave back the Psalms to the congregation to be said or sung. On the Continent of Europe, and even in England, amongst

* See Bunsen's " Hippolytus and his Age "

the Puritans, liturgical worship gave way to the largest freedom, running sometimes into utterances which for length and for their endless repetitions, would now, at least, be regarded as anything but edifying. The reaction against forms was extreme. In the worship of our Puritan forefathers, even the Bible was not read, lest the reading should take the form of the old superstitious lessons. The English Protestant Church, however, presently prepared a church book for the use of all the congregations, and had a more liberal spirit prevailed in her counsels, might easily have retained in her communion such eminent Puritans as Baxter and Calamy, who cherished no objections to forms of prayer, provided they could be used in freedom and with the allowance upon proper occasions of extemporaneous utterance. The old method of exclusion prevailed, and the Puritans, as after them the Methodists, went their way, taking with them much of the best life of the Church. The form of confession at the opening of this service was composed by the German reformer Bucer (whose body was disinterred and fastened to a stake by order of Queen Mary), then residing in England; the collects are mostly old, and their name recalls the days of silent prayer being acts of recollection on the part of the worshipper. The morning worship of this liturgy is really a union of three services in one,—the morning prayer, properly so called, the touching litany, and the ante-communion service,—and so is frequently complained of as over long. Common Prayer in the English tongue was introduced by act of Parliament in 1548, and revised from time to time until, in 1662, it came substantially into its present form, and has gained and kept a very strong hold upon the affection of the English people. It is not without serious defects, such as the blending of three distinct services in one, the undue prominence given to Hebrew psalms, some of which are not in the least adapted to Christian worship and the repetition of prayers in similar, if not the same words; nevertheless, with all these defects, it is unsurpassed as a book of devotions for the congregation,—a treasury of the prayers of saints, breathing out the very spirit of the Christ in language as elevated as it is simple.

The liturgy referred to in the vote of our Committee is such a revision of this book as seemed to be needed to fit it for the use of those Christians who, when they pray, would only say "Our Father," and ask for what they need, not of Christ, but in the name of Christ. It was prepared for the use of King's Chapel in the year 1785, great assistance having been derived from the corrections of the Book of Common Prayer suggested by Dr. Samuel Clarke, an Arian member of the Church of England. In the introduction to this service book, the editor, Dr. Freeman, says, "It is not our wish to make proselytes to any particular system or opinions of any particular sect of Christians. Our earnest desire is to live in brotherly love and peace with all men, and especially with those who call themselves the disciples of Jesus Christ."

By our own traditions, as you know, we are committed to the straitest Puritanism and the uttermost simplicity. Our forefathers in England, separating from the English Church, prepared no forms of service of their own which deserve to be called a Liturgy; partly, perhaps, because they hoped for a time when Common Prayer would be modified to suit their views, and yet also because every revival of Christian life is signalized by fresh utterances of the Spirit in the congregation of believers, — utterances which ought to fashion themselves into new liturgies. Our free praying, moreover, has become very dear to many, through long usage and a multitude of precious associations, whilst the words so spoken bear up their hearts better than any premeditated and oft-repeated prayer. And yet there are indications that the protest against forms of prayer may have exhausted itself. The organ, the Puritan's abomination, is found now in almost every house of worship. The Psalms of the Book of Common Prayer are everywhere chanted. In many churches, the alternate reading of the Psalms by the minister and people is practised. Not a few of our congregations use books of service, more or less elaborate, — a practice which I am told is almost universal amongst the liberal churches of England. Within a few weeks, a Liturgy has been put forth by the American Unitarian Association. There is a growing feeling that free prayer

alone is not sufficient either to call forth or to express the religious feeling of the congregation, and that the associations with a well-chosen Book of Prayers are of great value as childhood passes into youth and matures into age. It is believed, also, that where so many influences tend to divide, Common Prayer, in a settled form, tends to unite and bind, and transmits the life of the congregation from age to age. We have learned, moreover, that one may be refreshed as well as wearied by ever recurring and therefore familiar words, especially if no better can be found, and to depart from them is to incur the risk of falling into worse, and that in view of the different measures of gifts amongst those who are called to voice the prayers of the congregation, it is well to be assured of some words which all find acceptable.

I am satisfied that there are many Christian worshippers who are not so content with the method of free prayer as to be unable to see any of the advantages which are secured by the opposite method, and for myself, I am quite prepared to ask, "Why not strive to gain the good of both ways?" Why not follow the earliest practice in which the letter and the spirit were both recognized? It is good to have something fixed, — something which shall be before the eyes and in the hands of the people, that they may thoroughly take part in the praying, lifting their voices with the voice of the preacher. In the Sunday-school, which is the children's church, this is found to be especially helpful. Perhaps in this way praying may sometimes take the place of listening to prayers, or not listening to them. But in order to gain this good, we need not, and ought not, to sacrifice the Free Prayer, which is one of the sure witnesses of the life of the Church, through the ever-proceeding Spirit. It would be sad, indeed, to be told that the words in which the Christian heart is to pour forth its abundance of faith, aspiration, revering love, penitence, longing for pardon and peace and rest, have all been uttered, written, printed, and bound in a book. That would be a sure sign of death. The Lord deliver us from an age of mere forms and formulas, from priests and people who cannot pray any more prayers, who can supply no more of

the material out of which liturgies are framed. Who can breathe the breath of life under an exhausted receiver? The very presence of a book beyond which one could never go, would, of itself, provoke to free prayer, and send men forth as it did the Quakers and the Methodists, to pour out the heart with the common people, and lift them heavenward upon a mighty wave of devotion, which would be to all forms of prayer like the swelling of the Jordan. How inevitably a revival of free praying came with Methodism! How impossible for the Wesleys to have compassed England with the Prayer Book! The Church must be growing in its devotions, as in all else. The Spirit still leads us into all truth. We must either write, print, and read fresh prayers, or we must extemporize them. The kingdom of God is ever coming, ever new, ever more beautiful with each new age. Let us not, because of the crude, careless, painfully personal, and shockingly familiar utterances into which so many free worshippers are betrayed, silence the voice of the Spirit, or say that, whatever be the various experiences of the day and place, there shall be the same unchanging words. For myself, I can have no part with a stereotype, petrified, fossil Christianity. A crop of formulas is the poorest possible growth which can spring from any soil called Christian. Sad indeed, and discouraging, were one compelled to answer when asked, What is the result of your ministry? To what conclusion have you brought your people? Why, they have settled down upon a Liturgy,—they have bought some prayer-books. No! whatever else we adopt, let us stir up the gift of prayer, and call upon Him who puts his Spirit into us also, and watches still for its going forth, a breath of life.

A blended method seems to me the best: a book of prayers,—the Chapel Liturgy is, perhaps, the best within our reach,—with liberty to lay it aside at times altogether, and to use it with such omissions as would leave a place for the day's utterance. I am satisfied that, in gathering a new congregation, such a method would be successful, and that a congregation so ordered would meet a pressing want, and retain in our free churches some who are now drawn by richer forms

of worship into other connections. Whether such changes can be introduced successfully in a parish whose traditions are all the other way, is not so easy to determine. Changes are best accepted when they are gradual. I am told that the oldest mill in England is, at the same time, the newest, because the owners have introduced the new things little by little, and, as it were, imperceptibly, never altering much at any one time. Unfortunately this cannot be done in the matter which we have been considering. It must be a great change, and to those who love old things, a very unwelcome change. Who can blame them? Who does not admire the strong affection which goes out towards things old and well tried? — the clinging to the paths where we have mourned and rejoiced? I certainly should be sorry, indeed, to be told that a change would leave nothing to regret. And yet there may be those who, retaining in a measure the old way, might be ready so far to sacrifice their own personal preferences as to consent to some such change as that into the expediency of which the Committee would have us inquire. Let the wishes of all be fairly and fully made known and considered. Let us try to bear one another's burdens in this as in everything else, and reach, if possible, a common mind. Do not, as is too often the way, keep silence whilst the thing is pending, and speak out in complaint when the thing is done. And above all things else, remember that, interesting and important as these matters of form may be, they are but as the small dust in the balance compared to the great verities and realities of our life in Christ, — a life whose divine force has fashioned every creed and ceremony of the Church, and given to them all the significance they can boast. Only in the name of this life do I bring forth new things or old, — the life, which "is more than meat, the body, which is more than raiment. I confess that I stand amazed whilst ritualists and anti-ritualists urge their controversies. Touching these things, I am content to be a perfect Gallio, who, it is written cared for none of these things. I love the old creeds, not so much for what they say as for what they try to say, — the old liturgies for the Holy Spirit that they embody, for the aroma of

faith that lingers about them, — the great Christian Festivals and the one Christian Fast for the stupendous facts which they commemorate ; but, after all, the Lord is to me a Spirit, wrought into our being and character, and the only saving baptism is the answer of a good conscience toward God, the baptism of the Spirit. The true prayer, whether out of the book or without the book, is the voice of the Spirit. Walk in the Spirit, and you shall walk together, and you shall walk heavenward, — in the old paths, if the old are better in new paths, if the new are better, but in any case heavenward.

CHRIST THE TRUTH.

BY R. F. FULLER.

THE truth he witnessed, Jesus was,
 No truth, without him, we possess.
 He left his glory for the cause
 Of truth, to save the soul and bless.

What is the truth ? once Pilate cried, —
 The question of his life was that ;
 Yet, carelessly, ere Christ replied,
 In his false judgment-seat he sat.

What is the truth ? Our fleeting days
 Are full of vanity and lies.
 What is the truth ? Our hope betrays
 The yearning heart, and bliss denies.

What is the truth ? This question asks
 The world of change, in which we live ;
 And consciousness the reason tasks ;
 And all is interrogative.

Love echoed through the universe,
 We hear, What is the truth ? resound ;
 And nothing can the doubt disperse,
 Until the truth in Christ is found.

THE LAW AND CONDITION OF PREFERMENT IN THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.*

BY JAMES W. THOMPSON, D. D.

Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant. — MATT. XX. 27.

THIS great law and condition of preferment in the kingdom of Christ was put into definite statement by Jesus, upon the occasion of an ambitious mother — mistaking altogether the nature of the kingdom he was going to establish — making request that her two sons might receive the highest positions in its government. Primarily, the statement was a rebuke to that kind of ambition, — that worldly self-seeking; but beyond this, it enunciates a *new rule of life*, which is one of the most striking features of Christianity, and which was abundantly illustrated by Christ's own example. His example interprets the rule, "even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." The highest places in the New Kingdom belong not to those who covet distinction above their fellows, but to those who renounce all thought of that, and devote whatever they possess of faculty and means to making other people better and happier, more comfortable in outward condition, more strong and true, beautiful and good, in inward state. They have the chief places, for they are most like that Son of God who came into the world, not to be made its idol and to grasp its honors; not to be greeted and cheered by its hosannas, but to bless it by healing its diseases, by ministering to its immortal cravings, by going before it and leading it in the way of life eternal.

This rule of life involves an important truth, — the truth, I mean, that in the sight of God the highest thing in man is not the special form of his faith, not his simple integrity, not even his piety, — however indispensable each of these may be, — but his disposition to serve his fellow-men; in other words, *benevolence of heart manifested in corresponding deeds; that*

* Preached on the Sunday following the death of James P. Walker.

is the highest thing in Christ's kingdom,—the benevolence which seeks to *serve* in opposition to the selfishness which seeks to *be served*. “Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.”

This is plain enough; the meaning cannot be misunderstood. And it settles, or ought to settle, the question forever, *what it is to be a Christian* in the inmost sense of the word. If we judge men who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus by any other rule, we are in danger of misjudging them, either by according to them a pre-eminence which does not belong to them, or by withholding from them the honor which is their due.

The truth involved in this rule admits of universal application, and by it every man must be judged. Nay, by it we are judged already. The question it asks of each one who would learn what is his real place in the New Kingdom is, What hast thou done, what art thou doing, to strengthen, to comfort, and support, or in any way to bless, thy fellow-men, this human family, or any child that belongs to it? And the question it authorizes us to ask concerning others is, not what ecclesiastical name they bear, nor what church they commune with, nor how many articles there are in their creed, nor how often they go to “confession,” nor how many religious exercises they engage in daily or weekly, but, What are these persons in their relations to their fellow-men,—what is the influence of their lives, of their word, spirit, example, upon the community in which they live, upon its great interests social, moral, religious? Are they doing good or evil? Are they bane or blessing? Do they help or hinder improvement and the increase of virtue, love, and truth amongst their brethren? Are they serving, or only demanding to be served?

The decision as to one's place in the Christian fellowship turns mainly upon this point, and it is really the only point about which one need be greatly concerned. Other things may modify *man's* judgment. We are affected, more or less, by another's standing, by his professions, by the church he belongs to, by what he does or fails to do in the visible offices of worship. But before God in the grand assizes, the final

and conclusive question is, What is he to others? What is he as a parent to his children, as a neighbor to his neighbors, as a disciple of Jesus to the church of which he is a member? Are his dispositions benevolent? Is he ready to minister according to his ability to the relief of human misery, whether it exist in the dark and stifled abodes of poverty, where it takes on its most repulsive aspect, or in habitations to which no material good is wanting, but in which there are aching hearts struggling with grievous discontents, or intensely yearning for the sympathy of those who have been quickened by God's grace into the fruition of his unquenchable love? What effort is he ready to make, not alone amongst the obscure and outwardly wretched, — the class which calls most loudly for succor, — but, also, in his own household, and in the circle of his most cherished friends, where all the instincts of nature coincide with the demands of duty, — what is he willing to do *there* in order to bring in a little more sunlight, or to awaken a new pleasure, and a deeper sense of the privilege of living, though it be but for a short period of time upon this bountiful earth and in the midst of so many benefits? What sacrifices is he willing to make in order to give to the truth which is to regenerate the world wider sweep and a more commanding sway, or to fold the sheep and lambs of Christ's flock where they may go in and out and find pasture?

Questions like these indicate the dividing line between the followers of Christ who are such in reality, in deed and in truth, whatever their superficial errors and still uncorrected faults, and those who are such merely in form and profession, or perhaps not even in that, but only in name. It is the very line which Jesus himself drew in his wonderful picture of the nations of the earth summoned before God, to receive their recompenses and retributions, wherein, they on the one side are hailed as God's blessed children, and welcomed into the joy of their Lord, whilst those on the opposite side are sent away, condemned to the base companionship of evil spirits worse than themselves, — a picture which is a most vivid and impressive representation of the radical principle

of Christianity. For it is everywhere implied in the Gospel that "if one love not his brother whom he hath seen, he cannot love God whom he hath not seen." Everywhere, from beginning to end of the New Testament, it is affirmed that the love which shows itself in deeds of help and strength and gladness, in labors that look to the greater comfort of those on whom any blow or blight has fallen, in words or endearments which charm away the consuming cares that fall, more or less, to every one's lot, and which give even an hour's brightness, where otherwise there would be an hour of loneliness and gloom, — that this "love is the fulfilling of the law." Friends, in all the universe of God, there is nothing higher than that! Mark how eloquent Paul grows in speaking of it. He was not the man to undervalue the gift of "faith," — that mysterious power which grasps things invisible and eternal and holds them as the grandest of all realities, — that power which, soaring "beyond the flaming bounds of space and time," pauses not in its majestic flight till it folds its wing in the heaven of heavens and beneath the very shadow of the Eternal Throne. Nor was it in him to depreciate that wealth of "knowledge," to the production of which so many mysteries have yielded up their secrets; nor that fidelity to conscience which gives the "body to be burned" rather than disobey its behests; nor that blessed "hope" which holds over the dread abyss where life comes to its earthly close a torch to illuminate the steps that lead up to the gates of the Heavenly City. No, no word in their disparagement could have fallen from his lips. Yet, in his view, what is "knowledge," though it understand all mysteries, and be able to use the speech of angels; what is "faith," though it embrace the highest truth and "remove mountains;" what is "hope," though it irradiate the mind with foregleams of that eternal day over which no tempest ever breaks, no cloud ever lingers, — what are these, I say, in his estimation? Great, no doubt, each in itself, and scarcely to be prized too highly. But there was one thing far greater, one thing without which they were nothing worth, one thing greatest of all, — *the charity that never faileth*, the LOVE which is never weary in well-doing!

There is no grace equal to that, nothing so radiant in the face of Jesus Christ, nothing in the heart of God that so draws to him the soul of men and angels. "If any man will be chief among you, let him be the servant of all."

And, my friends, this rule of life is not temporary and local, but a permanent and universal law of moral beings. We do not escape from it by changing circumstances, nor by going out of the world. There is a "rest" indeed, but not from its operation. There is no point of attainment at which it begins to relax its demand. Nay, the higher you ascend in the scale of being, the wider becomes the field of benevolent activity, and the more imperative is felt to be the obligation to occupy it. The greater you become in the New Kingdom, the more you have to do, the more work the Spirit lays out for you. If you go up to saintship, the true saint is no drone and no recluse, but a quickening spirit, a healing, transforming, saving power in his generation. The noblest saint here below has the deepest interest in the well-being of his fellow-men, and the highest among the "just made perfect" are they who are most eagerly intent on ministries of redeeming mercy. In what lower spheres, where spirits kindred in nature are undergoing the discipline and receiving the tuition requisite for their entrance into a brighter mansion of the Father's house, they exercise themselves in that charity which "suffereth long and is kind" and which "seeketh not her own," it were, perhaps, vain to indulge in confident conjecture. But the coming of the Son of God upon the earth to clear away its darkness, to lift up them that are crushed beneath its grinding sins and miseries, "to heal the broken-hearted," to pour the light of infinite mercy upon despairful eyes, and to open the gates of immortality to them that are in the valley and shadow of death,—the Son of God making himself of no reputation and taking the form of a servant, ministering to others and giving his life a ransom for many,—ay, for more than we know or can number,—his appearance here, I say, to seek and save the lost may be taken, it seems to me, as an earnest that wherever in God's universe there are needy, hungering, sin-sick, suffering souls,

they are not overlooked or forgotten, and that in due time they will be reached and ministered unto by some of the countless multitude whose ambition can only be to win new glory and accessions of life by new and self-denying service in behalf of their brethren.

And, my friends, I carry this thought still farther. What hinders that we should extend it even to Him who is the Head and Summit of all being? If the higher we ascend in the scale of spiritual life the larger the field and the greater the urgency of the service to which we are called, how shall it be with Him who is so high that there is nothing higher? "My Father worketh hitherto," said Jesus; there has been no rest to him, and there is no limit to the field in which his benevolent activity displays itself. His ministry extends to every creature from the least to the greatest, from the crawling worm to man created in his own image; and all the laboratories of earth and sky are kept busy for the purposes of that ministry. All nature is tributary to it. The changing seasons, the soil and the sunbeams, the winds and the clouds, and that mighty providence we adore "in each event of life," are but its varied expression. And this it is which brings the highest created natures into correlation and sympathy with the Uncreated, while it inspires that calm confidence in the fatherly goodness and mercy of God which no vicissitudes, however fearful, can shake; for "never did any spend himself in the service of others, and yet despair of the benignity of God."

When we search for examples of that distinguishing Christian characteristic of which I have been speaking, either in the world or in the church, we find them not numerous..

There are many, indeed, in whom outlines and little beginnings of it may be discerned, like the incipient features of beauty which the mother discovers in her babe; and from these much of the best work of society proceeds. But this is not spontaneous with them. It has to be drawn out of them by others, or else by a more or less painful process of self-compulsion. A large proportion of the benevolent enterprises of the Christian world are sustained chiefly by the efforts of

the reluctant class, — of those to whom doing good has not yet become an easy law, a second nature. But these always require leaders more advanced than themselves, — leaders thoroughly kindled, completely controlled, by the great principle of Christian service, and whose “meat it is to do the will of God” in all the humanities of society, in all the charities of life. Such a leader, pre-eminently, you all know, was our beloved fellow-laborer JAMES P. WALKER. He drew the timid, the irresolute, the half-persuaded, after him by an irresistible attraction. That attraction was in his beaming eye, in his sweet face, in his persuasive voice, in his consistent example; but first of all, it was in his noble and generous heart. Once brought within its range, once touched by it, it was hard even for him who most sturdily resisted its influence to escape from it; whilst those who saw how benign was its power easily yielded to it in spite of original misgivings. In him the distinguishing Christian characteristic to which the text has drawn our attention to-day was as fully developed as in any man I have ever known; and it “wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouth of lions, removed mountains,” by its own force alone. It was the determining power of his life; and all his faculties, all his affections, domestic, social, religious, were yoked to it or rather revolved with it as beautiful and brilliant satellites around their central orb, docile and obedient to its law. So that it required no urging to bring him up to the point of deciding that he would lend his aid and influence to the furtherance of a good undertaking. There was no balancing in him between duty and inclination, no hesitation, no lingering on the point of a timid doubt; but the decision was made for him at once in the very bent of his mind, in the relation of his ideas and sentiments to his will, in the consecrated genius of the man, nay, in “the fulness of Christ” of which he was possessed.

This disposition appeared in little things as well as great, — in joining in the games and ministering to the pleasures of children; in assisting in the social entertainments and diversions of the older members of society, as well as in the

graver duties of the church, the Sunday-school room, and even of the pulpit. He declined no labor that was ready to be put upon him, even though with existing burdens he was heavy-laden and weary. It was no slight addition to his cares which he cheerfully consented to take when, with especial reference to the supply of the pulpit during my late absence from the country, he was made chairman of your parish committee; and it was a still greater task to which, at an earlier period, he gave his already overworked energies when he accepted the difficult and laborious position of a member of the school committee, although both these were offices to the duties of which there were special adaptations in the peculiar quality of his mind and heart. If he could do any good,—if there was a work to be done which contemplated humane or specially Christian results, a work of succor to the friendless, of care for the orphan, of instruction to the ignorant, an educating, uplifting, Christianizing work, he was one of those who might be counted on to aid in carrying it forward without waiting to ask him. It was known in advance that he was as much to be depended on as though he had been formally pledged. Indeed, one might say he *was* pledged in the very character of the man; and he could no more refuse than the deep river can refuse to run in its appointed channel or the sun to lighten the world.

It was this distinguishing characteristic which gave to him that influence, that moral supremacy, in his special department of Christian activity which all confessed, and in virtue of which he led us, almost without our knowing it, into paths of duty, into the tillage-fields of the gospel, into the pleasant pastures, where good shepherds feed the "lambs" and the "sheep" of the Lord's flock. By this alone he became "chief" among us. And what was it in his instruction of the young in the Sunday-school that more than anything else was the point of his teaching? It was this: that it is better to give than to receive, to minister than to be ministered unto, to seek to make others happy than to consult every one their own pleasure. It was the one domi-

nant desire of his heart, in respect to the Sunday-school that it should be a fountain with little rills flowing out in all directions to refresh and make green waste and desolate places; that it should be a little mission-society in which all self-regards should be merged and lost in a sweet and loving zeal to aid and bless and train to goodness other less favored children. While he lived, this might have been thought extravagant praise. But now that he is dead, and his life passes in review before our sorrowing hearts, and we begin to see what we have lost, it seems but the tamest eulogy.

I can call to mind but few laymen, nay, I know not where to look for *one*, who in his relations to our branch of the Christian Church, and simply as a Christian worker, held a higher position, or was in the way of exerting a wider and more healthful influence than he at the time of his death. And this he had achieved, let it be well remembered, by the simple power of his character. For he had no advantages that were not purely of a moral kind, no wealth, none but a common-school education in his youth, no influential relations, no marked success in his chosen pursuit, nothing, in short, but good talents, a refined taste, gentlemanly manners, and a certain native goodness, cultivated and developed under the fostering influence of a manly and thoroughly Christian purpose early formed, and of the disciplinary circumstances of his life, into a rounded, complete, and beautiful character, with the great principle "whosoever will be chief among you let him be the servant of all," as its illuminating, guiding, permeating force. It has been said by one who had a generous and admiring appreciation of him that "in religion he was certainly a Radical." This, I think, is a mistake. Radical he may have been in the etymological sense of the word in many things, but he was not "*a* Radical." He did not identify himself with that class of religionists, though many belonging to it were dearly loved by him as friends, and he was in favor of a Church broad enough to include them, if they chose to be in it. Far be it from me to claim him as a conservative of the Old School. This would be as wide from the truth as the other assignment of him.

He was a Liberal *Christian*, with the emphasis where I have placed it. He loved the name of Christ, and hesitated not to call him "Lord and Master." As he himself followed him, so he held him up to others, as Light and Guide and Inspiration. His Spirit was sought, and the might and glory of his influence devoutly acknowledged in his public prayers; and no guest at the Lord's Supper was more constant, or bore himself more humbly, or entered more heartily into the meaning, the deep life, of that memorial feast.

But with his theological position I have no concern except to vindicate it against a possibly injurious misapprehension. His character, his Christian work, and love of it, the Christian motive and principle by which he was governed through life, the Christian spirit which shone through him radiant and immortal, — these are what he has left behind him, his legacy sealed by a love stronger than death to his family; his legacy, also, to us and to our children; an unspotted life consecrated by a supreme desire to follow Jesus in the spirit in which "he came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many." God grant that the legacy may become ours by an inward possession, and entering into the secret springs of our being, exert an abiding influence upon our lives commensurate, at least, with that which his personal presence wrought. God grant that, though dead, he may speak to us with the added effect of one who having passed within the veil of Immortality knows by a blessed experience that "glory, honor, and peace" are the sure portion of "every man that worketh good."

THE surest means of acquiring a conviction of a life after death is so to act in this life that we can venture to wish for another. He who feels that if there is a God, he must look down graciously upon him, will not be disturbed by arguments *against* his being, and needs none for it. He who has sacrificed so much for virtue that he looks for recompense in a future life needs no proof of the reality of such a life; — he does not *believe* in it, he *feels* it.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND MR. TYNG.

BY S. G. BULFINCH, D. D.

THE attention of the public has lately been drawn, in an unusual degree, toward the Episcopal Church, its position, and its claims. The circumstances which have attracted that attention have been unfortunate, and the judgment of other denominations far from favorable. It has long been known that there existed within "the Church" — as its members are accustomed to designate it — a deep-seated difference of opinion; but this difference has, until recently, been held in check by mutual forbearance. Now, however, the views of the respective parties appear to have attained more full development, while the obligations of charity and courtesy have lost something of their restraining power. An occurrence, apparently accidental in its origin, has brought distinguished members of the two parties into open collision; church discipline, invoked to correct an irregularity, has increased instead of allaying the excitement; and fears of a permanent division of the denomination are entertained by many of its members.

A young clergyman of eminent ability — the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., of New York City — was requested by one of his parishioners to visit him at his summer residence, in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and to officiate in a Methodist church in that place, to which his entertainer had been a liberal patron. The invitation was seconded by the Methodist clergyman. Mr. Tyng accepted it, apparently without thought of interference with the rights of others. But the two Episcopal clergymen of New Brunswick viewed the matter in a different light. A note, in terms sufficiently courteous, was handed to Mr. Tyng, expressing their protest and that of the bishop of New Jersey, against his proposed action. Mr. Tyng disregarded the protest, and carried out his intention. For this, a complaint was entered against him, on the ground that he had violated a canon of the Church, which forbids any minister to officiate within the parish of another without his permission. The canon also prescribes

that, as far as this regulation is concerned, the parish of a minister shall be understood to be the city or town in which he officiates; and that where there are two or more Episcopal churches, the consent of a majority of their pastors shall be requisite.

At the trial of Mr. Tyng, it was pointed out by his counsel that the rule was one as often neglected as observed, while in large cities its observance was impossible; in New York, for instance, where clergymen from other places frequently officiate in the numerous Episcopal churches, without the leave of any but the individual ministers whose place they supply. Mr. Tyng, however, was found guilty, and sentenced to be publicly admonished, — a sentence which was carried into effect by the bishop under circumstances considered by Mr. Tyng and his friends as peculiarly aggravating, such as its great publicity and the presence of policemen. These circumstances, however, appear differently, as explained by the opposite party. The bishop's address contained expressions of good-will, but would have been more conciliatory and more impressive, had it been much more brief. The venerable Dr. Tyng, the father of the respondent and one of his counsel, read an eloquent protest, while the bishop and his clergy, as if unaware that he was speaking, went on reading prayers. Each party of course throws upon the other the blame due to this indecorous scene. A meeting was immediately held, of persons who approved the course of Mr. Tyng, including some eminent clergymen; and the young minister himself, in a published letter to the bishop, denies the justice of his sentence, and repudiates its authority.

The non-episcopalian public, beholding these proceedings with amazement and indignation, has yet been at a loss to understand them. The general impression is that the offence for which Mr. Tyng was censured was that of preaching in a Methodist place of worship, thus endorsing the Christian character and respectable standing of the denomination whose hospitality he accepted. Another common impression is that the Episcopal Church, by a canon defining the limits of their parishes as co-extensive with the cities where they are

located, claims jurisdiction over other Christian bodies. Both these views are distinctly repudiated by the authorities of the Episcopal Church. Bishop Potter, in his admonitory address, says that Mr. Tyng might have preached in a Methodist meeting-house without blame, had it been where his preaching did not interfere with the rights of a brother minister; and with regard to the second supposition, his language is as follows:—

“The canon law of this Church is for the ministers and people of this Church, and has no relation whatever to the ministers and people of other religious bodies. To say that the literal, natural, and usual interpretation of the canon in question, ascribing to the two ministers of this Church in New Brunswick a jurisdiction over the whole of that city, *for the purposes of the canon*, is to claim for them an absolute jurisdiction over all the people and over all the religious houses of that city, is to say something so flagrantly unreasonable and unfounded, that only persons who wish to be deceived can be deceived by it.” Thus, too, the court whose sentence he was carrying out had declared, “While our Church claims no jurisdiction over, and undertakes no legislation for bodies of professing Christians other than her own, yet in every place her own ministers are subject to her authority and amenable to her laws.” It is but justice to our Episcopalian brethren to notice their direct repudiation of the invidious claims that have been imputed to them.

And yet we must say that the repudiation of these claims leaves the whole affair extremely difficult to understand. We cannot perceive that, if no exclusive sanctity be claimed, Mr. Tyng interfered at all with the Episcopal clergymen of New Brunswick. He preached in a different building from theirs, and to a different congregation. If a few of their parishioners were led by curiosity to leave their own church for a single Sunday, their churches, on the other hand, might gain by the favorable impression made on others who should hear the Episcopal service, and listen to the words of the attractive young preacher. The real harm done was nothing,—or would have been nothing, but for the interference of the rec-

tors with Mr. Tyng. But we are told, and we admit the truth, that the breaking of a law is of itself a great evil. Still, the law was differently construed by different persons; and in the construction placed upon it by the rectors, it was nearly obsolete; one of them broke it that very day, in its letter, by exchanging with a minister in the city of New York, without asking leave of a majority of the clergymen in that city. It might, indeed, have been prudent and courteous in Mr. Tyng to refrain from an act against which two of his brethren protested, especially as they adduced also the authority of their bishop; but the protest came late; the arrangement had been already made, and Mr. Tyng felt bound to fulfil it, at once by his own promise and by his duty as a Christian minister. Then, too, it is the dictate, not only of manly spirit, but of duty, not to yield to an unjust claim. For Mr. Tyng to have yielded, would have given a precedent to establish that as the correct understanding of the canon which he regarded as incorrect and oppressive. Under these circumstances, it appears to us that if he did wrong at all, his error was of the most venial kind,—a mistake, rather than a transgression; and the prosecution, the trial, the sentence, and the reprimand would appear utterly unintelligible, but for the existence of that party division in the Church which alone could give to Mr. Tyng's action an aspect offensive to the neighboring Episcopal clergymen.

Had the congregations of those clergymen been trained to consider all Christian denominations as their equals, in conformity to the words of Jesus, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren"? If so, the incident of an Episcopalian minister preaching in their neighborhood was of no importance to them, whether it took place in an Episcopalian or in a Methodist church, in a court-house or a school-house. But if they had been taught to regard their own buildings alone as truly consecrated, their own ministers alone as really ordained, their own children alone as baptized, and themselves alone as "the Church," while other bodies of Christians were but "sects," then did the action of Mr. Tyng acquire a meaning, subversive of all this fabric of exclusive-

ness, and thereby endangering the influence of the ministers who had been carefully building it up among them. We believe Bishop Potter spoke the literal truth when he said to Mr. Tyng, "You are not censured for preaching the Gospel in another religious edifice than one expressly devoted to the use of this Church." The canon which Mr. Tyng was accused of violating said nothing about church edifices. And yet we can perceive no sufficient cause for the revival and enforcement of that canon, long unused, unless it was the apparent recognition by Mr. Tyng of the Methodist church as a consecrated place, and the Methodist clergyman as a brother minister.

We do not deny that Mr. Tyng might possibly have done better. When he received the protest of his brethren, he might have replied, expressing his regret that he should be thought to interfere with them, and disclaiming any such purpose, but stating that he understood the canon differently from them, and that it was now his plain duty to fulfil his engagement. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and had such a reply been made, the world, probably, would never have heard of the case. It is easy, however, after a thing has been done, and its consequences have appeared, to say how those consequences might have been avoided by a different course. At the time, it might naturally appear to Mr. Tyng that the best thing he could do with regard to what he deemed improper interference was to take no notice of it.

Our brethren of the Episcopal Church must not be surprised if the world judges their conduct in this instance, not merely by the words of their canon, but by the claims which they have, of late years, been too fond of advancing. Such a claim we found lately thus expressed in an Episcopalian paper, the Hartford "Churchman" of Jan. 18th: "With this there is the feeling that the 'Protestant Episcopal Church' can no longer work as it has worked hitherto. It is the Holy Catholic Church in the United States or nothing." "The Churchmen of the present day are working for the possession of Young America. The vision of a Catholic religion in America is before them, and they are endeavoring, some in

one way and some in another, to realize it." So far as this means earnest, manly, devoted work to advance the cause of religion, as they understand it, we are far from objecting to it; we applaud and wish them God speed. "The vision of a Catholic religion in America" is before us also,—of a religion in which, though divisions may continue, and some have bishops and liturgies, while others do without them, all shall work together in mutual respect, fraternal harmony, and devoted love and reverence to their heavenly Father; and to us the prospect is much more pleasing than would be the mediæval dead level of one all-absorbing denomination, excluding all freedom of thought, and all variety of taste. But whether their ideal or ours be the true one, it is not realized yet. There are many denominations in the land, and the claim of any one of them to be "Catholic" is simply the claim of a part to be the whole.

When, shortly after the Revolutionary War, the Episcopalian denomination adopted measures for its independent organization, it occupied a position singularly advantageous, and it used its advantages with practical good sense, and in a patriotic, republican, American spirit; let us say more, with true Christian "meekness of wisdom." It did not claim to be the whole. It took the modest title of "the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States." Happily delivered from that alliance with the state, and that dependence on the patronage and subjection to the claims of wealthy families, which are the glittering but corrupting inheritance of the English Church, it was able, also, to purge its prayer-book from the intolerance and self-contradictions of the Athanasian creed. That its bishops received consecration from English prelates, was a pleasing incident, as it was an interchange of Christian courtesy between citizens of two countries recently at war. In this sense it was promoted by the Congregational Unitarian, John Adams, then our Minister at the English court. It was to be regretted, however, so far as it seemed to substitute that consecration of a form which could sanctify a Roderic Borgia for the consecration of the Spirit that sanctified a Watts and a Doddridge. But in the venerable White

and his associates, both consecrations were united; and the "Protestant Episcopal Church" stood forth, an honored member of the great family of Christian Churches in the land.

A portion — we fear the majority — of the clergy of that Church are now seeking to change that position. Their Church must be all or nothing. They claim the name of Catholic, regardless of the double objection, that it belongs to all Christians alike, and that if any one sect could appropriate it, it is due to the high antiquity and overwhelming numbers of the Romish communion. In forms of worship, too, there is a tendency, not only to return to England, but to approximate towards Rome. Such seems to be the spirit of the High Church party. On the other side are those who, with purpose clearer and more distinctly avowed than ever before, would bring their Church into harmony with the liberal and active spirit of the age, and with the institutions and the feelings of their own country; would own their fellow-Christians of other denominations as equals and associates in all good works; and while loving their own order, both of government and of worship, would regard nothing as of supreme importance but the glory of God, and the good of mankind. Honor to their spirit, and success to their efforts! May Christian moderation even yet interpose to prevent a schism in the Church, whose venerable and graceful liturgy harmonizes so well with the high culture of her clergy; and may her ambition be hereafter, not to stand apart from other Christian bodies in a spirit of assuming exclusiveness, but to attract their love by her humility, and excite their emulation by her good works.

To truth I solemnly devote myself at my first entrance into public life. Without respect of party or of reputation, I shall always *acknowledge* that to be truth which I recognize as such, come whence it may, and never acknowledge that which I do not believe. —FICHTE.

THE CRY FROM CRETE FOR HUMAN SYMPATHY.*

THOSE who read the daily and weekly prints are made aware that a cruel war is going on in the island of Crete attended with great suffering and wrong; that efforts have been made and are making in New England to give them relief; that a fair has been held in the city of Boston for this purpose, with contributions from various parts of New England. The subject is fraught with very great historic interest, and appeals to the sympathies of every benevolent mind. We shall best understand the wants of their cause by inquiring, —

Who are the Cretans?

What is the oppression under which they suffer?

What is the aid which they ask?

The Greeks have never lost their identity or their characteristics as a people. The Peloponnesus, Attica with the lovely islands that gem the eastern portion of the Mediterranean Sea, are Greece still, — the same people whose cruel conflicts and final downfall are the great tragedy of history.

Crete is the largest and most important of the "Isles of Greece." It is to them what Cuba is to the other West India Islands. It is not so long as the State of Massachusetts, and has only about half as many square miles of surface. But all Attica was only a tenth as large as Massachusetts, yet played a larger part in ancient history than the latter has as yet done in modern.

Crete lies in the south-eastern part of the Mediterranean, and forms the natural southern frontier and bulwark of Greece proper. From east to west, a chain of rugged mountains rises precipitately from the plains to a great height. I saw the snow lying on the peaks of Mount Ida in July last,

* This article is not original, but a compilation principally from the appeal of Dr. Howe and the address of Mr. Wendell Phillips. We have only written the introductory sentences and such portions as serve to join our selections together so as to make a clear and continuous statement. We deemed this the best way to present the cause of the Cretans. We would say that our sympathies warmly respond to this most touching appeal. The first half of the article is mainly in the language of Dr. Howe, the latter part in the language of Mr. Phillips. — EDS.

while grapes and figs and luscious fruits were ripening in the few places left unscathed by fire and the axe.

Its climate is so mild, its skies so soft, its waters so sweet, its soil so rich, its productions so abundant, and all its natural conditions so favorable to human life and enjoyment, that the ancients called it "The Blessed."

It had once a hundred walled cities; it contained more than a million inhabitants, still was not fall. Its checkered history furnishes a striking proof of the fact, that the happiness and interests of the peoples are apt to be utterly disregarded by absolute and irresponsible governments, of whatever kind.

In the palmy days of ancient Greece it was a republic; and its inhabitants have been, and still are, strongly democratic in their tendencies; but, in the tumultuous times which followed the downfall of the Grecian republics, its exposed situation between Europe, Asia, and Africa laid it open to invaders; and the piratical Sicilians, the filibustering Romans, and the marauding Saracens each in turn seized it, plundered it, and misruled it.

Greece, with her lovely islands, including Crete, had become Christian by the end of the third century, and formed an important part of the Byzantine or Eastern Roman Empire. But Greece, with her islands, at the fall of that empire in 1453, passed under the rule of the Turks who invaded Western Europe from Asia.

The Greeks have a religion which, though disfigured by superstition, still preserves the essential features of Christianity, and elevates and strengthens them, while the Turks have a religion which degrades and enfeebles them. The Greeks strengthened the ties of family,—of kith and kin; the Turks weakened all theirs. The Greeks sanctified the marriage relation by monogamy; the Turks polluted it by polygamy. The Greeks were reticent and chaste; the Turks, loose and licentious. The Greeks were industrious and thrifty; the Turks, lazy and wasteful. If the Turk seized property by violence, he demoralized himself and his race, but could not take from the Greeks the faculty of acquiring

more. The very violence of oppression defeated its own end, and engendered hatred and fear, which intensified the antagonism arising out of difference of race, language, and religion. This antagonism prevented any material amalgamation, and helped here, as elsewhere, to perpetuate with more remarkable purity the old Greek blood, which has never been so adulterated as to have lost its native characteristics.

The Turkish rule was oppressive and brutal. The Turk seized upon the most fertile lands, leaving the rest of the inhabitants, — not that they might live and thrive, but that they might earn money and pay tribute. The Greek peasants became secured in the rest of the land, but exposed to personal insult, humiliation, and violence. A struggle began, — a death-grapple between races, between Greeks and Turks, and in 1821 was sounded the trumpet of Greek independence. A war of seven years ensued, prosecuted on the part of the Turks with a brutality that outraged all the laws of civilized warfare. How that war was waged some of you may remember, and to cite no other instance, murdered Scio can best witness. That prosperous, fruitful, and happy island, with some 150,000 inhabitants, herself quiet and neutral, was visited by about two or three thousand patriots, and some resistance was made to Turkish law, upon which the Turks let loose upon the island an army of some fifteen or twenty thousand men, and in one or two months but 900 living human beings of that population of 150,000 were left upon the island; 40,000 women and children were sold into slavery, to be made the victims of Turkish cruelty and lust. The rest were butchered on their own hearths.

This was the spirit in which that seven years' war was carried on. Their villages were burned, their fields ravaged, and not only combatants taken prisoners of war, but women, and children were massacred by the thousand. The hearts of our American people were touched with pity, not only because they were our fellow-beings, but our fellow-Christians, and they sent them supplies. Dr. Howe was the bearer of them. He went to Greece during its revolution, — we think about 1824, — bearing tokens of American sympathy when

Greece seemed sunk in ruin and despair. The effect was marvellous: not only were thousands fed and clad, but the report thereof went abroad, and was magnified an hundred-fold; and men said, "Courage; hold on to your arms: help is at hand! Far-off republican America is coming to our aid!" And they held on.

As in the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the godlike virtue of Him who brake the bread gave to it power to fill the multitude; so the love and good-will of the American people filled the hearts of the Greeks with courage and hope.

They held out two years more; and I hesitate not to say — says Dr. Howe, for I was there all the time to see, and had become as one of them — that the American supplies did more than any one thing to keep up the courage of the people, and lengthen out their struggle for independence.

At the end of two years, the Christian world had become so shocked by the persistence of a semi-barbarous Mahometan power to subjugate a Christian people even in Europe, that the governments of France, England, and Russia were forced to send a large fleet to the scene of warfare, and to insist on a pacification.

The independence of Greece was thus guaranteed by the Allied Powers. But strange to say Crete, although she had suffered, fought, and bled in this terrible struggle, was now left out in the cold — for some reasons of European diplomacy pertaining to "the balance of power."

So the Cretans have now retreated to the mountains, while their wives and children are fleeing from the island to the Continent. Dr. Howe went again to carry relief to the sufferers in this second struggle for Greek independence. He found twelve thousand of the fugitives in Continental Greece, — women and children, crowded in barracks, starving, and nearly naked. In spite of all their penury, squalor, and rags, they showed signs of the physical beauty and mental vivacity which distinguish the Cretans among the Greeks, who are acknowledged to be pre-eminent, physically, among the various nationalities of the East. Fine skins, delicate features

and limbs, and large, lustrous eyes made them remarkable even in Greece.

Most of these unfortunate people had fled away at the outbreak of the revolt; but others were coming in continually as the Turkish army extended its ravages. They were all of them living witnesses of the barbarous nature of Turkish warfare, for people do not abandon house and home, and fly half naked before the approach of armies warring after the manner of civilized nations. Even the Polish peasant did not thus fly before Russian armies; and the only parallel is to be found among barbarians, or savages on our own frontier.

These people came of a simple race of peasantry, and had been brought up in the villages and hamlets of the interior of Crete, where they had their little cottages, their lands, their olives, their vineyards, and their flocks; and, being sober, industrious, and frugal, contrived to be comfortable in spite of the exaction and social oppression of the Turks, while their isolated situation and purely agricultural habits saved them from some of the vices which characterize Greeks less favorably situated, and bring undue discredit upon the whole people.

The moral condition of the refugees was such as would be expected of such a people; they were chaste, sober, frugal, and withal self-respectful.

The allied powers proceeded to arrange the boundaries, and shocked all Greece when they declared that Crete should be left out of the new kingdom and given over to the Turks.

The Cretans had been a long time in revolt. They had taken and they held one of the strongest fortifications. The inhabitants had indeed abandoned much of the open country, and retreated to the mountain-range of the interior, where the brave Sphakiotes maintained their independence, and kept the flag of Greece flying.

The Cretans everywhere shared the dangers and the struggles of the other Greeks, and were distinguished for patriotism and good sense.

I knew hundreds of them, — good men and true. I had

been in their beautiful island, and stood a siege with them in one of their beleaguered fortresses, and witnessed their courage. I knew that the independence of Crete was just as well assured by the result at Navarino as that of any part of Greece. Giving up the Cretans, therefore, to the Turks, seemed to me then as unrighteous and cruel as seems now the proposal to give up the negroes who fought with us and for us to the dominion of their old masters, without even a ballot-box for defence.

But Greece was forced to disarm ; she was utterly at the mercy of the Allied Powers ; and Crete was given over, bound hand and foot, to her enemies and her old oppressors.

The Cretans have suffered ever since all the indignities and wrongs and barbarous oppression which Christian subjects of Turkey always suffer when they live so remote from the capital that even the little protection which the Porte affords cannot reach them. At last they have revolted, and have maintained a struggle at fearful odds, but gallantly and successfully, for several months.

They have been driven at last from the open country ; their towns have been destroyed, their villages burned, their fields ravaged, their olive-groves and vineyards cut down or pulled up : and so it is the old story over again. I see them now, the sons of my old companions, in their snowy camise and their shaggy capotes, saying sadly, " Good-by, mother ! good-by, sister and child ! Seek your refuge in the neighboring isles, upon the main, wherever the hand of Christian mercy can aid you : we go to the mountains to keep the flag of freedom flying so long as we live."

Dr. Howe distributed last year among these people relief to the value of fifty thousand dollars. Still the women and children are fleeing in thousands from the oppressed island, where husbands and fathers are maintaining the struggle ; forty thousand have now fled from the island. They come down to the shores — these women and children — out of caves and fastnesses, and ask the first friendly vessel to take them away and save them from starvation, or worse yet, from Turkish cruelty and lust. The Cretan men in their for-

tresses ask for bread for their wives and children, and shelter for them from extermination while they fight the battle for independence.

In the recent convent fight at Arkàdi, six hundred Cretans, — men, women, and children, — cooped within the walls of a convent, were assailed by ten thousand troops. When the battle had at last broken through the outer wall, it was sustained for six hours, hand to hand, in the yard of the convent. When the time came finally for the decision, death or submission, knowing well that out from under that Greek flag no living soul would pass, they themselves applied the match to the magazine, and went to heaven; while three thousand of their opponents went to their graves. A man is not obliged thus to die with wife and child rather than to submit to the conditions of civilized war. The Greek saw his wife and child on each side of him. It was not war he was waging, when, by surrendering his sword, he might be himself a prisoner, and their lives be saved. He was fighting, hand to hand, with pirates, *enemies of the human race*. The survivors the brothers, the sons, the fathers, of those men come to us, and say, "We can fight; but let us fight as civilized man fights, putting only our own lives on the hazard. Do not let us fight with the lives of wife and children hanging on the issue of the battle. Give us shelter, as Christendom has recognized warfare for a thousand years, — shelter and bread for woman and child." And, with such a history, this is all the Cretan asks of America. Shall he have it? Will we do for this last gallant resistance of the Greek what our fathers did for the Morea? Will we, in this better opportunity, one so likely to open the whole Levant to Christianity and civilization, one so likely to make the Turk fold up his tent like the Arab, and silently glide from Europe, — will we hold up the hands of civilized warfare by rendering it impossible that the Turk should be a brute and a barbarian?

That is the question. And to help decide that question, Dr. Howe has returned to us and makes a fresh appeal. To help decide that question, contributions are now made. Only a mite from each of our New England population would swell

to a great sum, and its value would be increased a hundred-fold as bearing to those distressed people the soothing balm of Christian sympathy, and sympathy alone strongly and freely expressed will help to swell that tide of public sentiment which will demand of Christian governments to intervene again and save these people from extermination.

We owe a mighty debt to Greece. Christian civilization is a threefold band. We owe to the Jew the form and structure of our faith, to the Goth and the Saxon many precious elements and safeguards of civil life; all the rest — art, literature, science, law, diplomacy, and forms of government — we inherit from the classic storehouse of Greece and Rome. If they did not invent all, they improved and preserved for us the general wealth of the race. But for Greece, all would have been lost. It was at a Grecian shrine that Rome herself lighted that torch which flashed from the topmost of her battlements, "till the shores of three continents grew bright in its blaze." If it was Rome's "car of triumph that smoothed the path for the naked feet of the gospel," we owe to Greece that marvellous tongue, thanks to which the gospel did not stammer in barbarous idioms. We live in the warmth of her art; we act in the light of her example. She gave us Thermopylæ; she gave us Athens. How shall we ever pay it back? Do not speak of gifts? Can a child, however rich, give anything to a parent? It is only debtor and creditor. Greece summons her debtors the world over to pay back a tithe, a mere percentage, of the incalculable benefit that her intellect, her law, her example, have been to Christianity and civilization. She will take her place again, under proper sympathy, by the side of Italy in the great sisterhood of states. She will dispel that cloud which has rested so long over Eastern Europe. She will contribute the ingenuity, the activity, the courage, the enthusiasm, the indomitable perseverance, of her race to the great cause of self-government. We win her back where she belongs, — into the ranks of constitutional government. We place her where the world needs her, — in the very van of Europe, to represent the best form of its civilization. She is strong enough in her own

sons, strong enough in her own determination, strong enough in her undying love of liberty. Missolonghi and Thermopylæ, they are not an iota nobler than the men who rally to-day in the mountains of Crete, with no sympathy from the world, with all Europe marshalled in appearance against them, and say, for the hundredth time, "One effort more to be men!" Every generation has brought up a holocaust of its young men and its best men to the altar of this undying determination to be free. Have they not at least won the right for America and civilization to rally around them, and save them from this horde of pirates, from this encampment of barbarians, from this law of extermination? Having thus made herself the complete sister of Northern and Western civilization, the outpost of their future, she rises again, in the universal checkmate of Europe, in the bankruptcy and utter decrepitude of Turkey, to say to the world, "Give me one chance more!" And to us she sends the message, "Take off the burden of wife and child, that I may fight without this sickening of the heart! Desolation carried from one end of the island to the other, so that no green thing can grow upon it! I can starve. Only give a shelter in your homes, and when they are there, bread, to wife and child, and I will give you back the East of Europe, the counterpart of the West."

THE LIVING CHRIST.

It is not the truth of Christ cut up into systems, cold, dry, severe, distorted, that the Church presents to her children, but a living, present, personal Christ, full of divine love, pity, wisdom, truth, grace. . . . It is the peace of Christ, not reserved as a special reward for frames and fancies and excited feelings; not imparted exclusively to those who, for some mystical reasons, can *believe* that they *believe* to the saving of the soul, and that, once believing, they can never fail. But a righteous peace, a peace of love and piety, breathes sweetly, gently upon all who, looking to Christ, and moving in his appointed way, devote themselves in humble sincerity, though in weakness, to the doing of his will, and in and through him to the working out their own salvation. — BISHOP H. POTTER.

THE BOOK OF TOBIT.

THIS apocryphal book has fallen into undeserved contempt in England and America. The most beautiful memorial of the Jewish life in the farther East about the time of the great Captivity, its object to fan the flame of national piety under peculiar trials, giving a complete picture of their domestic life beneath the harrow of persecution, almost every family relation is touched with peculiar grace, and an exquisite tenderness is thrown around the sorrows of the blind, poverty-stricken father, the parting of the faithful son, the anxious waiting of the parents, the joyful return of him they believed lost, the recovery of fortune through fidelity to the national God.

A heartily devout Jew of the tribe of Naphtali, carried into captivity by Shalmaneser, wins a favorable position at court for helping his afflicted brethren. As government purveyor, he amasses wealth, and besides practising generous hospitality and habitual alms-giving, he lends the princely sum of ten silver talents to a countryman in Media. By and by comes a change, not so sudden or severe as upon Job. Another sovereign who knew not this Joseph reigns in Nineveh, and his good fortune is gone, — seemingly forever. He is charged with giving honorable burial to condemned Jews, and is obliged to save himself by a flight which must have stripped him of all his possessions. The sudden death of this persecuting Senacharib enables Tobit to return to the exile's home, endeared by the many graves his own hands had dug, his tears alone consecrated. He renews at once his old habits of befriending the people of God. The burial of a strangled Jew obliges him to sleep out of doors, as unclean. He awakes in the morning to find himself totally blind, through the droppings of the sparrows upon his unguarded eyes. His wife comes to his help. Her spinning-wheel saves him from starvation. He hears a kid bleating within his poor home, and commands her to return what must be stolen goods. She replies it is a gift above her

wages. He does not believe her, but insists that it should be sent back, and draws down upon himself a rebuke so severe, that it sends him to his knees for comfort in prayer.

At the same time, in a distant city, a family of Tobit's friends is asking relief, unknown to him, from a greater trial than his. Raguel, his cousin, had an only daughter seven times married, yet still a virgin, with the terrible fame of being possessed by an evil spirit who destroyed her husbands upon the wedding night,—not a strange conception of an Oriental fancy. This disappointed maiden was in earnest supplication at the same time with Tobit, and the "prayers of both were heard before the majesty of the great God."

The divine cure was marriage. Tobit naturally recalls the old debt, which might change his want to abundance; he determines to send his only son after the ten talents; but, like a traveller of to-day, that son must be attended by a competent guide, filling the indispensable functions of servant, interpreter, counsellor, guard. The first that offers is accepted; and so they entertain an angel unawares, as Oriental travellers sometimes do still. A whole chapter is filled with the father's excellent counsel at parting, in Luther's admirable version containing the Golden Rule, which the English version feebly renders, "Do that to no man which thou hatest." The young man's dog, we are told, follows the cheery companions. At the river Tigris, the supernatural mingles with the homely elements of life. A fish leaps furiously from the water upon Tobias. The angel commands that it should be seized, its liver and heart to be burnt in the wedding-chamber of his young master, and its gall to be applied to the father's eyes on their return.

When they draw near the debtor's city, the angel apprises his ward that they are to lodge with his cousin, whose fair daughter he can wive, as by the Mosaic law of inheritance there was no other person who had any claim upon her. The advice is accepted with reluctance, because the young man has heard of the peril of attempting to marry a demon's bride. He had not seen the comely Sara then, nor those possessions which would reconcile a brave suitor to no little

peril. An eager welcome awaits them at Ecbatana. The parents recognize the family likeness in Tobias; Raguel kisses him, inquires after his father, and weeps over his calamity. The daughter is espoused at once, her consent not being asked. Tobias follows the counsel of his guide, prays, and offers up the fish, and the evil spirit takes flight into Egypt. On the morrow, there is joy indeed in the household. The grave which the old father had prepared over night, is closed up without a tenant, the bride blessing Jehovah that she is a bride indeed. The old debtor is invited to the wedding festival, but sends the money instead, by the angel's hand. The doubly successful bridegroom is naturally eager to return. Raguel yields reluctantly, dowering him with half his goods, his cattle, his servants and money, bidding his daughter honor her new parents, that he might hear a good report of her. Tobit had nearly despaired of their return, having had to bear the reproaches of his Job-like wife as well as he could. Now, he is rewarded with the restoration of sight according to the directions of the angel, who declines any return for his services, but gives them a parting charge of charity. Finally, the young couple, after the death and burial of the Ninevite parents, migrate to the home in Media, in time to bury the bride's father and mother, escape the prophesied destruction of Nineveh, and go to their own graves full of years, full of blessedness.

Now we submit in view of all the Protestant prejudice against apocryphal books, that Tobit deserves to be an exception; that it is healthy in tone, beautiful in spirit, free from anything offensive, and far more profitable than some books admitted within the Canons. Nay, that it deserved the especial favor of Luther, the honor of quotation in the English Book of Homilies, and the ancient regard of such Fathers of the Church as Origen, who placed it in the Canon, and Ambrose, who exalted Tobit among the prophets.

Its antiquity is undoubted. The doctrine of demons is drawn out in Asiatic style, and points to a period near the Babylonish captivity, made more definite by a reference to the second Temple. It must have been written in some city

east of Jerusalem, where the people of God were tempted to a neglect of his worship, and driven to despair by the capricious cruelty of heathen rulers. Existing in the four versions, Sanscrit, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, it had probably a Hebrew original; its principal incidents look like facts colored by a devout Oriental fancy. Its supernatural machinery is not unnatural, considering where and when the piece was composed, the Babylonish soil producing no other crop so abundantly as the marvellous, and Jewish minds of that age yielding without a struggle to the mystic spell. So that, while I would not ask it should be read in the service of the sanctuary, I do not think it deserves to be despised and forgotten. Ever so many good lessons are taught by it, as the answer to prayer, the final prosperity of the righteous, the divine coronation of charity; and Dean Stanley is certainly right when he says its portraiture of the domestic life of the Jewish exiles, the exultation over this household's relation to the great sanctuary of Kedesh-Naphtali, the longing regard for their own country, their exultant anticipation of the fall of Nineveh, carry us back to the age in which the story was laid, amongst the funerals, weddings, parental anxieties, cousinly loves and patriotic philanthropies "of the good father of the good son," in the first generation of Israelitish captivity.

F. W. H.

THE LIGHT AND EASY YOKE.

"THE Koran says, 'God willeth that his law
Should be made light to men, for man is weak.'
But hearken thou and understand: Does gold
Feel itself heavy? Is the falcon's plume
Light to itself? 'Tis merely to itself.
The law of God is *thy* law; otherwise
It could not be thy *law*. Be thou a law
Unto thyself, and then thy life shall be
Light as an eagle's pathway through the skies."

THE LAYMAN'S BRIEVIARY.

MASTER OR SLAVE ?

BY H. W. HALL.

MASTER or slave, which are you? You resent the question, and say you are no man's slave. Perhaps not, but even then let us look closely at your life, and see if you are in very truth *your own master*.

This morning you lost some hours, and threw all the plans of the day into confusion trying to do at the wrong time what would have taken but ten minutes at the right time yesterday. And you are saying to yourself, "I wish I had seen to it then; I knew I ought, but I did not happen to feel like it." Many a disorder and inconvenience and hurry would be smoothed from your life, if this question of "feeling like" or "not feeling like" were ruled out of your court, and your own deliberate judgment and will intrusted with the sole power of deciding your actions; in short, if you had not a master called Whim.

Then at another time you do put your inclination out of sight, and do what you do not wish to, and farther than that, do what you think you ought not, what is more than you can afford in time or money or strength, and you say in excuse that your friend thought you had better, or desired it greatly. You want to call this unselfishness, but a friend worthy of the name does not wish your freedom of will and conscience sacrificed to him, and there is much danger lest you merely save yourself trouble in deciding and acting when you thus make your friends your masters.

"Overpowered by circumstances," is the verdict on many a life, and it may seem, when you consider the life, as if it could not have been otherwise. Yet there always lurks in one's heart a feeling that perhaps greater wisdom or strength in the individual might have conquered circumstances. Let this faith in the power of the will be set in judgment over your own life. If you are indeed master of circumstances, they cannot make you restless, excited, irritable, — make you, in common phrase, "lose your self-possession." This sub-

jeet of man's free agency in relation to his outward lot opens into bewildering reaches of conjecture, but it is not so hard to deal with when you apply it to your own daily life, and ask yourself whether you need *now*, at this very time, be so absorbed in some outward whirl that you do not stop to balance yourself, and possess your soul in patience; or whether you must habitually let all the fair views and outlooks of life be hidden from you by the dust of your own hurrying carriage-wheels. You may not be able to alter circumstances, but may find that you can use them, instead of letting them use you.

But there is another would-be master, pressing closer on our personality than the nearest of our surroundings, ever present with us, the very tool with which we must do all our work, the very channel of communication between ourselves and all else, — the body. You are not willing to acknowledge it as *yourself*; it is *yours*. In what relation do you stand to it?

You think at once of all the low and sensual ways in which body may govern soul and mind, and you indignantly repel the thought of yielding to such government. But while the soul holds its own on such ground as this, it may be succumbing to the flesh in many a more secret way. You cannot deny that this has happened when bodily indolence or weariness has betrayed you into neglect of duty or infringement of kindness, perhaps you would blame yourself more severely for these yieldings if you realized the power which the will might here exert. You gaze back with wondering admiration at the martyrs of old, who held their bodies under so mightily, and forced them to endure all things rather than drag the soul into any sin, but you feel as if they were beings of another order than yourself, and because God has spared you the fearful trials through the flesh which came to them, you let yourself fall before the temptations of petty aches and ills, and do not make it a matter of conscience at all.

If the martyrs seem too far away to shame you, learn something from these modern lives of which you may read, — lives

wherein the will has compelled the weak, shrinking body to fulfil every task assigned it; read of men like Robert Hall, or Robertson, alternating their hours of agony with hours of labor. Or come nearer, into the range of every-day experience. There rolls through our city streets a wheel-chair, the only means of motion possible to the crooked, feeble, apparently disabled boy who sits in it. You speak to him, and are met by no whine of wretchedness, but a shrewd, smiling face looks up, and a cheery voice answers you. You ask about him, and hear how his crippled fingers find work they can do when at their best, and his quick wit and trustworthiness help him to other ways of labor when they fail; you hear how he did more for his widowed mother than her stalwart elder sons, and how, while taking frankly and gratefully the help he cannot always do without, he continually finds means to do something for himself, and so never loses the respect of others or his self-respect, and never loses heart. Is he not his own master?

The soul is superior to the flesh. You acknowledge it theoretically, you deny it practically. You deny it whenever you let yourself estimate a fellow-creature by the outward man, the physique alone. When you let yourself speak contemptuously of any bodily defect in another, even when you only dwell unnecessarily upon it, in word or thought; when you let beauty of form dazzle your perception of the indwelling spirit; then you are putting the slave above his master. When, in regard to *yourself*, you so rejoice in some gift of loveliness that your Creator has given you to wear in the flesh, that you forget or underrate those adornings of the mind and that beauty of holiness for which you must pray and labor, then are you disloyal. And on the other hand there is a truth perhaps less acknowledged, certainly less considered. A love wiser and stronger than that of any earthly friend, a love which deals directly with what is supreme and everlasting in you, has laid on you some physical defect or uncomeliness, and it is for you to weigh it, estimate it justly, and assign it the place due to it, and no other place. If not, you may let it stand in the way of your real self, making you

perpetually conscious, and limiting your ease of action. Or, worse still, you may let yourself fancy it coming between yourself and the knowledge and appreciation of others. Then you are letting your slave master you indeed, — master your own self-respect and your respect for others too; for in your heart you know that it is only a low and trifling nature that measures man or woman thus. Do not dare to insult any one whom you honor by such suspicion. Be yourself, and trust your individuality to break through its encasings, and take trustfully the respect and friendship and love that are sure to come to every soul that deserves them.

Above all, hold by the belief that your soul is strong enough to overpower and use what seem its hindrances. You have already learned to look back thankfully at some discipline of your childhood, unwillingly received, but yielding fruit in which you rejoice. Even so shall your soul in its more mature hereafter look back to its child-life on earth, and see that it found, or might have found, its stepping-stones to heights otherwise unattainable in the very crosses now most grievous to be borne.

There is one book of the present day which throws a strong light on the true relations of soul and body, — Miss Muloch's "A Noble Life." Read it, and win a loftier regard for the might given to the spirit of man.

Now go deeper than all this, and ask yourself one final question. What is death to you? Has death been able, in taking your friend from the reach of your senses, to break all bonds between you, and leave you utterly bereft? If ever you let the body be master here, in this holy realm of love, you are preparing for yourself bitter and comfortless woe, but if between your friend and you there is an intercourse that brings your very selves face to face, a knowledge that strikes root in the depths of your natures, if you love each other with *heart* and *soul*, then your love can hold over, not only long earthly separations, but over this wide and silent gulf of death; can hold over while you wait, — one here, one there, — in certainty of unfailing sympathy, until the day of meeting.

And if a just subordination of the body breaks the force of

death when it touches others, so will it make you stronger than death when your own hour comes. If your body has been to you a willing servant, an avenue of enjoyment, and an instrument of happy work, you will a little regret to lay it aside, but you will know that the good Father is waiting to do for us more and better than we are able to ask or to think, and you will go fearlessly out to seek the new instrument in the New World before you. And if it has been otherwise, if your body has been to you a clog, a mask, or a cross, then with eagerness even will you spring forward, when the word comes, towards those possibilities of freedom and strength and beauty which, in the goodness of God, are open to his child, your soul.

So in life and in death, let Him reign whose right it is to reign.

THE THRUSH ROBIN.

THE sun is set ; the west is bright ;
 The robin, on the apple bough,
 Without a fear of coming night,
 Still sings ; the happiest hour is now.

The piping frog calls out good-night,
 And jewelled toads prolong their trill ;
 To them the darkness is as light,
 While May-day pulses through them thrill.

Soft, o'er the highlands and the vale,
 The south wind breathes its promises, —
 The summer harvest shall not fail ;
 And autumn fruit shall bend the trees.

Oh, gladness heightened yet with hope !
 Looking through darkness into light,
 Through midnight seeing morning ope,
 With coming May November bright,

Still fill my heart, nor suffer fears
 And doubts to close my faithless sight
 Against the morning that appears,
 All glowing with eternal light.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

A LATE number of the New York "Independent" heads an article on Temperance with the well-known words of the Apostle Paul, *Touch not, taste not, handle not*. Every one remembers how often these words have been quoted in temperance discussions, and we have been exhorted to obey this apostolic authority, and to follow this scriptural rule.

Of course, the rule of entire abstinence may be a good rule, and were the Apostle Paul to live in our times, and see the perils of moderate drinking, he might give the counsel which is generally imputed to him. But it is a curious illustration of the great extent to which the Bible is misinterpreted by our traditions, the fact that the apostle quotes these words only to condemn them.

He takes them from the mouths of his opponents, men who sought to judge others in meat or drink, or of a new moon, or of a Sabbath-day. He says let no man beguile you, by bringing you in subjection to the rudiments of this world, the commandments of men, quoting the text under consideration as one of them, and adds—in words which penetrate deeply into the springs of human nature—that such things "have a show of wisdom in will worship."

Temperance advocates, actuated by a good motive, and seeking a good end, are far from settling the question of duty when they quote with so positive an air what they call the scriptural rule, *Touch not, taste not, handle not*. If they are preachers of the gospel, and editors of religious papers, they ought to know that this is not a scriptural rule at all, and is named by the apostle only for his rebuke.

Around every text of Scripture there hovers a nebulous mass of remembered commentary, hortatory sermons, and traditional interpretations; and it is quite fearful to think in how many cases these come to us, and not the exact meaning of the sacred writer. We cry out for the pure word of God, and condemn the Catholics who add tradition to Scripture, and yet how little pains we take to know what that pure word is, and to be sure that we are not overlaying it with our father's or neighbor's opinions.

—Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, of the Tabernacle Church in New York, sends to the Chicago "Advance" an article on the recent

work of Dr. Dorner, of Berlin, on the "History of Protestant Theology." Dr. Thompson says, "We know not where else to look for so comprehensive and satisfactory survey of the course of religious and philosophic thought," in Germany, but adds that "the sketch of American theology, is extremely meagre." We give Dr. Thompson's remarks on this point:—

"Dorner does not find as yet, in American theology, any connected literary history; and he regards our minute subdivision into schools and sects, and our intense absorption in practical questions, as unfavorable to scientific investigation and progress. He makes a brief reference to Channing and Parker as representatives of the extreme wings of Unitarianism, and interprets Dr. Bushnell as teaching Sabellianism under the form of the suffering or exinanition of the Deity in the crucified Logos (*Theopaschism*), and in his later writings approaching the Christology of Irving. But Dorner greatly over-estimates the influence of these three writers, in taking them as symptoms of a generally unsettled state of theology in the New World, and inferring that our Christology is now passing through an indeterminate and transitional process, such as marked the early Christian centuries. The ten thousand unpublished volumes of American theology—the spoken volumes of the vast majority of American pulpits—might convince him that he himself is not more settled and sound in the vital matter of Christology than is the American ministry. He appreciates the more recent distinctions of old and new school in our theology, and the modifying influence of the latter upon the Calvinistic scheme. He makes honorable mention of Witherspoon, Taylor, Robinson, Park, Stuart, H. B. Smith, Shedd, Hackett, Conant, and others, but seems to know almost nothing of the 'New England Theology,' under its scientific forms, nor of its history as the outgrowth of a high intellectualism under the condition of perfect religious freedom, and the impulse of great religious awakenings. Neither has Dr. Dorner attempted to measure the influence of American theology upon the social and political condition of the people, and upon movements of moral and civil reform. This is a subtle but mighty power, which a foreigner, who judges us only through our books and reviews, would not be likely to apprehend, nor even to suspect. But as a philosophical historian, Dorner does recognize the favoring conditions for theological development given in the complete separation of our church communions from the state,

and the free commingling of the elements of thought from different schools and various lands, especially through the large importation of English, Scotch, and German theology; and he looks for a valuable product in the future, through the thorough fermentation of so many formative elements, by means of an ever-increasing scientific communion and interchange. Theology in the United States will at last arrive at some new and self-dependent combination and form, by processes in many points analogous to the evolution of the Church of the first centuries. We may accept this hopeful prophecy, believing that it may be the function of our cosmopolitan Christianity to work out some of the higher problems in theology, as well as in government and society."

— The Boston "Congregationalist" contains the following article, which it heads with the title, "The comparative insignificance of those questions upon which Christians differ." That paper says it was written by Rev. J. P. Hubbard, an Episcopal clergyman, of Westerly, R. I., who has lately been reproved by his bishop for exchanging with a non-episcopal minister.

"At our business men's prayer-meeting, the other morning, I was forcibly impressed by a figure employed by a brother while offering prayer that brotherly love might continue and increase. He illustrated the questions which separate Christians, as compared with those on which they were agreed, by the figure of sea-foam as compared with the mighty expanse and depth of waters upon which it floats. I asked myself, Is that figure indeed just? And so, my readers, I would ask you, Is that figure just? Ponder over it. Endeavor to take in its full force. Have you ever been at sea? And have you gazed over the vessel's side into the dark blue waters, going down, down, perhaps miles in depth? And then have you looked around at that boundless expanse of waters, stretching away on every hand, that image of infinity and eternity? And have you clambered up the shrouds till you took your seat upon the dizzy height of the topmast royal yard. As you have gone upward, have you noticed how that expanse of waters still enlarges and stretches away as you ascend, and how the foam which flecks the surface of the mighty deep gradually becomes lost to view? What is that sea-foam — the bubbles produced by the contention of winds and waves — as compared with that expanse and depth of wa-

ters? So is it with these questions which separate Christians. As we ascend heavenward, they become lost to view, till, as we reach the eternal world, they shall forever disappear, whilst brotherly love and the love of Jesus shall expand to our view with ever-increasing grandeur and glory. Will we then allow our attention to be drawn away from these things, which shall go with us into eternity, to the consideration of these other things, which are so soon to be forever lost to view?

“Beloved, may ours be the experience of the Apostle Paul. It was when meditating upon these grand themes of the gospel of Jesus, that he felt himself embraced and surrounded by the love of God, filling his soul to the utmost of its capacity, and extending upwards, downwards, and away on every hand, — an infinite expanse of divine love, — and burst forth in the ardent prayer which may God fulfil in our own experience, ‘For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.’”

— That austere Orthodox publication called the “Pano-
plist” has the following generous-minded notice of Mr. Edmund Quincy’s life of his father: —

“The writer informs us that his father attended the ministry of Dr. Channing, whose deeply religious mind could scarcely fail to impart something of its own sanctity to that of his thoughtful friend.

“What Dr. Payson was to the Orthodox, Dr. Channing was to the Unitarians. He had the deepest reverence for religion, and viewed it not as a cold speculation, but as a living principle, constantly seeking for God, and finding its support and sustenance in the Divine Word. Of course, he rejected in theory the

Orthodox faith, but there was a wonderful approximation to it in his feelings and in his life; and there can be no doubt that the terrific theology of Dr. Hopkins, as he calls it, and the saintly character of the man, exerted an influence upon his mind which remained with him through life. We do not believe Mr. Quincy could enjoy an intimacy with such a man without feeling deeply the power of that reverence and awe which so pervaded the mind of Dr. Channing, and not his alone, but that of the elder Unitarians of the same school to which Mr. Quincy belonged.

"We find, also, a remark by Mr. Edmund Quincy, which announces his purpose to say little of his father's religious opinions or feelings. Alluding to this matter, he says, 'He seldom spoke of his religious opinions or devotional feelings, and it is to the revelations of his diary that those who knew him best owe the knowledge of their character and extent.' If there are parts of a diary, as these words imply, which bring more distinctly into view the religious aspects of his character, we think his biographer has done great injustice to his father in their suppression, for there is such an absence of all genuine warmth of religious feeling, such an absolute hiding of the animating principles of the Christian life, both in reference to his father and mother, that any reader would imagine that the future life and the great obligations of religion were among the least and lowest concerns that occupied their minds. We do not believe that such was the fact. We cannot suppress the conviction that Mr. Quincy had far more and deeper impressions of the importance of divine truth than the scanty allusions to his religious life which are supplied by his biographer would seem to reveal."

—The "Watchman and Reflector" has an article by Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, of Newton, in review of a book lately published, entitled "Hymn Writers and their Hymns." As Dr. Smith has himself written hymns of great excellence, we read with pleasure what he says on a subject where he is so much at home.

"No words can express the pleasure we experience oftentimes, in learning the circumstances of the production of some choice hymn, the name and history of the author, the place where his immortal composition came into being, the train of events to which it owes its birth, the mental throes which ushered it into existence, or the sweet, controlling influences which

presided at its nativity. Yet these are just the things which, generally, no man knows but the author himself, and, most unfortunately, the things which, apart from his own name, an author seldom reveals. They constitute a precious but an unwritten history, which the only persons competent to write it never think it worth while to preserve. The poets do not consider that when a hymn, like a rare flower, sends forth over the ages an abiding sweetness, multitudes find a keen satisfaction in ascertaining in what fields it grew, by what arts of culture it reached its perfection, how it was exposed to heat and storm, or how it was shielded and sheltered by the gardener's care, and by what exquisite processes it acquired the aroma which makes it everywhere admired and prized. Of the hundreds and thousands of hymns in our devotional use, of how few are we able to give the history! We seem to think they were created, as by a word; that they came by a kind of inspiration; that they were divinely inbreathed into their gifted authors, and by them breathed forth into the world. They seem to come to us like strains of music on the evening air, — we know not whence nor how. We know, generally, the name of the writer; but when did he present this divine wisdom to the world? — what influences drew from his heart these celestial effusions? — was he impelled by love, or forced by trial, thus to give gifts unto men? In how few instances can we give to such questions a satisfactory answer!

“What greater privilege is there than to be the writer of a hymn that shall live till the end of all things? What greater honor is there than by some heavenly melody to minister to the growth and joy of a ransomed soul, — to be the companion of a trusting and tried saint by the way, till he enters into glory, and then, returning, to conduct others by the same sweet path to the same celestial end? And who will have at the last day more of the joy of a benefactor than he who will be met with grateful joy by thousands of the glorified, to whom his sacred hymns have been as the grapes of Eshcol and the foretaste of the new wine of the kingdom?”

— The sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Hedge, before the Conference of Unitarian Churches in Syracuse, has recently been published, and we select two extracts, one relating to the relation between the *natural* and *supernatural*, and the other to the office of science.

“The antagonism between the natural and supernatural is not in the thing, but in the thought. It is a classification, under these two heads, of ordinary and extraordinary phenomena and powers. The term ‘natural’ is used to denote the stated and intelligible facts of human experience, — those which have been investigated, referred to known agencies, and ranged under formulas which we call laws. Together they constitute the ‘System of Nature,’ so called, which of course can mean nothing more than our observation or systematization of nature. The system is in us, and not in the things themselves. Whatever transcends these familiar experiences, — facts which are not embraced in this system, and seem not to tally with it, are either denied, or classed as ‘supernatural.’ They are denied by those who cannot tolerate that their little system, with which so much pains has been taken, should be proved imperfect by facts or alleged facts, which it will not take in. It is the feeling of the child who fancies he has made a perfect figure with the bits of ivory in his Chinese puzzle, and subsequently discovers that one of the seven pieces has been left out. He would fain suppress the refractory piece. It is certainly more agreeable to question the facts than to entertain the suspicion of the ‘more things in heaven and earth’ of which the poet speaks. Nor is anything gained, that I can see, by admitting the facts, so long as they are excluded from the sphere of nature, to which humanity with its destinies belongs. The term ‘supernatural’ supposes two distinct agencies, nature and God; i. e., it separates nature from God, it makes nature godless, and so introduces into the scheme of religion a dualism which is Manichean and antichristian. The progress of Christian thought will abolish this dualism, will teach that the ordinary and extraordinary in human affairs are equally natural and equally divine. All phenomena are natural, and all causes that produce them are natural. A genuine miracle would be the most natural of all; it would be nature in her immediateness, nature unveiled, without the illusion of statedness which so befogs poor human wit and stands instead of nature in the vulgar mind. The spirit is nature’s innermost life; he who has most of it is most natural. Who so natural as Jesus? The miracles recorded of him are proofs of his naturalness. Suppose them mythical, they would still in a certain sense be illustrations of it, as legitimate impressions of his great nature on contemporary minds. Whoever shall attain

to the same spirituality will experience that *rapprochement* with the central power which the record ascribes to Jesus ; he will have that sympathy with the universal will that shall make all things possible which seem desirable. If miracles show themselves in him, they will be the most natural things which he does. In proportion as men grow toward spiritual maturity, it will come to be seen that there is but one power in the greatest and in the least, in the resurrection of the dead and the shooting of a grain of wheat. In the fulness of that spiritual maturity, the godless distinctions of false religion will be done away, and natural and supernatural be atoned."

On the other subject we named we find the following noble words : —

"Religion accepts with all thankfulness the mediations of science ; but religion will not suffer science to dictate her beliefs, or to strike from her creed whatever the text-books fail to explain. When M. Renan declares it to be an absolute rule of criticism to admit no miracle in history, because the condition of a miracle is faith, religion is content that men should render to criticism the things which are criticism's, and to faith the things which are faith's. But when he insists that 'the faith of humanity' rests on a fancy of Mary Magdalene, religion can but smile at the huge inconsistency which, seeking to escape an improbability, tumbles into a tenfold greater, and which sacrifices the real order of nature to an idol so named. Of the real order of nature, the first principle is, that every effect must have an adequate cause. The Christian Church was founded in the belief of the resurrection of Christ. What was the cause of that belief? To rest the growth of ages on a woman's delusion, is a greater invasion and inversion of the order of nature than any miracle recorded in the New Testament. It is one of the mistakes of the time to overrate the authority of physical science, whose judgments are valid only on purely material ground, and lose their conclusiveness when a spiritual factor intervenes. To deny the spiritual factor is the instinct of science, but also her weakness ; an unconscious confession of her own limitation, which many mistake for the limit of truth. In the world of phenomena, science is queen ; in the world of causes, she is a bungler and an alien. It is only within her proper and bounded domain of physical inquiry that she can claim to be interpreter

of the methods of God. And yet I saw in a recent writing, written, too, in the name of religion, the astounding suggestion that religion has no function 'which may not be discharged by science.' If so, let us hasten to make up for lost time, for wasted hours of worship, since the foundation of the world. Let us straightway convert our temples into lecture-rooms. Cease idle prayers, cease drivelling praise! Henceforth let the weekly holy day be devoted to scientific investigations. Let the children of the Sunday-school repeat for litany the multiplication-table instead of the Lord's Prayer. Let anatomical and physiological demonstrations replace the broken body of the Eucharist and the waters of baptism. Let font and chalice be sent to the curiosity-shop, and shelved with the Chinese joss-sticks and hideous Indian gods. Vanish, ye dim surmises of a supersensuous world! Vanish the Holy Ghost! Let serviceable gases entertain the well-spent hour!

"No, friends, science can do much; but there are functions of religion which cannot be discharged by science. Not yet has science succeeded to the throne of God in the heart of mankind. We are no nearer to God in our knowledge than in our ignorance, unless to the knowledge of nature be added the knowledge of spiritual truth. On the contrary, without the spiritual complement, the more scientific, the more atheistic. Science can do much, but there are straits in life where science can afford neither counsel nor aid. Standing by the bedside of his dying mother, says a German humorist, 'I thought over all the great and little inventions of man, — the doctrine of souls, Newton's system of attraction, the Universal German Library, the *Genera Plantarum*, the *Magister Matheseos*, the *Calculus Infinitorum*, the right and oblique ascension of the stars and their parallaxes. But nothing would answer. And she lay out of reach, lay on the brink, and was going; and I could not even see where she would fall. Then I commended her to God, and went out and composed a prayer for the dying, that they might read it to her. She was my mother, and had always loved me so dearly, and this was all I could do for her. . . . We are not great, and our happiness is, that we can believe in something greater and better.' "

— It has been remarked that in Europe as well as America, single life is becoming more general. "The Nation" discusses

the question why this is so. After alluding to the causes assigned in England, the writer refers to our country as follows : —

“ In New England there is neither army service nor clubs, nor the rivalry of a numerous *demi-monde*, nor governmental expense and trouble attending the marriage ceremony; the young women as a class are neither ‘fast’ nor ‘masculine’ nor frivolous, nor inferior in education and culture to the young men; the young people are left in complete freedom to follow their own hearts and tastes in choosing their companions; yet the same phenomenon of an increased proportion of single men and women is exhibited. Nor is it the excess of the women over the men left by the Western emigration. The excess of about forty thousand women in the State of Massachusetts, which has been made so much of, would only account for the unmarried state of about one-fifth of the single women. Nor is it altogether the young woman’s extravagance and unwillingness to work. She can triumphantly repulse the attack with home-hitting shots: Is she not about as economical as masculine Young America? If *she* were willing to, would *he* be satisfied to see her dress plainly and to live without hired servants? Does he give her a chance to show whether she will marry a poor man and commence house-keeping humbly? Is *he* willing to marry a poor girl who will not better either his purse or his social position? How is it, if he *can’t* afford a wife, that he can afford cigars and velvet coats, champagne suppers, and summer tours, that he has money to spare for billiards and theatres and horses?

“ This cause, if we mistake not, is nothing less than the higher development of civilization and the new form which modern progress has given to modern life. The decrease in the frequency of marriage is exhibited in the countries — France, England, and the United States — which have advanced the most in the path of modern civilization. The decrease is proportioned to the respective height of social development in each. By the general diffusion of education and culture, by the new inventions and discoveries of the age, by the increase of commerce and intercourse and wealth, the tastes of men and women have become widened, their desires multiplied, new gratifications and pleasures have been supplied to them. By this increase of the gratifications of existence, the relative share of them which married

life affords has become just so much less. The domestic circle does not fill so large a place in life as formerly. It is really less important to either man or woman. Married life has lost in some measure its advantage over a single life. There are so many more pleasures, now, that can be enjoyed as well or even better in celibacy. The distinctive sexual impulse, besides, is less powerful not only relatively, because of more numerous rivals, but absolutely, as a necessary attendant upon the development of the mental and higher faculties according to the laws of the conservation of force. While a less proportion of the enjoyments of life at the present day are to be sought in matrimonial life, the cost of it has come to be much greater. Not that its absolute cost is more; not that the necessities of life for a family are greater in *price* than formerly, — they are probably less, — but that they are greater in *number*. Matrimonial life costs more than formerly because there are so many other gratifications, bodily, mental, and æsthetic, which demand satisfaction as well as the affectional impulses, and because so many more of these must be sacrificed by one of moderate means on entering matrimonial life. Commerce, labor-saving machines, the discovery of new sources of wealth, have made the world wealthier, have made luxuries before rare cheap, and gratifications before unknown common. Increase in wealth increases desires still faster. The more they are gratified, the further they are from being satisfied. Each new gratification brought within reach becomes not only a daily necessity; but creates a taste for a dozen out of reach. He who rises a little in the social scale desires to rise still higher. The railroad, that great revolutionizer of the modern world, has been a potent forwarder of this tendency. By means of the railroad, the bulk of population has been drawn from its distribution in small towns and cities, and has been collected in large cities. In cities, people are exposed more constantly to public view. They are brought more often in contact with wealth and luxury. They see more show. Every change of fashion is displayed before them. The new luxuries solicit them everywhere. The modern improvements force themselves upon every one's notice. One must do what others do, and have what others have. One must keep up with the times, or get laughed at and lose position. Rivalry is excited, ambition sharpened; emulation whets emulation.

“Is this decrease in the frequency of marriage a thing that

should excite alarm and lamentation? We think not. Nor do we think it calls, either, for strenuous preaching up of matrimony to our young folks. Is not this prudent hesitation more to be praised than the precipitancy with which thoughtless, ignorant, inexperienced, poverty-stricken children rush into the sacred responsibilities of parents? It is not the number but the character of its people that determines the worth of a country. It is not by increasing the quantity but the quality of its inhabitants that the world is benefited. 'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.' Why? Simply because fifty Europeans are worth more than a thousand Cathayans; because it is better to have in a country fifty educated, accomplished, and cultured people than a thousand ignorant, brutish, and vicious.

"The social philosophers are now perturbed at the loss of population caused by the infrequency of marriage. But it is only about fifty years ago when they were all terribly frightened because marriage was so frequent, and population was increasing so fast that the means of subsistence could not keep pace with it. The new-comer into the world, they feared, would soon find no place for him at nature's board, and room would have to be cleared by the small-pox, the cholera, or some other ravaging epidemic. The poor were told that they were committing a wrong against society in marrying as they did and bringing into the world mouths for which there was no provision, and that if they would not reform, they were rightly punished by hardship and starvation. The present tendency to single life is the corrective that is preventing any such catastrophe. It is the easy and gentle check of nature that is always at hand, and spontaneously interposes whenever an overplus of population commences to be felt. As the alarm of too much marrying and of over-population was groundless, as nature found an easy and gentle remedy for that tendency before it became excessive, so with this alarm and this tendency. We may trust the planets to be in the proper path of their orbit, however they may seem to veer this way and that, and we may trust Nature herself to know her right course and be always in it."

The duty of speaking out one's convictions is set forth in "Fraser's Magazine" in the following words:—

"In the long run, the habit of keeping back much of what he thinks acts destructively on the man himself. The practice dims

his conscience, and alters his very creed. He suppresses so much that in the end he blots out part of himself, and hardly knows what he believes as a man, and what as a partisan. While the process of decline is going on, the man's utterances lack the warmth, the clear ring, the sharp edge, which we find in the ideas that come straight from the heart and brain. That is why partisan speeches sound so hollow. That is why the writing of able men in the leading columns even of the chief journals so often lacks edge and distinctness, and seems the work of an intellectual machine, rather than of a living intellect. It is for the same reason that most men are so much smaller than Nature meant them to be. Nature meant them to be big and well formed; but they are stunted and disproportioned, because some of their faculties have never been exercised at all. They will not speak out, they will not say what they think; so they become like unto the thing they worship, — the God of Corporate Action, whose gospel is that of Suppression, whose hymns are made up of abstract phrases punctuated with winks, and unto whose throne goes up, day and night, the incense of hypocrisy. Mr. Mill believes this lack of individuality to be the most dangerous sign in modern civilization. At least, if men would dare to lead the lives marked out for them by nature, they would speedily be very different from a race of mental and moral dwarfs. Keats spoke the truth under the veil of poetic exaggeration when he said that if each would express himself, each would be great, and humanity would become 'a grand democracy of forest trees.'"

— Rev. Dr. Enoch Pond, professor in the Bangor Theological School, has been reproving the position taken by Dr. Dexter, editor of the "Congregationalist," who maintains that the word "Congregationalism" has reference only to the form of Church Government, and does not necessarily imply an orthodox creed. Dr. Pond has lived many years in a State where in common speech the words "Congregational" and "Orthodox" are synonymous, and he contends that the former term of necessity carries with it an evangelical system of doctrines. His logic is very characteristic. We need not notice it. Dr. Dexter has manfully vindicated the right of Unitarians to be classed as congregationalists. Probably no man among us has examined this

subject more carefully than he ; and after a brief review of some of the proofs of the case, he sums up in the following words :—

“ If now, it be possible for the English language to affirm more distinctly than is here done, over and over again, that, while historically and numerically, Congregational churches have been and are mainly Calvinistic in their faith, it is possible for a church of unevangelical faith to be Congregational in its polity, and that such unevangelical Congregational churches do exist, we should like to see the experiment tried.”

JOY IN AGE.

I HAVE outlived my cares,
No more my spirit dares
Question the silent morrow,
Dreading the coming sorrow.

Hopes buried in the dust
Have bloomed in glowing trust ;
Life with its sun declining
Points to the rainbow shining.

Poor earth it grandly spans,
There born of tears it stands,
God's tender love revealing,
God's blessed promise sealing.

Thanks be for trials past,
All turned to good at last !
Eyes dim with tears sought vainly
The love they now see plainly.

Now dim with years they catch
Lights of the morning watch,
Almost God's hand beholding
Life's tangled web unfolding.

L. J. H.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE A. U. A. AND RADICALISM.

THE following, which we find in the "Christian Register," is from an address, given in one of our Unitarian churches on taking up a collection for the American Unitarian Association. It is a view which a most candid Christian scholar and preacher takes of a subject which we have felt bound to touch upon in our present number, and we therefore copy it, though we dissent from it if designed to discourage a most free and emphatic expression of sentiment on this subject in all our churches:—

"I approach an objection which has of late been urged against the Association. It is contended that the divisions which exist in our denomination are too deep, and affect too strongly the very foundation of Christian faith, for the Association to occupy a neutral position with regard to them; and one of our own societies, led by its pastor, has formally refused to contribute further to its funds, on the ground that it gives a share of its influence and support to that class among us who have lately been known by the name of Radical. I must say, before closing, a few words in relation to this objection.

"I share, with the brother to whom I have referred, a strong repugnance to the opinion which represents our Saviour as a mere human teacher, with no commission from above beyond that which other great human teachers have possessed in their own genius and energy. For myself, it appears to me that if I rejected all that was miraculous in the Bible, I should prefer that manly and open course which one of our Radical friends has just taken, in disavowing the names of Unitarian and Christian altogether. But it is a different question what a man may call himself, and what others are at liberty to call him. Radicalism, too, is, thus far at least, a thing of various shades and degrees. There are those who dig down to the root in order to examine its firmness, as well as those who thrust the spade beneath it to tear it from the ground. I hope and trust that the period of doubt and denial among us has reached its height, and is gradually passing away. The attempt, about a year since, to form a separate denomination met with little favor. Within the same

time, or nearly so, several Radical clergymen have resigned their pulpits, — a sure indication that our parishes will not be contented with a form of religion that disowns the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ. Under these circumstances it appears to me that a generous and tolerant policy towards those brethren whom we consider in error is better than one which will drive them from us, perhaps to the misleading of many others. I have yet to learn that the Unitarian Association has actually employed as its agents any who were recognized advocates of the sceptical opinions to which I refer, or that any of its publications has presented the evil, without presenting also the remedy. As to questions that may hereafter arise, I am willing to trust them to the discretion of the Board, or of those who may be chosen as their successors, — a discretion rendered yet more cautious by the discussions that have recently taken place. I do not think that a single letter of courteous explanation, in which the Secretary endeavored to meet the charge of partiality brought by one of the minority, affords sufficient ground for us to condemn and desert our own Association, in the period at once of its highest usefulness, and of its greatest need.

“We have had recently a warning, brethren, of the ugly aspect, and of the probable evil consequences, of dealing harshly with those who go astray. A young minister of the Episcopal Church violated one of its canons, apparently supposing either that it was no longer in force, or that it was not applicable to his action. For this he has been tried by an ecclesiastical court, and, in conformity to their sentence, reprimanded by his bishop in a very formal, public, and lengthened address. The result is, not the penitence of the supposed offender, but his indignant protest, carrying with it the assent of a large portion of the Church to which he belongs, — the apparent danger of a decided and permanent schism in that Church, — and the certainty of great heart-burnings and extended controversy, with the loss of much of that favor which Episcopalianism was acquiring with the community at large. Probably those whose conduct excites our wonder in this case felt that they were bound to act thus by the strict rules of their Church. Let us, then, rejoice that we are not bound by canons that require us to sit in judgment on each other. With us, thought and speech are free, and we can oppose what we deem to be error with strength of argument and openness of expression ; but let us not condemn our trusted

and faithful agents, because they have been too gentle with a minority, too patient with those who differ from them. Gentleness and patience, after all, are parts of the Christian armor. It is a blessed thing to win back an erring brother; and it is an evil greatly to be dreaded to drive from us into utter unbelief those who are anxious to know the truth, reverent in spirit, but jealous of their intellectual freedom."

A WEEK'S REST.

WHERE shall that rest be found, which both soul and body crave? The question is not long in getting itself answered. In "the Yard," hundreds of miles away, hospitable homes are open to you, and hospitable hearts await you. Would it were a month later, when grass and trees will have burst into the full freshness of their spring glory! Yet even now, in early April, when the grass is just beginning to get green, and the trees bear but the faintest promise of leaves, the Yard is very pleasant. And the tantalizing evening glimpse you had of it two years ago adds to your desire to see it once again.

"The Yard" is the fair enclosure of the Naval Academy at Annapolis; and a more attractive spot for the location of such an institution could scarcely be desired or conceived. Around the great open square, running down on two of its sides to the water's edge, are ranged the houses of the officers, the dormitories, and the other school buildings; and at the end of a long pier running out into the Severn are stationed the "Constitution," and the practice-ships.

There is plenty to see and to do here; and no moment hangs heavy with you, while you have Captain Theodorus for kindly host and willing guide.

He will take you into his own pet department, where you may examine miniature models of all sorts of guns; torpedoes, loyal and rebel, of various calibre (and it is truly refreshing, by the way, to see "REBEL" boldly marked in great white letters, on every article captured from our civil foes); different patterns of breech-loading muskets; a breech-loading cannon used by Cortez in the conquest of Mexico, and presented to the Academy by General Scott; shot and shell of all shapes and sizes,—in short, specimens almost countless of material and instruments

with which men may kill one another, or hammer down or blow in pieces one another's strong walls.

Or you may allow yourself to be conducted into the Department of the Engineers, where the midshipmen are at work at their drawing, where what will be likely to attract you most is a full-sized propellor engine, with screw attached, in perfect working order, but all high and dry on the floor. And if you are there on the right day, you will find the fires going in the furnaces, and steam up, and the boys working and studying the ponderous machine.

Or you may enter the office of cool and sedate Captain Cule, Commandant, who will take you up into the Seamanship Room, filled with little full-rigged models of vessels, new and old, where even one who has no knowledge of the sea and its ways may spend hours without becoming weary.

Thence you may pass into the Library, where, curiously enough, the first book on which your eye lights is "Noyes's Essays," — a library in large part, as it should be, professional, and which, as such, claims to be one of the best in the country.

You may go down to the ships, — get aboard the "Constitution," of which, they say, just one original timber remains, — and here, as you will see, one of the four classes study and live; cross over to the famous "America," which the English, when they had her, changed from a sloop to a schooner, and so otherwise altered her as seriously to impair her wonderful sailing qualities; inspect the "Santee," where the midshipmen are taught to work heavy guns, and another vessel, where the seamanship drill is performed.

Then there is the Armory for you to visit, containing the boys' light muskets, and the boat howitzers; the Gymnasium, given up not merely to the ordinary gymnastics, but to fencing and sword exercise, and, not least, to dancing, instruction in which excellent art is a part of the regular Academical Course; the bowling-alley; the pistol-gallery, where if you cannot hit the iron man in the heart, and make his bell tinkle, you may hit him in the heel, and make believe that is vulnerable.

And on the appointed days you can look on at the howitzer drill, and at the infantry drill in Eaton's tactics; and, again, watch the mortar firing. It is not a little curious to follow the huge ball under the direction of Captain Levi, describing its arc in the air, and burying itself in the ground, a mile away, in almost the precise spot at which it was aimed.

If you want a change, you can go out rowing with Secessia, land on the opposite side of the Severn, and find plenty of may-flowers in bud, but none in bloom; go aboard the two-turreted monitor, "Tonawanda," lying out in the stream, and examine her curious mechanism; run up the creek, and explore its shores. Or Theodorus and the dainty Dart will take you about the queer old town, which Lord Lyons liked because it was so like an English town, which has so little business that after the feverish bustle of New England cities it seems perfectly dead, and which, nevertheless, somehow refreshes you by its very contrast with those familiar places. And you cannot tell whether you are most amused or saddened when you call to mind that this little lifeless town is the capital of an Atlantic State. You find the State House, — where the Rebel Legislature, which has dropped fourth of July (so the Maryland papers tell you) out of the school holidays, has just closed its winter session — really beautiful in its interior; and entering the Chamber of Delegates, you stand where Washington stood when he delivered up his commission.

And on a certain Saturday, being provided with a ticket, you get up very early in the morning, and take the train to Washington, and climb the steps at the rear of the magnificent capitol, which a wise builder built hind part before, and enter the handsome and hot Senate Chamber, and "assist" for three hours at the Impeachment Trial, hearing read out the President's St. Louis speech, with all the "Judas Iscariot business" and the "kicking out business" and the "flag and the Constitution business" in full, and you study the faces and the men before you; and able, sharp as "Mr. Manager Butler is" and unusually courteous as he is on this particular day, you can't help wishing that he had in him a little more of the *Brahminism* that you see embodied elsewhere on the floor.

And then, coming out, you wander all up and down that long avenue in search of a really nice place with something to eat in it, and don't find it; and you are glad to get back to the Yard at last, and to Dart's generous supper.

On Sunday you attend church in the little chapel (what a relief to sit in the pews for once!) and join in the wholesome and comforting Episcopal Service, and hear a good sermon from Chaplain Smith, a man who admirably fills his post, making himself acceptable alike to students and teachers. And in the even-

ing there are ices and punch for Marshall Ney, who for the punch's sake has been enticed from Washington by the Queen Dowager. And Vice Admiral Porter comes in, one of the dozen or so men in the world that one really cares about seeing. He is now the Superintendent of the Academy, and has improved, and is improving manifestly, its various departments, and his taste and energy are continually at work in adorning and enriching the grounds. And while Ney spins his wonderful yarns, and the Admiral talks in his simple, straightforward way, the punch and the ices vanish, and no longer are. Yes, it is Sunday evening, and it is *not* Boston.

And a day or two later you say a regretful farewell, and take the creeping train again to Annapolis Junction, and fly by express to Baltimore, and make a night of it on the Chesapeake in the old Bay Line boat, and awake at Norfolk, and in a little steam-tug push up the Dismal Swamp Canal two or three miles, and meeting little Nell, bring her back again with you out of an unredeemed State into New England, — after all, the best place for a home, spite of her fickle skies and her cold shores, spite of her marvellous union of Phariseeism and feverish yearning to make herself better, spite of her noisy men and her blatant women, spite of her bad bread and lead pies, best place to live in, and lived in by the best people, in all the wide world !

PETER.

REFLECTIONS.

WHETHER the world moves forward or backward, the movement party call the motion progress.

Reforming the world is like patching an old coat, which will soon need another patch; but if it were not for reformers the world would always be out at elbows.

Man is made in the image of God; in other words, God is conceived of in the image of man.

The way to have your secrets kept is to keep them yourself.

Most men are better worth preserving at death than at birth.

We overlook our own faults on account of our merits, and others' merits on account of their faults.

God requires that we should work out our own salvation. He saves us by showing us how to save ourselves. It is true that salvation depends on his grace, but his grace is proportioned to our efforts.

Men think little of what is said, unless they think much of him who says it.

Drop the expletives from the command for the creation of light, and it may be expressed in five words: God said, Light be, and light was.

Much of most men's fame is undesirable, being founded on their unhappiness.

Nothing is too petty for men to be proud of.

To make others work is often harder than to do the work ourselves.

The human race is but half humanized.

Sir William Temple says, "If a rich man would keep his health, he must live like a poor man."

Great talkers converse with each other in half sentences, for neither waits to hear a whole one.

Joseph Joubert says, "Instead of complaining that roses have thorns, be glad that the thorns are surmounted by roses."

No man repents of having done his duty.

We go up the hill of life like a boy with his sled after him, and go down it like a boy with his sled under him.

Fear in a sound mind is self-limited; for such a mind controls its fears through fear of the consequences of yielding to them.

Fashions of thought succeed each other like fashions of dress, and appear as absurd after they have passed by.

To serve God is to obey his laws. Worship is not service, unless it makes us more ready to do his will.

A great man neglects little things not on account of his greatness, but of his littleness. Nothing is too little for the regard of Omniscience.

They who leave the most at death often carry away the least. Life would flag without delusions.

"A man of no purpose no purpose fulfils;

Weak men have wishes, but strong men have wills."

E. W.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Declares he *was not* intoxicated when he swung round the circle. We are sorry for it. We were hoping he *was* intoxicated. If he could say such bad, vulgar, and foolish things when sober, he must be a worse man than we had taken him for. If that is Johnson sober, what in the world is Johnson drunk?

A LESSON FROM THE SUN.

"Behold the Sun at morning and at eve!

The Sun knows naught of thee, he sees thee not,
And yet he does thee and will do thee good.

He signals with vast might out through the blue;
Spends he his good on the blue void alone?

He hits his mark! He grows in man and flower
And blossom to the ocean's deepest bed,
Nor is one ray in all its journeyings lost!

And *thou* must know to whom thou doest good?
To distant strangers wilt refuse thy love?

To men and flowers that come long after thee?
And dost thou truly know the very man

Who stands before thee? Were he in himself
No mystery, he would still be such to thee,

For when thy being is completely filled
With goodness and with love to him, believe me,

Thou seest him not, as the sun sees thee not,
For glow of heavenly warmth and perfect light:

Thou need'st but this to glad thee! that he is!
The rose is gloriously rewarded for

Her fragrance by exhaling; and the Sun
For his effulgence, by the light! And man

For all his loving finds a rich reward
In love itself; man is repaid for life

Amplified by living. Learn thou this of Heaven!
And learn it too on earth, from all thou dost!

Distinguish no one, then, of all that live!

Not him who names himself thy foe or friend;

Distinguish naught that lives; let fruit and tree

Be one to thee, the shepherd and his flock,

The lambkin and the grass, the grass and dew,

The dew and its refulgence. In the midst

Of the vast universe of love, unmoved,

Keep thou thy place! and only live and love!

Behold the Sun at morning and at eve!"

— THE LAYMAN'S BRIEVIARY

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Market Assistant, containing a brief Description of every Article of Human Food sold in the Public Markets of the Cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn, including the various Domestic and Wild Animals, Poultry, Game, Fish, Vegetables, Fruits, etc., etc., with many curious Incidents and Anecdotes. By THOMAS F. DE VOE, author of "The Market-Book," etc. Riverside Press. 1867. 8vo. pp. 455.

We have said almost all that needs to be said about this work in copying its title, and bearing testimony to its appropriateness. The book is all that it professes to be. Written by a market-man of long and approved standing, it gives us the benefit of his practical knowledge and experience. The author is at the same time an antiquary, and he blends with the homely details of the markets that now are not a few grotesque and fantastic pictures of earlier days.

The Spirit of Seventy-Six ; or, The Coming Woman. A Prophetic Drama, followed by A Change of Base, and Doctor Mondschein. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1868.

Nearly four hundred years before the Christian Era the "Ecclesiazousiæ," or "Women in Congress Assembled," was brought out by Aristophanes upon the stage in Athens. In this play a woman who had so far forgot herself as to bring her sewing into the Assembly, that she may hear and make clothes at the same time, is sharply rebuked by the leader, Praxagora. So the world repeats itself, not, we hope, without progress. The "Spirit of Seventy-Six," with its pendant pieces, can hardly expect, even with the printer's help, to last its twenty-two centuries and more ; but it has done good service in this century by provoking overworked men and women to inextinguishable laughter, and by replenishing more than one purse of charity, not to speak of the light which it has shed upon the great question of the day.

E.

Norwood ; or, Village Life in New England. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: Charles Scribner & Company. 1868.

The great preacher is not a great novelist. His book will not be read through in hot haste. In many ways it caricatures rather than characterizes Life in New England ; at least, during ten years passed in a New England village not a hundred miles

from the region from which this story takes its departure, we found no such life. There is, however, a great deal of pleasant and suggestive writing within the covers of the volume, notwithstanding its shortcomings as a work of fiction; and had the writer contented himself with making up a bundle of "fragments," so gathering and making use of material which even Mr. Beecher's not very severe taste rejected from the weekly Sermons, it would have been as well for Mr. Bonner and the readers of the "Ledger," and far better for the author's literary reputation.

E.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1868, edited by Samuel Kneeland, A. M., M. D., has been published by Gould and Lincoln, and contains matter of much interest, both to the scientific and general reader relative to the most recent discoveries. Every one should read these annuals who desires to know the progress of discovery. Every teacher should have them, or have access to them, so as to be able to sift the errors from the textbooks. We learn, for instance, that the earth is *not* 95,000,000 miles from the sun, but only 92,340,000; that lengthening of sight in old people is *not* from the flattening of the crystalline lens (which, by the way, is a fact for those people who try to squeeze their eyes into shape); that it is questioned whether granite is the oldest, or primitive rock; that it is disputed whether mountain ridges are formed by upheaval or denudation. Many curious facts are given under mechanic and useful arts, chemistry, geology, astronomy, and biology. A portrait of William B. Rogers fronts the title-page.

S.

Charles Dickens' Works. Ticknor and Fields continue the publication of their "Charles Dickens Edition" in volumes which are of quite readable type, afforded at very reasonable prices, and containing the original illustrations of Cruikshanks. They have just issued "Old Curiosity Shop" whereupon many a heart will delight to renew again acquaintance with the most marvellous creation of the writer's genius — little Nell — paralleled only by Eva, the most beautifully idealized of Mrs. Stowe's characters. The present is the seventh of this series with a new preface by the author.

S.

THE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION have done good service to the young in bringing out new editions of Greenwood's Sermons to Children, and Lives of the Apostles.



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 OF THE
CROSS
 OF THE
LEGION OF HONOR

FIRST GRAND PRIZE.

CHICKERING & SONS,

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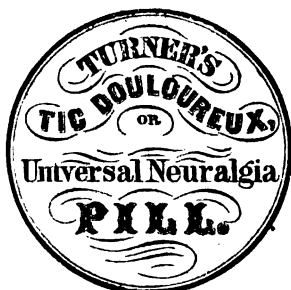
Three Juries and Imperial Commission,

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A Safe, Certain,

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NEURALGIA AND ALL NERVOUS DISEASES.

ITS EFFECTS ARE MAGICAL.

It is an UNFAILING REMEDY in all cases of Neuralgia Facialis, often effecting a perfect cure in less than twenty-four hours, from the use of no more than TWO OR THREE PILLS.

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Vol. XXXIX.

No. 6.

THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1868.

EDITED BY
REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR,
NO. 26 CHAUNCY STREET.

Postage, 24 cents a year, in advance.

THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,
AND
Family Journal.

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THE SOCIAL BURDEN.

BY REV. F. H. HEDGE, D. D.

"We, then, that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." — ROMANS XV. 1.

It is the vice of Protestantism that it makes Christianity too subjective, too much a concern of the private soul, instead of a public and corporate interest. The Church of Rome, with all her corruptions, may claim the merit of having held fast the Christian principle of œcumenical consolidation. Protestantism has erred on the side of privacy and separation. In seeking intellectual emancipation, it has slighted the social aim so conspicuous in all the teachings and work of the Master. It has made the individual more, the Church universal less. And both Protestantism and Romanism have erred in placing the goal of the Christian calling beyond the grave, instead of seeking a heavenly kingdom in earth and time. This vicious tendency reached its climax in the doctrine of Particular Redemption, — the doctrine that redemption is the lot of a favored few, a prerogative whose full fruition is reserved for mansions in the skies.

All this I conceive to be entirely foreign to the genius of Christianity. It is no exclusive advantage which the gospel contemplates, but a common weal. Redemption is not a private but a public good, to be realized only in and through society. The kingdom of heaven is a polity of which earth

is to be the scene, and earth-inhabiting men and women the subjects. It is the realization of the Christian social ideal,—a truer union of man with man, a society founded and perfected in love.

There was a time in the early Church, a brief moment, when this ideal seemed about to be realized. A phantom of the heavenly kingdom appeared. From the camera of the "Upper Room" an image of the New Jerusalem was projected on the ground of the old. "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul. Neither said any that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things in common." The phantom passed, and never again from that time to this has Christendom been of one heart and one soul. Never since has the kingdom of heaven been so near as then. Contrast this picture with the Christendom of to-day, measure by this standard the social status of any Christian city, gauge its unequal fortunes, explore its strata from the high palatial wards of flaunting opulence to the squalid lairs of labor and want; survey its scenes of famine and fashion, and say how far the Christendom of to-day fulfils the promise of the first decennium. The ideal of Christian society is free circulation and perfect union, securing the welfare of every member; the actual condition of society, the world over, is one of obstruction, causing disease, misery, crime. Everywhere society divides itself into two distinct classes, mutually antagonistic, having no sympathy, and only a forced communion with each other. We call them "the rich and the poor;" but these terms imperfectly express the disparity they represent, since many who are poor and even straightened and pinched with poverty may by education, social connections, or other advantages, belong, on the whole, to the favored class. However we name them, there is this discrepance in the body social. There are these two regions of social existence as widely sundered as if divided by intervening seas. I do not know that this feature of the social economy which dates with the dawn of civilization is less conspicuous in our day, in Christian communities, after two millenniums of Christian administration, than it was in

the days of the apostles. Countries the most active in Christian charity exhibit it as marked and prevailing as any heathen lands. No country is more zealous in all philanthropic enterprise than England, and no nation is more burdened with pauperism. England expends millions of money in efforts to convert the heathen of other lands, but thousands and hundreds of thousands of her own subjects exist in a state of more than heathen ignorance and degradation.

The distinction of property is one of the eldest and most universal of all the distinctions that divide mankind. This social antithesis is the parent, or foster-parent, of most of the evils which afflict society. It is not merely the difference in the mode of life, — the luxury on one side and privation on the other; the indulgence of the taste, — the refined gratifications enjoyed by one class and denied to the other. This is not the only or chief evil involved in this distinction. A greater evil is the difference of social estimation which attends it. The possession of material values is made the gauge of respectability, as if material values were infallible vouchers of manly worth. We say a man is "worth" so much, — "worth" a million, or not "worth" a dollar. Language is a great revealer of the mind of society, and language makes money synonymous with worth. It says implicitly that a man is just so deserving as he is rich. If this view and standard were confined to the market and the stock exchange, one would not complain; it would signify then no more than commercial ability. But, unhappily, the standard of commercial ability invades the hearth and heart of society; it controls social intercourse, it dictates even to our churches. The support of public worship by taxes levied on seats in the church has made religion the client of wealth, and tends more and more to enhance the distinction of social rank, and to separate class from class. Said one, complainingly, "The pew-rates in our church are quite too low; by this means improper persons have seats there." The improper persons were persons of inferior rank, whose contact was considered to be defiling. This anti-Christian sentiment is nothing new; it dates from the first century of the Christian Church. It is

curious to see it asserting itself away back in the apostolic time. "My brethren," says the Epistle of James, "have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ with respect of persons. For if there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor man, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool, are ye not then partial among yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts? Hearken, my beloved brethren; hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? Ye despise the poor." So it was then, and so it is still. Social intercourse is based on property. Wealth regards poverty as an inferior, with whom it refuses to associate on equal terms, with whom any intercourse other than that of affairs is condescension and a special grace. Poverty is a Pariah, and comes in time to regard itself as such. All the forces of society coincide with this view, all range themselves on the side of property, all go to help and further the rich. The greater part of all legislation aims at protection of property. The law helps the rich to collect their rents more than it helps the poor to earn their bread. Religion itself, ecclesiastical religion, in our ecclesiastical system, is the client of the rich, and therefore their natural ally. Their almoner, too, be it freely acknowledged, and so far the friend of the poor, but their friend by condescension, not by fellow-feeling and frank espousal of their cause. The balance of power, the prestige of society, are with the rich; and poverty stands helpless, with no defence but society's dependence upon it, on its sinews and muscles, and the consequent necessity capital is under of furnishing the means of subsistence in order to reap the fruits of its toil.

All this, it may be pleaded, is true but unavoidable, inherent in the constitution of society. Why speak of it? Why dwell on it? Why descant of an evil proper to civilization, — an evil which dates from the foundation of the world, and for which there is no remedy? I can only reply that,

unavoidable or not, it is unchristian. If inherent in the constitution of society, then the constitution of society is unchristian; and if there be really no remedy, then Christianity, considered as the religion of humanity, is a failure. But the Christian heart, warned by its higher instincts, and believing in the divine origin and destination of society,—believing, that is, in the possibility of a kingdom of heaven,—refuses to admit the irremediableness of any social evil. That this evil is not to be remedied by violent measures, by agrarian convulsions and forced revolutions, I admit. That the remedy lies not in communistic tinkering, I am also persuaded. The only effectual and permanent remedy is such a development of Christian sentiment, such a growth of Christian love, as shall stimulate the strong to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves,—such a growth of Christian love as shall move the rich to make common cause with the poor, and by generous abnegation of unequal profits and redundant private gain, make capital conducive to the common good. An American banker has indicated in his own illustrious example the higher uses of wealth, and by his munificent donation to the poor of London, where his fortune was achieved, has shown what an individual may accomplish in that direction who looks upon riches as a sacred trust, and values them more as means of good to others than of personal pomp and sumptuous living. It is no deduction from the credit due to Mr. Peabody to say that in the donations dispensed by him with so liberal a hand, he has felt that he was but discharging a righteous debt,—the debt which the fortunate and wealthy owes to that class of society by whose service he thrives. It is not a debt which is recognized by law, or even as yet by public opinion. All the more honor, therefore, to him who feels and accepts the obligation. Justice is a higher virtue than munificence, but in this instance justice and munificence have joined hands; righteousness and mercy have kissed each other. Well might the Queen of England, in her own handwriting, and by the gift of her portrait, express her respect for the man, and her sense of the value of his example. The act was characterized as conde-

scension on her part. I do not believe the royal lady regarded it as such. There is a debt which wealth owes to poverty apart from all considerations of charity and mercy. When Victor Hugo, whose broad humanity eclipses his genius, transcendent as that is, was praised for his bounty in spreading a Christmas feast for the poor of his vicinity, he disclaimed all credit for the act, declaring that all he could do for the poor was simple justice, the payment of a debt.

It will be long before such examples will find followers sufficient to effect any sensible change in the social and material condition of the poor, any sensible diminution of the terrible disease of pauperism, the imposthume of civilization, if, indeed, the object could ever be accomplished in that way, could ever be accomplished by gifts alone. Meanwhile, it is a pertinent question, what has the Christian Church contributed, what is she contributing to this result? The Church has instituted missions to the poor, the Church builds chapels for the poor, and seeks to minister in various ways to their temporal and spiritual wants. But these are only palliatives by which individual cases of extreme want may be relieved, and here and there cases of vice reclaimed. They do not reach the root of the evil, they do not check the growth of pauperism, they do not redeem the crass heathendom of Christian cities. It is a narrow interpretation of that great word of the Master, the supreme mark of his mission, "The poor have the gospel preached to them," to suppose that preaching is the thing especially required, and a good in itself, and that the saying is fulfilled if the poor hear sermons. What the poor most need is not preaching nor alms, but the gospel itself, or the fruit of the gospel, a readjustment of the social state, a radical reform, by which the extreme of want shall no longer exist, and want-born misery and vice be done away. I am not aware that the Church is undertaking this reform, or in any of her synods and conventions is so much as considering it. The Church has been more interested in polishing her theology, in extending her doctrine, in sending doctrinal Christianity to heathen lands, than in realizing the gospel of the kingdom at home. Outside of the Church, independently, that is, of all

church organization, an attempt is making, which should have been made by the Church, which should have been the main business and prime interest of her conventions,—the attempt to meliorate the social condition of the poor, to relieve the misery of the Pariah caste. I refer to the associations formed in the name and interest of Social Science. These associations contemplate the application to society of the principles and laws which bear on the economical and material well-being of man. They do not directly concern themselves with his spiritual welfare; but the two are nearly related, and whatever promotes the one can hardly fail to be largely conducive to the other. These efforts may not be immediately effective in the way of practical relief; but the movement is one of the happiest augury. The mere fact of an interest in social well-being sufficiently earnest to instigate systematic effort in that direction, on a scientific basis, is a step gained. The application of social science in the spirit of philanthropy to human weal, I call objective Christianity. For what distinguishes Christianity, objectively considered, is its message to the poor,—a message first of sympathy, then of relief. So well was this understood by the first disciples, that almost it is the only thing in which they are agreed. John and Paul and Peter and James had each his own interpretation of the word. There are differences of opinion, peculiarities of doctrine, diversities of administration; but, regarding the new commandment, one mind in all. Whatever else Christianity might signify to any one of them, to all it meant the rehabilitation of want; to all it was a Poor's Gospel. Paul says, "When James and Cephas and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship, that we should go to the heathen, and they to the circumcision, only they would that we should remember the poor, the same which I also was forward to do." From this fundamental principle of Christian ethic I deduce these positions:—

1. No interest in social well-being, no Christianity.
2. No sense of responsibility for the burdens of the poor, no Christianity.

3. No practical beneficence, no Christianity.

The first demand of Christian ethic, and the first and indispensable condition of any effective action for the benefit of the sinking and sunken classes, is sympathy. By sympathy I mean something else and more than pity. Pity is a transient emotion which the sight of actual suffering rarely fails to excite. Sympathy implies a more intimate acquaintance with its object, the power and will to place ourselves in their condition, to feel with them, to make their wants our wants. The absence of this sympathy is the greatest obstacle to philanthropic action. It is not the want of money to accomplish its objects that philanthropy has to complain of, but the want of sympathy to suggest and direct philanthropic effort. Money can generally be obtained for any object which takes the sympathy of those who have money to give. The difficulty is not in obtaining money, but in knowing how to use it for the best and permanent good of the poor. And that difficulty arises from want of sympathy. What the late Justice Talfourd of England said in a charge from the bench, on the eve of his death, that "the great sin of the upper classes in England at the present day is want of sympathy," is more or less true of all civilized nations. Everywhere civilization bisects society, estranges one half from the other, and places a yawning gulf between. Everywhere society has, like the moon, its bright side and its night side. And those whose lot is cast in one of these divisions have no knowledge of, and none but forced dealings with, the other. To the privileged and prosperous the world of want and ignorance and grovelling vice is a foreign realm, which they know only by report. We have established in these days communication by electric wires with the other side of the globe; who shall establish communication with the unknown world so near our own door? We have daily tidings from cities three thousand miles removed; what do the city dwellers know of the other side of society in their own? The night side of society, what do we know of it? What do the prosperous know of the life that is lived in so many a corner and den topographically near, but socially antipodal? — the unblest, sickly life which

struggles and starves in ruined sheds and squalid hovels, the cryptic, creeping, guilty life that grubs and burrows in subterranean lairs, the rank, pestilential life that breeds and festers in crumbling yet crowded tenements, packed and piled for the owner's profit and the tenant's curse with layer upon layer of human wretchedness? All this is hid in deep shadow, out of sight, out of mind. The respectable citizen, the thrifty merchant, as they pass to and from their places of business, encounter it not. The decorous dame, the trim maiden, in their visits to the shops that swallow the income of father and husband, are not affronted with the sight. None know of it but those whose lot and portion it is, and those whom official duty occasionally brings into contact with it, and the few whom charity prompts to explore its secrets. Between rich and poor, between privileged and outcast, there is a great gulf fixed, and those who dwell on the privileged side are apt to look upon those whose lot is cast on the other as not only less favored by circumstance, but as actually inferior in kind. I have known men and women in our democratic America, in whom was such a consciousness of superiority and social elevation, such a feeling of aloofness from their needy brother and sister, that scarcely in heaven, if such pride could find entrance there, can I conceive of them as meeting on equal terms. This stiffness, this social reserve, was momentarily done away in the first revelation of the gospel. The old hardness yielded to the new love; hearts were fused in the fervent heat of the new creation in Christ Jesus, as the crudest, flintiest ore first swims, then collapses, and finally merges in the fiery flood of the smelting. Then was witnessed the strange phenomenon, stranger even than such a sight would be now, — citizens of high estimation and splendid circumstance stopping in the streets of Alexandria, or of Antioch, to embrace with cordial affection some slave or freedman or humble artisan, as brother and equal in Him in whom all earthly distinctions were made void.

The fervor abated, the metal cooled, the hardness returned. Christianity, which has subdued so many things to itself, was not then strong enough, has never since been strong enough,

to subdue the spirit of caste. The most that the Church could effect was a compromise with wealth on behalf of the poor for alms and protection.

Let there be sympathy, at least, where equality may not be, — frank human sympathy of the rich with the poor. The central idea of practical Christianity is the brotherhood of man. That brotherhood, if not acknowledged in a Christian and legitimate way, will sooner or later assert itself in a penal way. If not confessed in the way of kindness, it will make itself felt in the way of retribution. Dr. Alison, in his "Observations on the Management of the Poor in Scotland," relates that a poor Irish widow, in one of the lanes of Edinburgh, left utterly destitute with her children, went to solicit help from the charitable establishments of that city. At this establishment and then at that she was refused, referred from one to the other, helped by none, till she had exhausted them all, till her strength failed her, and then she sank down in typhus fever, died, and infected her lane with fever, so that seventeen other persons died there of fever in consequence. The humane physician asks thereupon, "Would it not have been economy to have helped this poor widow? She took typhus fever and killed seventeen of you. The forlorn Irish widow applies to her fellow-creatures, as if saying, 'Behold, I am sinking without help. You must help me! I am your sister, bone of your bone; one God has made us; you must help me!' They answer, 'No! impossible! You are no sister of ours.' But she proves her sisterhood; her typhus fever kills them; they actually were her brothers though denying it. Had man ever to go lower for a proof?" *

I have spoken of one condition of social reform. I turn to another, also of prime importance, — frugality, moderation of personal expenditure on the part of those whose means allow, and may therefore seem to justify lavish indulgence. It would be unreasonable to expect that the rich shall accommodate their style of living in all respects to those of smaller means, and spend no more on their persons or their establishments than their poorer neighbor. There are luxuries which

* Carlyle's Past and Present.

wealth may fairly and lawfully indulge, and which people of moderate means must be content to forego. And whilst I pity the delusion of the rich who dares to think more highly of himself because of his accidents, I pity still more the want of self-respect in those who quarrel with this disparity, and feel their own dignity prejudiced by it. At the same time, I would have the rich remember that every man in this world is by God's appointment his brother's, and every woman her sister's keeper, and that none in Christian equity may lay a stumbling-block or cause of offence in another's way. I would have them remember that the style of living which they adopt will necessarily determine the style of those who are beneath them in the scale of property. Each class will press hard on that above it, with eager competition to shine as gayly and to fare as well. Vanity will enter the lists with fortune in the race of ostentation. Poverty itself will sacrifice bread to show; meanness will supply the want of means, and misery keep pace with display. Every superfluity which one class indulges has a tendency to make life more difficult and dangerous to all. Wealth has a right to its splendors, but wealth must not think to escape its responsibilities; it must hold itself accountable for the rivalry it provokes, and for much of the ruin that rivalry creates. Well would it be if the rich would invest their superfluity in works of art, in sculptures and paintings, which humbler fortunes will not be likely to attempt, rather than in trinkets and dress, which offer temptations to vanity and excite emulation without educating taste. The rapid increase of luxury in this country is a spectacle which no thoughtful mind and no true lover of his country can regard without alarm, when he thinks of the part which luxury has had in the downfall of nations. It is a vulgar mistake that luxury benefits society by employing labor. When Madame Maintenon exhorted Louis XIV. to greater liberality in the matter of alms, he replied that kings are almoners by their large expenditures. A comfortable thought to selfish prodigality, but a serious error. Society is benefited by large expenditure in just that proportion in which consumption is productive. The more it consists in superfluous gratifications, the less productive. It must not be supposed

that the labor employed upon some gorgeous fancy would without that luxury have found no employment. The same capital which employs labor in that form would, in the absence of that, have found employment for it in some other form more generally useful. For that is capital's nature and destination to ally itself with labor in the creation of values. In one way or another it will seek investment, if not in the way of superfluities, then in the way of utilities. When I speak of luxury, I am far from condemning all that is included in that term, all the elegancies and refinements of life. Luxury within certain bounds is essential as well to the material as to the social and intellectual prosperity of nations. It is one of the educators of society. Nor is it easy to define the boundary between elegance and superfluity, between a commendable grace and a graceless extravagance. But every right-minded person will, without the aid of a sumptuary law, appreciate the distinction between money spent by those who can afford the outlay, in beautiful and durable works of art, and money spent in festive pageants and extravagant attire. It is not the luxury of elegance, but the luxury of ostentation that wisdom condemns, — displays in which the expense itself is the chief boast. Such luxury is nearly allied, as cause or effect, with all that is most prejudicial to the morals and prosperity of a nation, with public and private corruption, abuse of government patronage, stupendous fraud, and all that hastened the ruin of the ancient states. Pliny the younger mentions having seen at a banquet a woman who wore a network of emeralds and pearls which cost forty million, or, according to one reading, four hundred million sesterii (over a million of dollars), as she offered to prove by her jewellers' bills. And he moralizes on the fact that the vast fortune which this woman inherited had been obtained by the peculations of her grandfather, a public functionary under Augustus. In modern as in ancient time great prodigality is closely connected with great injustice. But waiving this point, and considering extravagance in a merely economical view, a significant lesson is taught by the fact that wherever there has been in an age or nation excessive luxury on one side, there has been abject poverty and great distress on the other. At the

time of the coronation of the present Queen of England, the journals which described the gorgeous festivities of that occasion, and told of court suits costing hundreds of thousands, recorded the death of two individuals who perished in the streets of London for want of a morsel of bread. The fact is a terrible comment on modern civilization and Christian society. In our own land extravagance is the fatal leak in the national economy which no financiering can stanch. The only remedy is voluntary self-restraint on the part of those whose means allow unlimited indulgence. Here, especially, those who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves. In all sincerity, I believe there is no way in which the rich can more effectually benefit the poor than by voluntary abnegation in the matter of personal display. Especially, there is no way in which women of wealth and rank can render a greater service to society than by setting an example of simplicity in dress. A severer taste as well as a higher morality will dictate such moderation.

The possession of wealth is a great trust. All our possessions are topics of accountableness, but none so manifestly as wealth, for nowhere is the relation of means to ends so obvious as here. On the rich is laid the welfare of the poor, to them is committed the present and the future of their weaker brethren. And let Wealth remember that it owes to Poverty an immense debt, — a debt whose arrears have been accumulating, interest upon interest, from age to age. What made Wealth? It is Poverty. Without Poverty Wealth could not be. In order that the rich may accumulate, they must subsidize the service of others. Who will render them this service? Not the rich, but the poor. If the poor derived from their toil the same profit that the rich derive from it, both would be maintained, but neither would be rich. I do not deny that the poor are indebted to the rich. Starting from the given point of inequality in the present condition of society, they are unquestionably indebted to the rich for their employment and the means of subsistence which that employment gives. But I do say that the balance of obligation is on the side of the rich. Taking the whole of society, past and present, into

the account, the balance of obligation is decidedly, and to an extent beyond calculation, on the side of the rich. Wealth owes to Poverty an immense debt. And not Wealth alone, but all of us are implicated in this debt. Society is immensely and everlastingly indebted to the poor who have done its work, the long-forgotten work on which it builds and lives. It is Poverty that felled the forests, and planted the wilderness, and levelled the hills, and made straight the paths in which we walk. Poverty handled and trimmed and laid one upon another every brick and stone by which this city has been built up, stretched every telegraph wire from Maine to California, twisted every strand of the cable which binds the hemispheres in electric communication. Directed by intelligence, it is true, but what were the brain without the hands? Without Poverty, who would serve us and do our work, build our railways, navigate our ships, and procure the products by which civilization subsists? Let not Wealth come in and say, "It is my capital that has done this." True, my brother, but whence that capital? Hast thou, then, spun it, spider-like, out of thine own bowels? That capital is also the product of Poverty. Thy capital is kneaded and moulded with the sweat of thy brother's face. His years, his weary years are in it; it is carved out of thy brother's life. For what is capital but concrete labor, — the labor of the past condensed and made portable? Poverty, not Wealth, has done the work. He is the great and patient creditor of us all. Poverty, hard-handed, coarse-clad, toil-bowed, weather-scarred, shut out from the palaces and temples of thine own rearing, thou art our creditor. Who shall repay thee thy long dues? What a reckoning will that be when thou and Wealth shall "meet at compt"!

The reform which shall accomplish the design of Christianity in favor of the poor, which shall cause the gospel to be preached to them not in word but in deed, which shall abolish pauperism, — and that reform includes most others, — is especially committed to the rich. And the business of the Church is to move and persuade the rich to lay hand on this work. Mammon has been from first to last the chief enemy of the gospel. Christianity has never fairly grappled with

this enemy, because it has been always the patron of the Church, leagued with it for mutual support. But it must be grappled with and put under before the poor can have the gospel realized to them as well as preached.

"The poor always ye have with you." Always the two classes of the rich and the poor. Strict equality of means and goods is not the demand of reason or religion. Not equality, but subordination, is the law of the universe. Inequality there will be of means and goods so long as there is inequality of nature and endowment. Always the two classes of the rich and the poor, but not always, let us hope, so sharply contrasted, not always so widely sundered as now. None but a madman can desire an equal distribution of the wealth of society, and none who are not utterly blind to the teachings of nature and religion can suppose that the wide separation which now divides these two extremes is the true and divine order of society. Philanthropy searches for the root of this evil, and finds it to be want of circulation, finds it to be the isolation of parts which belong to one whole, and which, as members of one body, behoove to be in true relation and sympathy each with each. To establish that sympathy, to restore the circulation of the body social by a right adjustment of part with part,—right adjustment of work and wages, of means and worth, is the problem of social science, is the problem of society. And until that problem is solved; until those enormous discrepancies in the social condition are done away which allow one man to riot in luxury while another perishes with hunger; until labor shall be assured of opportunity and due reward, and those who produce shall also possess; until men shall be honored according to their worth; until the poorest shall have the means of education and refinement and spiritual culture and self-respect; until beggary and rags, the graceless form, the squalid abode, the absence of conscious dignity in mien and movement, shall no longer proclaim the pariah and the serf; so long Christianity will not have fulfilled its mission, though its creed were perfect and accepted of all, though the gospel were preached in every land, and all kindreds and tongues were nominally Christian.

MAN AND WOMAN.

BY A. P. PEABODY, D. D.

THE highest types of character bear a close mutual kindred, exhibiting indeed individualities of genius, taste, and capacity, yet no traits that could mark them as of different races, conditions, or sexes, or interfere with their mutual recognition and full fellowship. On the lower branches of the tree of human existence the blossoms—expanding slowly and imperfectly—are so tinged by earthy hues, and so thrown out of symmetry by the pressure and attrition of surrounding objects, as to present perpetual diversity and contrast; but on the topmost boughs, where alone, in free air and sunshine, they reach their perfection, they all unfold in the same pattern of divine beauty and loveliness. The true saints of all nations bear a strong family likeness, so that “there is neither Jew nor Greek.” Nor yet is there “bond or free;” for the insignia of bondage no more cling in our thought to the thoroughly Christianized slave than do manacles to our conception of the apostles who so often wore them. In like manner, the hard, rough features of manhood disappear from the man thoroughly baptized in the spirit of Christ; and womanly weakness is merged in God-given might for those noble women whom in every age Providence has placed in the foremost rank of the cross-bearers.

The differences of human character owe their greater or less prominence chiefly to the degree in which the power of circumstances has transcended that of man's own soul. Nations, conditions, and sexes owe their peculiar characteristics to the fact that they are weaker than their circumstances. Individuals put off these characteristics by accessions of spiritual might which make them stronger than their circumstances. And as these accessions can flow only from Christ and his gospel, the unity of the human race and the virtual equality of the sexes are necessary results of the progress of Christianity, so that Christ cannot in truth reign over the kingdoms of the world without making them one kingdom.

We propose to approach from this direction the so much mooted question of the true position of woman in the social scale. We are constrained, on the one hand, to read, or to lay aside unread, numberless diatribes that claim for woman prerogatives and positions usurped, it is alleged, by her stronger brother, but of equal right appertaining to both. On the other hand, with conservative authors and editors, no epithets are made in their application more stingingly reproachful than *masculine* and *feminine* as characteristic of the sexes to which they do not respectively belong. So far from assenting to this latter estimate, we would maintain that, in the constellation of the virtues, there are none that are the exclusive property of man or of woman,—that in the true and highest sense of the words the masculine and feminine attributes belong equally to every character as it approaches perfection.

Look first at our Saviour. Who ever dared to regard him as other than the peerless pattern of every manly virtue? Undaunted courage, unwearied energy, ardent patriotism, uncompromising resistance to evil, philanthropy bold, fearless, aggressive upon every form of wrong, have him for their highest example. Kingly in rebuke, undismayed among gainsayers, displaying unequalled strength and readiness of resources, when confronted with his enemies in the temple or on the lake-side, and when bearing his last testimony before Caiaphas and Pilate, he presents what would be rigid features of character, were they not perpetually softened into beauty by the lambent rays of the divine image he bore. On the other hand, what woman ever looked to him in the peculiar burdens, trials, cares, and duties of her lot, and found not in his spirit all that she needed to teach, sustain, and guide her? A motherly sympathy with the sick, the grief-stricken, and the sin-laden; a sister's tenderness of regard and affection for those in the domestic and social circle; all those air-lines, delicate touches, indescribable graces of character that enter into the ideal of womanly loveliness,—find in him their perfect archetype. In gentleness, modesty, serenity, meekness, patience, in every trait that could make home-life beautiful, in

spontaneous pity, in winning courteousness, in self-forgetting thought for the happiness of others, in every refinement of utterance, manner, and demeanor, we see in him a completeness of detail corresponding to the vast outline of godlike attributes presented in his public career, his world-redeeming office, his majestic sacrifice. Nor is it barely in his public and social life that we trace the traits of ideal womanhood. In the passive aspect of his character there seems to have been a womanly susceptibility of suffering, so that every pang of violated friendship and wounded love, every slight and wrong, no less than the severer forms of evil, made its full impression on a moral nature, whose organism was no less delicate than strong, as fine in fibre as it was unconquerable in resistance and endurance. Now, why should there not be, nay, must there not be, in the disciple who makes the nearest approach to the Master, this same blending of seemingly opposed, yet really harmonious attributes, so that there shall be, in a spiritual sense, "neither male nor female," because they are both "one in Christ Jesus"?

We have said that strongly-marked peculiarities are the result of the power of circumstances over character. Man, occupying the forefront in the battle of life, often in association or conflict with coarseness and rudeness, often in that near view of evil which blunts the sensitiveness of the moral nature, is prone to acquire a rough and rigid type of character, which, so far from enhancing, alloys the true virtues of manhood, makes integrity austere, energy stern, and even substantial benevolence unlovely in its modes and utterances. The life of sentiment is often broken down by the attrition of the working-day world, and the fountains of genial affection are partially dried by the sand-wastes of selfishness in which the daily task-work must be wrought. And by *masculine* as a term of reproach are usually denoted precisely these asperities and deficiencies of temper and character which form no part of true manliness, but are simply marks of the encroachment of unfavorable surroundings on spirits that lack due self-sustaining and resisting power.

On the other hand, there are social influences which no

doubt are unfavorable to the full development of much that should enter into the true ideal of the female character,—which sink modesty and reserve into inordinate self-distrust, or stimulate the desire to please into the ambition to shine, or merge the sense of high responsibility in the shelter of a retired post of duty, or tempt one to forget her portion of the common trust as to the happiness and well-being of home and of society, in the chivalrous courtesy with which she is cared for, shielded, and honored, or let her sympathies exhale in sentimentality instead of incarnating themselves in works of love. In all these ways the prevailing type of female character is prone to deflect from the perfect standard. These deflections, however, appertain not to the feminine character in itself considered, but to surroundings against which it makes too feeble resistance. And it is to some of these infirmities that the epithet *feminine* is applied when used of the sex which has no title to it.

But it is the combined traits of true Christian manhood and Christian womanhood that are most of all requisite to bring the individual character into the full beauty of holiness, and into sacred harmony with our divine Exemplar. For the woman, especially for the wife and mother, what is so much needed as unfaltering courage, not obtrusive or aggressive in its manifestations, but determined and resolute wherever Providence leads, and duty points the way? How much is there, among women, of slavery to appearances! How many false shows are hung out to the world! How many martyrdoms of principle to the frivolous demands of fashion, to the imagined claims of place and condition, to the tyranny of social customs which would vanish at once before a vigorous protest! How frequent is the insuperable reluctance to face the realities of life, to conform to well-known facts, to make efforts or sacrifices which integrity demands! How many are the counsels, warnings, rebukes, expostulations, which could come with efficacy from a woman's, a wife's, a mother's, a sister's lips, but which only here and there one has the courage to utter! What a new face might be put on society, on business, nay, on the arena of politics, were there on the part

of woman the fearless profession and maintenance of principles that lie deep in her heart, but too often remain hidden there! How much of wrong and evil, of profligacy that feels no shame, of vice in winning address and fashionable guise, would shrink from sight, and be cast upon its own loathing self-consciousness, if those to whom society has intrusted its keys and its ruling offices had the courage to act out their own convictions of right, to frown on what they know to be detestable, and to place the seal of their approval only where their hearts can give it!

Thus, on the sheltered arena, in affairs which court not the world's eye, yet which involve the most sacred interests, there is the demand for vigor of soul, for strength of character, for a courage often of a higher order and of more difficult growth than that which wages the open conflicts and meets the manifest dangers of the outward world. In the profession of principle, in adherence to the truth and the right, in the strenuous discharge of the duties of benevolence, in the mild yet firm maintenance of every cause of humanity however spoken against, in every form in which one can say in conduct and character, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," there is no measure of manly courage which does not blend in beautiful harmony with all womanly graces, and enhance their loveliness and power. It is within the province of woman alone to effect the separation between the conventional and the right, to affix their due brands of merit or censure to the various types of character, to dissolve the shams that defraud home and society of so much of their sincerity and their comeliness, and to enthrone Christian principle in the relations and intercourse of daily life.

Man, on the other hand, with the strength of character which girds him for duty and for conflict, with boldness in the right which should never permit itself to be enfeebled, with the strenuousness of purpose and endeavor without which he never could ford or stem the currents of this busy age, needs for true Christian culture the softening, humanizing graces, the milder, gentler virtues, which he is so prone to regard as the appanage of the other sex. How many unintended

wounds of sensibility are the result of mere reckless rudeness ! How many claims of brotherhood elude the obtuse perceptions of men who are benevolent at heart ! How are evils often enhanced by violent onslaught upon them, when they would yield to the approaches of a more gentle and loving spirit ! How often does principle "strive and cry," and truth wield the weapons of an unhallowed strife, when success and victory would crown a warfare whose weapons were "not carnal !" Meekness in the intercourse of life, mild forbearance in its unavoidable collisions, the peaceful advocacy of the right, persuasion in the place of invective, the soft answer for the angry altercation, — how would these regenerate many of the scenes in which the angel of love is not now a wonted guest, and breathe over much that is now wholly of the earth the spirit of heaven !

Then, too, there are none of the delicate courtesies, the amenities, the tender sympathies of social intercourse, the details of careful forethought for the least rights or interests of others, which are not worthy of the man of the most commanding mind, in the highest sphere of service, nay, which are not due from him and graceful in him in precise proportion to the vigor and grasp of his intellect, and the extent and weight of his influence. Minute conscientiousness in word and deed, such as is especially characteristic of the normal Christian woman, indicates in a man true greatness and loftiness of spirit.

Above all, the manly character is deficient in its crowning grace unless there be tender, confiding piety, profound humility before God, the spirit of earnest prayer and devout gratitude, the spirit that can find genial utterance in the inquiry, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do ?" In many minds there are exclusively feminine associations with this whole heart-ritual of the religious life ; and only with too much justice, when we remember who was "last at the cross, and earliest at the tomb." Man is prone to deem a general sentiment of reverence and an honest purpose all the religion he needs, and to leave the details of devout feeling, the various personal ministries of Christian piety and love, the public

altar-service, and, there is reason to fear, often the altar of the heart also, for those who, in their more retired life, their incommunicable trials and griefs, and their superior sensitiveness to spiritual relations, are supposed to need resources which a life in the outward world seems not to need simply because it does not crave them. But when we contemplate our necessary relations to God, his claims upon our allegiance, our rapid passage onward to his tribunal, our ultimate dependence for pardon and acceptance on his mercy; when we consider the love of Christ, the demands of his law, the pleadings of his spirit, the reconciling blood of his cross, the intense need of suffering humanity that he become its Redeemer,—can we for a moment tolerate a distinction in duty, a difference of obligation, between man and woman? Is not the living sacrifice of every power and affection, of heart and life, the least due of every human being? Lie we not all as of ourselves helpless sinners before the mercy-seat? And is there any depth of humiliation which should not be ours as we implore forgiving, sanctifying grace,—any ecstasy of gratitude which should not be ours as pardoned and accepted children of God and joint-heirs with Christ? Well may we all before our God and our Redeemer adopt as our watchword the apostle's declaration, "There is neither male nor female; for they are one in Christ Jesus."

The foregoing discussion has a most important bearing on the questions so much agitated at the present time as to the position and rights of woman. We have no faith in any external measures ostensibly reformatory. Duties must precede rights, and be made their basis. If a woman claims to hold the place and do the work of a man, she must first show that she has the spirit of a man; for it is not her womanhood, but her complete humanity, that gives her whatever rights of this sort belong to her. Let all that is noble in man be developed in the female character, let all that is tender in woman be grafted on the genuine manliness of the stronger sex,—then, and not till then, will woman know her place and be fit for it,—then, and not till then, will man recognize her claims and concede them.

Meanwhile, many of the external (so-called) reforms which are so loudly demanded, if actualized, would only retard or frustrate the religious elevation, and thus the assimilation on the higher spiritual plane of man and woman. To specify but one such measure, we can conceive of no surer instrumentality for the degradation and pollution of society than the extension of the right of suffrage to women. In the discussion of this subject the true question is blinked out of sight. The question is not whether the normally good women, or the abnormally "strong-minded" women would or would not confer a benefit on society by their suffrage, or by their office-holding. We would readily grant all civil rights and functions to such women as both deserved and desired to exercise them. But we have among men universal or *quasi*-universal suffrage, — a very large portion of the voters being as unfit as their dogs for the discretionary exercise of this function, — a large part of them bribed or drugged into the service of a political party. If the right of suffrage be extended to women, they will not be contented with a narrower restriction than is applied to men. There are, perhaps, as many ignorant and vicious women as men in all our towns and cities. If they are to have votes, those votes will be bought by ministering to their vilest appetites and passions. The least that can be expected is that they will be brought by scores to the polls, in various stages of intoxication, as so many men now are. Are our female reformers prepared for this? Do they crave for their sex, on election days, at mass-meetings, and in torchlight processions, participation in orgies, riots, and debauches which make every lover of his country heartsick as often as they recur? The union of the sexes in such scenes is too horrible to think of. It would make our political meetings much less edifying to a well-disposed mind than the orderly and dignified councils in pandemonium with which our great poet has made us familiar. This must not be. If the women obtain the right of suffrage, as they may, we trust that the first use they make of their superiority in number will be to emulate their Athenian sisters in that well-known comedy of Aristophanes, and disfranchise the men.

GOD'S OVERSEEING CARE.

BY C. S. LOCKE.

WHEN Solomon was erecting the temple at Jerusalem, we are informed that the stone was made ready before it was brought thither, so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building. Workmen in Lebanon hewed beams of cedar and planks of fir. The weavers of Tyre wove fine linen, and tinged it with their costly dyes. Hiram, of the tribe of Naphtali, a man filled with wisdom and understanding, cast pillars, and a molten sea, and lavers and pomegranates of brass. Men skilful in carving, adorned the doors of olive wood with traceries of cherubim and palm-trees, and open flowers, and those cunning in the working of precious metals overlaid them with gold, and prepared utensils of the same material. All the known world furnished contributions, and all able workmen helped to fashion them for the house of the Lord. But we may reasonably suppose that most who were engaged in this labor had but a feeble conception of the magnificent result. Those who were digging for the foundations on Mt. Moriah knew not what a noble edifice should there be built. The quarryman, fashioning his blocks of stone, and the carpenter, hewing his trees according to a prescribed pattern, were ignorant in what part of the building their workmanship would appear. The braziers, weavers, and goldsmiths could not tell what portions of the temple their productions should adorn. But over the whole watched the architect's presiding mind. Before the first shovelful of earth was thrown up, or the axe was heard among the forests of cedar and fir tree, he could behold, in imagination, each stone and timber, each curtain of linen, each vessel of gold in its proper place. When the materials were brought together, they might seem, to one ignorant of the designer's plan, a confused mass, but under his disposing intellect, each block swung into its proper station, each timber and plank fitted its intended position, and the separate work of all the artisans fell into its appropriate place.

Thus does the Architect of the universe preside over the building of the great temple of Humanity. Nations and individuals labor at their respective tasks unconscious of what place their work will occupy, and often in despondency deeming their efforts vain. Homer and Hesiod, reciting myths of gods and heroes, knew not that they were laying the foundation of that great arch of literature whereon Shakspeare, Milton, Goethe, and Dante have built. The Greeks, bringing to perfection both those modes of expression which appeal to the ear through language, and to the eye through form, were unconscious what element they were contributing to the great fabric of human civilization. Rome knew not that she was establishing the principles of civil and political jurisprudence, on which the policy of future states and empires should rest. The Hebrew prophets, pouring forth stirring words of warning and encouragement at particular crises in the national history; David and Asaph, inditing Psalms, to be chanted in the great congregation, thought not that they were awakening a melody that, spreading from nation to nation, should find an echo in millions of responsive hearts. Matthew, writing his Gospel for the Hebrews; Mark, his for the Romans; Luke, his for Theophilus; John, his for the churches in Asia Minor, and Paul, dictating his Epistles to the disciples in Rome, Corinth, and Philippi, though they had faith in the spread and triumph of Christianity, hardly suspected that they were issuing writings which should, by and by, be collected together, should be called the New Testament, and be regarded with reverence and affection by all classes and conditions of men. But the tender mercies of God were over the works of all these separate laborers, and built the culture of Greece, the ethics of Rome, and the religious fervor and insight of Judea each into its proper place.

And so, day by day and year by year, the temple of human progress advances, increasing by every new fact in science, built up by every genuine product of art, adorned with the still more precious stones of pure affections, right dispositions, and holy aims. A Leibnitz, or a Newton, with a comprehensive intelligence, gathers in one the results of many men's la-

bors, and builds a strong tower. A Howard and Clarkson unclosethe doors of benevolent enterprise, and a Fenelon and Channing raise the heaven-pointing spires of devotion and faith. As we pace its aisles, the tablets beneath our feet are inscribed to the memory of the wise and good, the crowned statues of prophets and martyrs look down upon us, and beckon us on, and the mingling voices of the wretched and happy, of the sorrowful and rejoicing, sound in our ears sometimes the *miserere* of penitence, and sometimes the anthem of joyful, confiding faith; but through all the listening heart may still hear the sweet dominant strain of the Psalmist, "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works."

Nor is it the great names of history alone that perform an important part in this work. Each one who is true to the nature which God has given him, each one who employs his faculties usefully, and makes the best of the conditions wherein he was placed, is helping it forward, and though he may see no results of his labor, still the All-wise, who has foreseen everything from the beginning, has embraced it in his great plan. Thousands of observers must watch the stars and planets before a Kepler can announce their laws. Alchemists must work long in their laboratories and carry on dangerous experiments, before the beneficent science of chemistry comes to light. Hundreds of navigators must note down the direction of the wind, the course and rate of the currents, before those charts could be constructed which guide the mariner swiftly and surely round the world. Yet the exertions of all these minor laborers were essential to the grand result. The labor of the one who raised flax on the hills of Galilee, not knowing whether it should be fashioned into sails for the Tyrian vessels, or form the garment of a slave or a king, or to what use it should be put, was as necessary as that of the spinner, weaver, and dyer that prepared it for Solomon's temple.

In the same way, we all, whether we suffer or act, whether we work on matter or mind, are engaged in carrying forward God's providential plan. The very fact of our existence in

the world does something towards it. It has at least called out affections and dispositions which would otherwise have remained latent. It has certainly had an influence, one way or another, upon the character of more than one individual, and it often happens, especially in the case of those distinguished for excellence, that their lives and characters perform the greatest portion of their work, when they themselves have departed from earth, leaving behind them a rich bequest of words fitly spoken, and deeds kindly done. Mothers, who have given direction to the expanding mind, who have held before it noble aims, and who have inspired it with worthy motives, who, by patience, firmness, gentleness, forbearance, and unwearying watchfulness, have repressed wrong dispositions, and cherished right ones, have built living stones into this divine edifice. Those who have whispered words of sympathy to the sorrowing, who have visited the desolate, who have cared for the friendless, who have conferred benefits without letting the left hand know what the right hand hath done, have created works of beauty more delightful to the All-seeing eye than the cunning workmanship in gold or skilful tracery in olive wood were to the king of Israel.

The Being who has made the stars know their places, and the planets revolve in order, takes not merely the deeds, but the thoughts, characters, and emotions of each individual, and works them into the advancing fabric. This truth is most important. It is the indispensable foundation of religious feeling and religious trust. To know that the power of the All-wise and All-loving is behind each force of nature, to feel that Infinite Intelligence holds the threads of the past and the future in its hands, and knows whither their course is tending; to be sensible that there is One to whom all is order which to us seems disorder, who knows to what end are all the conflict and agitation and passion which vex mankind, who knows what part the crowded plains of Asia, the unexplored regions of Africa, and the uninhabited wilderness of South America have in the world's economy; to have faith that there is One who knows and directs all this, and who also cares personally for us, and in reality visits our hearts

with his Spirit and leads us by his invisible right hand, — this is an unspeakable relief and support in all our anxieties, labors, and pains. For who can tell what the morrow will bring forth? Who can prophesy in what results social problems may issue? What person, though life and every means be granted, can so direct his efforts as to bring his character and disposition into just that condition at which he aimed? Let him, at any stage of his progress, compare his actual state with the ideal which he proposed, and he will find some qualities left behind which he had determined to retain, some habits forming whose germs he had never suspected, and, it may be, some desirable traits unfolded through the discipline of circumstances and social relations which he had not hoped to form. He whose ever-present agency conducts the seasons in their annual round, and gives to each its peculiar use and beauty, works also within the soul, bringing about results which we did not anticipate, and rewarding whatever we have done in a spirit of faithfulness with blessings which we did not expect.

Nor can the fact of the existence of evil, of physical pain, of mental anguish, of sin and penal suffering, disturb our faith in the overseeing care of God. We know that while actions are man's, events are God's; that while one proposes, the other disposes. The All-wise brings good out of evil. In whatever is base and corrupting, he has established for its removal an inherent principle of decay, while whatever is just, true, and virtuous grows and flourishes in spite of the strongest opposition. We know that the present fair face of nature, the continents, with their chains of mountains, their river systems, and fertile hills and plains, have not been formed without a vast series of convulsions, upheavals, and floods. More than once during the geological periods prior to man, the earth seemed given up to destruction, and each time it issued forth, adorned with greater beauty, and bearing higher forms of vegetable and animal life. Throughout the whole, there was a looking forward, and a preparation for an intellectual race which should here receive training for a world of spiritual life. What has taken place in the physical

universe is an emblem of what goes on within the soul. From all the storms of trial and temptation, from the wearing, glacial action of daily anxieties, vexations, and cares, from those sudden earthquake shocks of calamity, which, at the time, seem to reverse the whole current of existence, from the furnace of affliction, from the midst of heart-rending griefs, — man, receiving these things rightly, issues with the beauty of a new creation, purified from selfish passions, distrustful of his own strength and knowledge, with more of patience, forbearance, and love in his heart, with his soul more firmly anchored in the hopes and principles of heaven.

Let us suppose ourselves placed at the outset, in a world whence sin and suffering should be excluded. How many of the noblest and most excellent traits of character would be left unfolded! The patience that endures, and the energy and persistence that overcome, would both be wanting. The sublime spectacle of those who, allured by all that can tempt ambition, and threatened by all of ignominy and suffering that man can inflict, still retain their integrity unblemished, would be unseen. We should not have in our remembrances those uncomplaining ones who, amidst the unremitting agony of disease, have never forgotten to care for the wants of others, and have never failed to cherish faith in God. We should be without the host of prophets, martyrs, and reformers, who have labored and suffered for the truth. We should fail of knowing the worth and nobility of the soul.

Still more, what is it that proves the strongest bond of friendly or domestic union, except the sense of misfortune and disappointment mutually shared, of pain and sickness alleviated by one another's sympathy, of despondency removed and anxiety allayed by one another's wise counsel and hopeful spirit? Look at those dispositions of benevolence which are called forth in the relief of the distressed, and the reclamation of the erring, and to those of gratitude which issue from those who have been thus benefited, and we shall perceive fair spiritual growths arising from soil that poverty, misery, and wretchedness have tilled. Transient sufferings have produced permanent excellencies.

History teaches us the same lesson which our private experience enforces. The ruin of Troy results in the planting of the germ of a new form of civilization on the Italian coasts. The persecutions in England drive the colonists of Massachusetts to our shores, and the tempestuous weather compels them to land in Plymouth instead of New York. Macauley shows us that the Roman Catholic Church was well fitted for the early stages of English civilization, that in abolishing the distinction between Saxon and Norman, and in gradually releasing the former from enslavement to the latter, it accomplishes results to which Protestantism, with its sectarian divisions, might not have been competent. Consider, too, how our Saviour's death has been overruled for good. The Pharisees thought to crush the rising sect of Galileans by the crucifixion of their Master, but the narration of the sufferings which he endured through their means, has been a most potent instrumentality in drawing mankind to Christ. We connect our highest ideas of resignation with the garden of Gethsemane, of patience, dignity, and sincerity with the trial before Pilate, of commiseration for others' woes with his address to the daughters of Jerusalem, and of forgiveness with his prayer for those who nailed him to the cross. Thus we see the tender mercies of God are over even the evils in the world, and cause them to produce results widely different from the intention of their authors. The true student of history, who beholds in it a record of God's dealings with the human race, cannot fail to be impressed with the modes in which his overseeing care has manifested itself in the affairs of men. We may look upon the power of God as connected with every change, upon his providence as presiding over the smallest event, over even the lily's growth and the sparrow's fall, upon his love as displaying itself in all that is beautiful in nature, or lovely and excellent within the soul. We may regard our heavenly Father as having an intimate personal connection with ourselves, presiding over our education, although we call the lessons which he gives us accidental, leading us by his right hand, though we do not recognize it, upholding us by his Spirit, though we are unconscious of its silent influences.

Not only does He come to us through the orderly course of nature and the constant method of general laws, but he has assigned us each our proper place, and subjected us to needful experiences. If aught has been withheld, which we have desired, it has been denied in the same spirit with which a parent takes dangerous playthings from a child, and whatever has happened to us otherwise than we had wished has been sent with a benevolent design. Revelation teaches us that God sustains a closer relation to each soul, and watches over it with greater care than any earthly parent over his child, and a calm survey of the facts of the universe brings testimony to the same great truth.

What, then, are the sentiments with which we are to regard this Being who has not only created us and given us the enjoyments and privileges of this world, but who watches with interest the struggle between good and evil which goes on within the breast, and sends his spiritual aid to every asking heart? Shall we not repose with perfect confidence in all that he appoints? Shall we not constantly cherish that spirit of submission which will prepare us for the severer exigencies of life. Realizing like our Saviour, God's connection with the world and each person in it, the universe will be but a veil that hides from us the Spirit of God as the countenance of our friend conceals while it discloses his soul. If there is an all-powerful and all-wise Being that presides over the universe, we need not, while we do our duty to-day, be anxious in respect to the morrow; we need not fret ourselves because of evil-doers, or be disheartened when our efforts are unavailing. We can behold with tranquillity our plans broken up, for we know that a wisdom higher than our own cares for us. When those dear to us depart from earth, we can soothe our grief by the thought that He who has provided for the mortal life will still watch over the soul in all the stages of its existence, and though the dark portal is veiled before us, we may still believe that it opens into a world of celestial radiance and joy. We may contentedly accept the circumstances of our lot, laboring cheerfully and diligently within its limits, and trusting that the Builder of the universe will assign our work its proper place.

The providential care of God not only calls for our trustful confidence, but demands the consecration of ourselves to him. We are under obligation to hallow our affections by fastening them upon Him who has first loved us, and shown his goodness in numberless ways. Whatever of wealth, of knowledge, of skill, influence, and energy we may have acquired, let it be sanctified by connecting it with Him who has given us our faculties, formed the materials on which they work, and established the relations in which they act. Let the spirit of a genial, unaffected piety animate us in our labors, sanctify our wishes, elevate our motives, and ennoble our aims. Thus through faith in God's presence and interest in us, and through the consecration of ourselves to him, we shall become living pillars in that temple of which Jesus Christ is the chief corner-stone. Our souls will be in harmony with the divine will. The kingdom of heaven will be formed within our breasts, and our lives be at once an offering of thanksgiving to God, and a gift of beneficence to men.

NIGHT.

HEAVENLY is night, a miracle divine !
 But loveliest is the part man sleeps away.

So almost meanly Nature doth esteem
 Her very greatest things, and holiest,
 That she herself gently shuts to man's eyes
 From the brave sight, that so she may call forth
 His sweetest life, his bliss, his dream alone,
 And by and by she softly closes them
 For the last time upon her majesty,
 Making her highest sacrifice, — and gives
 A sweeter sleep, the beauteous sleep of death.

Heavenly is night, a miracle of God !
 But loveliest is the night man sleeps away.

— THE LAYMAN'S BRIEVIARY.

SKETCHES OF EGYPTIAN TRAVEL.

BY REV. JAMES D'NORMANDIE.

WE came to Brindisi on Thursday, the 7th of February, on our way over the accustomed route of winter travellers through Egypt and Palestine. All the day and night before we were in the express train from Florence, through Bologna and Ancona, and along the western shore of the Adriatic. At every station a penny bought a fresh supply of little violet bouquets from the flower-girls. The almond-trees were in blossom, outflowering from their bare, leafless branches, and in striking contrast with the dark green of the olive groves, whose gnarled trunks might have repeated the story of all the contests of the old Empire. The sirocco we had so gladly left blowing at Naples five weeks before was still in force here. The beehive hovels of the peasants were hardly superior to Indian wigwams. The town of Brindisi has not many remains of its ancient glory, — a huge marble column, and a few inscriptions, and what is called the House of Virgil, — but its commercial importance is being again felt by the Kingdom, and an Italian line of steamers from its port offers the speediest approach to Egypt, while great granite blocks for a fort are strewed around the entrance to the narrow channels of the harbor. By its name, Brundisium, few places have more classical associations, whether with the military exploits of Hannibal, Cæsar, or Pompey, or the literary fame of Cicero, Horace, and Virgil.

On Saturday morning, when we came on deck, Crete was a little to our left, with its snow-covered mountain range, and the line of vegetation as distinctly marked as the water-line along the rocks of the island shore. Nearly all day we were in sight of this land, and another island of crocodile shape, and long after everything else had disappeared the snowy peak rose out of the blue sea. In the evening the broad line of light from the new moon fell across the swelling waters, and the air was balmy and warm. At four o'clock in the afternoon we were on the steamer's bow with our glasses, to catch

the first sight of the lighthouse at the port of Alexandria, and the low, sandy coast of Africa. Around was only the great circle of the heaving sea, with one sail in the far distance, and numberless flying fish around our boat. At last the eye caught a white column rising out of the blue sea, and we went below to make our preparations for landing in Egypt. When we came up, the far-famed city was in full view, with the palace of the Pasha, the long line of windmills, the sail of every nation, in the west the sun dipping the sea, which changes to a light green as we near the harbor, and slowly make our way through the vessels at anchor, and the small boats with Arab crews, with light-colored and loose dresses, and gay turbans.

The one hundred and fourteenth Psalm begins with the words, "When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language," so that any sketches illustrative of the condition, appearances, memories, or promises of that land where our Christian faith was developed properly begin with that other land in whose schools the Fathers of the faith were trained, and there is wisdom in the common order of travel which passes over the threshold of Egypt into the house of Israel. Egypt is the "Mother Country" of Palestine as truly as England is of America; a Holy Land even herself, for the same reason that Palestine was, inasmuch as it was the refuge and home of the young child whose matured life shed such a glory around Jerusalem and Judea, and promises uplifting to the world; a land into which Abraham, a shepherd-wanderer, came to sojourn, and found an ancient government, with arts, laws, learning, and religion; a land which opened to Moses its wisdom; a land which was to nations then what Europe is to us, the storehouse of an old civilization and culture, the museum of the arts and sciences, the seat of time-honored universities attracting pupils from other lands, and sending them back with Egyptian philosophy and religion.

As soon as we dropped anchor, multitudes of light, lithe, swarthy, half-clothed forms sprang like pirates upon our vessel, and every rope seemed suddenly to have blossomed into an Arab. But far above the screaming crowd came the mem-

ories of the land, for it was the land of Cheops and the Pharaohs, of Heber and Heliopolis, and the Pyramids, of Clemens, Alexandrinus, of Euclid, of Origen, of Hypatia, and Athanasius. Just at dusk we passed through the form of a custom-house and the reality of an Arab crowd, and came to our hotel, with a row of palm-trees near by, a court with flowers and oriental plants; but the principal street with its square was a poor imitation of a Paris Boulevard, — so does the East even yield to European customs.

Over the parched, whitish, dusty soil, past an Arab village, with its noisy Indian dogs and filthy inhabitants, through an Arab cemetery, with its graves covered with mortar here and there crumbling off, and a turban cut in stone for a head-piece over every one, and rough sketches of the aloë-tree painted in red or yellow, we went early the next morning to Pompey's Pillar. This granite column of huge proportions was once one of a long colonnade forming the front of a vast temple at a time when Alexandria was hardly inferior to imperial Rome in size or magnificence. One by one these columns have yielded to the sea or the devastations of conquerors, until only this remains. From the slight elevation on which it stands there is not much to attract the eye. The lighthouse, the first object seen as one enters the harbor, is believed to occupy the same place as the one which at the time of the city's greatest prosperity was counted among the seven wonders of the world, built of white marble, with the inscription, "King Ptolemy to the Saviour Gods, for the help of those who travel by sea." The story runs, that years after its erection it was found this inscription, with the name of the king, had been put on in stucco work, while in the solid marble the architect had put his own name, which appeared as the other wore away. When we saw the poor building standing where stood the former magnificent one, we were compelled to begin a series of most unfavorable comparisons between the present degradation and former glory of these lands, which never ceased during our journeyings in the East.

The Alexandria of to-day has, however, little to interest one amidst the pressure of its memories. There the past over-

whelms the present, nay, is rather most present. What a wealth of history gathers around this solitary column, which, like an old man outliving all his friendships, tells only of the old times. Somewhere near it Aristotle walked under the portico of the temple, and taught his pupils; here was the Academy which Alexander founded with the city; here was the library in which was gathered a copy of every known book, to increase the number of whose volumes books were seized all over the world, and copies sent back, while the originals were retained, all of which were burned, as is supposed, by the command of Omar, a Caliph to whom is attributed that remarkable sentence of profound ignorance, "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the word of God, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." Here the Scriptures were first published to other nations by that translation known as the Septuagint; here the Greek philosophy was introduced from Athens, and entered largely into the teachings of the Christian Fathers; here the genius, beauty, wit, and eloquence of Hypatia founded a new school of philosophy; here Athanasius lived, and hence went to the Council of Nice, where by his vast learning, and great knowledge of human nature, and unrestrained subtlety, he gained the victory over Arius; here Origen was born, and, greatest among the early Fathers of the Church, here Clemens became, Bunsen says, "the first Christian philosopher of the history of mankind," and taught that the inspiration of the Gentiles was from the same all-pervading Spirit of God, and that the Word of God, manifested in its fulness in Jesus Christ, had been manifested as well in the lives of all holy men,—of Pythagoras as well as Moses, of Socrates as well as of Isaiah. (Christianity and Mankind, 2d Eng. Ed. Vol. 1, p. 237.) What a lesson of humility does that column teach us, as it stands so lonely by the ever-gaining sea! Forgotten are the disputes of the philosophers. Is the world richer, or rather poorer in spiritual life, for the controversy of Athanasius and Arius? And now only a sand-hill and an Arab cemetery burying them all in common forgetfulness.

Not far from the seat of the ancient Academy we found an Arab Academy in session. An old man, blind in one eye, sat, with a long reed-rod, near the door, while as many children as could sit in Turkish custom, cross-legged on the floor, were shouting passages from the Koran, this one book embracing their course of text-books, and combining reader, speller, arithmetic, grammar, and philosophy. At our approach the children sprang up and called loudly for "back-sheesh."

From Alexandria we went to Cairo by railway. Already, traveller-like, we had begun to be accustomed to the sights or sounds, each one of which had so much interest at first, indeed, which never lost their interest, but which we forgot to note down as strange to others, — the climate with its rare softness and exhilaration, not unlike some hours in our fairest and mildest September days; the mud-hovels of the Arabs, not unlike great beehives or Dutch ovens; the water-wheels turned by buffaloes, and with earthen jars bound on their rims, so that by the revolutions the little cups of water, as they were emptied, turned a trickling stream among the gardens; the various costumes of the half-clothed but evidently well-fed population; the water-carriers, if women, with their large earthen jars on their heads, giving them an erect and graceful carriage, if men, with the large skins bound to their backs; the soft and stately step of the ever-groaning camel; the quick, ambling pace of the little donkeys, with their screaming attendants; the out-runners to all carriages; the morning concerts of the birds; the tuft-crowned palms; the deep, deep green of the Nile valley. There was very little on our way to Cairo wherefore we should desire a slower route, — here and there a mosque, with its white dome and graceful minaret; here and there the white tomb of some Arab skeik in wigwam shape; here and there a village of mud houses; here and there the flight of some wild birds; here and there a few buffaloes, or the faint type of a caravan winding over the green plain. It was a strange emotion — an emotion I still feel as I think of it — to see from the window of the railway carriages, as we approached Cairo, the great Pyramid in so solitary

grandeur rise from its desert-bed, while as the Memnon statue it seemed to whisper the words, "Before Abraham was I am."

We found Cairo the second city in population in the Turkish Empire, and a city of truly Oriental appearance. The costumes and customs of the citizens are of unwearying interest to a stranger. The bazaars — with a carpeted seat in front, and an Arab in one corner lazily smoking his nargile, a vase-like pipe with a long serpentine tube, the smoke being drawn through water — offered a gorgeous display of Eastern goods, and a tempting show of Eastern fruits. The streets are narrow, uneven, and dusty, save here and there where they are watered by men carrying the large water-skins on their backs, and holding the orifice with their left hand; others with the same vessels are giving lemonade and drinks to the thirsty, with a lemon, or whatever it may be, as a sign of the drink. Long lines of camels, tied together by a rope and led by a donkey, bear the chief part of the merchandise, stones, or other building material, from place to place. Here will be one with heavy bags of stone hanging on either side, here another with great baskets of fruit, here another with the furniture and possessions of a whole household piled high on his back. In but few streets can carriages be driven, but in these they are driven utterly reckless of foot-passengers, and when the loud crack of the out-runners is heard, one must care for himself as best he can. Not unfrequently branches and leaves of the palm-tree are laid as a covering from the roofs of the houses, so that the street becomes a long and cool arcade. One evening we wandered through these streets when the tumult of the day was over. Here and there a camel with its velvet tread, now and then a carriage with some dignitary and his out-runners, occasionally a citizen or stranger with his variegated paper lantern, here and there a watchman asleep on his sabre, while the fair moonlight fell so kindly over the dirty city, turning its defects into graces, and the starry sky seen between the patches of the palm roofs, was rich in the suggestions of most peaceful thoughts of rest. A city in the hours of its business, what confusion, what tumult,

what heedlessness, what heartlessness, what unnatural energy, what strange comminglings, — but a city asleep, what a strange calm, what feverish dreams, what cold ambitions have paused awhile, what schemes and hopes far sundered as the poles, are by a thin partition wall divided !

In Cairo is a large public garden, a park planted with shrubbery and acacia-trees, where one may see the tents which have just been brought back, or are ready to go into the desert, Syria or Palestine ; the smokers sitting listlessly around with their coffee-cups and nargiles by their side ; and that variety of life which entices and excites, and amuses one more and more each hour. In the first experiences of this Oriental life two or three traits and apparent inconsistencies of the inhabitants particularly struck me, — their great indolence, for they will sit hour after hour, cross-legged, on the floor, hardly raising their eyes whatever be the excitement ; yet such is their curiosity, they crowd around the stranger, and peer into his tent-door, and watch his every movement, and no nation in the world has shown itself capable of being aroused to greater energy or more superhuman activity, — the utter apathy of the tradesmen in showing or selling their wares, and yet no Jews are more avaricious or eager in the pursuit of wealth. Withal there was their utter indifference to the chances and changes, the dangers and calamities of life. Whether we call it fatalism or resignation, the religion of the Turks has had a powerful effect in making them bear patiently the burden of life, and there has never been known an instance of a Turk or Arab going mad from desperation arising from misfortune ; never an instance, in Egypt or Turkey, of one taking his own life to escape the responsibility or mystery of living ; but at the occurrence of any or every calamity they say simply this, “ God is great.” (Madden’s *Travels in Turkey*. Vol. 1, p. 316.) The honor of the Arabs among themselves seems unknown among Christian nations. No matter how valuable the goods may be, when the hour for prayer comes, no one hesitates to leave his shop and go off to the mosque, merely drawing a net loosely over the open front of the shop, which is no protection, only a signification

that the owner is at worship; or, with a steadfastness of devotion quite unusual even among Roman Catholics, the follower of Mohammed, indifferent to the noises of the street, or the opportunity of selling, turns his back upon his customers and wares, turns his face towards Mecca, bows himself to the earth, and repeats his prayers. We once had occasion to go to a money-changer in Cairo. We went to the one our directions named, passing several of the class in their small, square rooms, with space enough for an iron safe to stand and a Jew broker to sit. The Jews seem to have been appointed to develop, not only the purest monotheistic faith, but as well the most corrupt money-trading spirit of the world. In a small recess between two buildings we found an old table, on which was a money-chest, and behind it a chair; but our broker was at dinner or at prayers, his bank intrusted to the public keeping. It is more than probable that in just such narrow and dirty streets, among such people, Jesus walked, and "poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables." The illustrations of scriptural passages had already begun to present themselves. The greatest attraction of this Oriental city is the Pasha's garden at Shoubra. The avenue from the city, for three or four miles, is lined on either side by splendid acacia-trees, with the Nile on the left as one drives out to it, and now and then the puff of a steamboat on the ancient river. The country seemed so uncared for that, by contrast, the garden, which would be regarded with little interest in Europe, here was beautiful. Through long walks, and by beds of tropical plants and trees, we came to the fountain and kiosks of the King of Egypt. Everything was luxuriously Oriental, and one of the apartments would compare favorably with any palace in Europe. Around the great marble basin, with the fountain in the centre, and numberless jets, doors open into the rooms of the pavilion-palace, and it is easy to see in what enervating luxury one could live.

The sacred memories of Egypt connected with Hebrew history cluster around a solitary column or obelisk standing a few miles beyond the city. Among the remains and curi-

osities of antiquity in Paris or in Rome, one turns with intense interest to the obelisks in the Place de la Concorde, and at the Vatican and the Lateran, and at the Porta del Popolo, brought from their native land by Cæsar or Napoleon, and covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics ; but on a plain six miles from Cairo still stands one, with which these were once companions, and there it has stood and withstood and watched the changes of time for more than four thousand years.

Heliopolis was to ancient Egypt what Athens was to Greece, or Oxford and Cambridge are to England, — the sea of learning, and the attraction of the studious from all lands, perhaps the oldest university city of the world. Here Solon, the Grecian lawgiver, and Thales, one of the wise men, and Plato, the philosopher, were students. Here Joseph, the Hebrew, raised to high rank among the Egyptian princes, came and married Asenath, the daughter of one of the high-priests in the great Temple of the Sun, and, most important of all, as bearing upon the world's history, here Moses came and was instructed in all the learning of the Egyptian priests, and Homer says that even Jupiter himself departed from his Olympian home a little while each year to visit this remote and accomplished people. Perhaps the Rosetta stone, the prize of the London Museum, which has been the key, as it were, to all the hieroglyphics, may be the means of revealing certain dates which shall yet lead back the world's records far beyond any supposed year, but now the world's history fairly begins the unbroken line to the present, when the Hebrew lawgiver, trained in the university at Heliopolis under Egyptian priests, led forth his nation under the guidance of Jehovah, and to be themselves a peculiar people. In addition to these historical and traditional associations, the legends of the Phoenix cluster around this ancient city of the sun, — legends which became a part of Roman history and of Christian traditions and emblems, and a fund of poetical illustrations for all writers, and never will they cease to be the type of all new life rising from the ashes of the old.

One of the most fruitful subjects upon which the old painters employed themselves is that of the flight into Egypt. In

almost every art gallery, and with every variety of conception and execution, these paintings are found. I call to mind now one at the Louvre, which was deeply interesting from its suggestion and inspiration of perfect rest. The infant Jesus sits in Mary's lap while Joseph leads the ass to a river's brink. With that natural blending of heaven and earth, the angelic and the mortal, which marks this era of art, two angels, kneeling in homage, offer fruit and flowers, while other angels in the clouds bear baskets of celestial fruits, just ripened in heavenly climes, to the child of promise. The holy family, — the artists are right when they give to these pictures the look of tranquil repose, — the holy family, and that only, but that always, is the happy family to which the spirits of heaven make haste to bring their gifts; and now we were at the place tradition makes the sojourn of the holy family. In an old Coptic church at old Cairo we saw three recesses, or niches in the walls where the over-credulous traveller is to fancy the three members of the family sat, making for themselves, by the wishing, seats in the solid rock; and near the city they show what we thought it not worth the walk to see all covered with the names of pilgrims cut into the trunk, the veritable fig-tree under whose branches the family sat; so does the necessity of pointing out exact localities press upon us.

Every form of religion must have its branch of austere professors or mystics, who make contemplation, or the torture of the body, or the unnatural humiliation of the spirit, or a disgust for society, the prominent feature of their worship. As the Essenes among the Jews, the hermits of the early years of Christianity, the orders of monastic life, the quietists, — so among the Mohammedans we find the various orders of Dervises. We went one afternoon to see their religious services. After waiting some time in a room with galleries around it, and a large circle in the centre separated from the spectators by a railing, perhaps a dozen of the order entered the circle, and one as a leader took his place by a cushion, the others around him. Presently they began to walk by this leader, making numberless prostrations as they passed; the

walk soon turned into a whirling dance, in which they all engaged, with monotonous music, the face turned upwards, the eyes shut, the arms outstretched, the motions growing more and more violent, until, in utter exhaustion, the body sinks to the floor. Sometimes they practise all manner of self-torture, in public; and thus the Dervises think to serve and worship God, and spend acceptably a life given for the divinest uses.

By far the best view of Cairo is from the citadel, where, on a slight rise of ground, are the defences of the city. It was from the walls here that the last chief of the Mamelukes made the great leap when escaping alone from the massacre of his followers. At this point the vast city stretches out below and around you, with all its uncleanness hidden by distance, and the beauty remaining. One sees the graceful minarets without number, and hears by chance the call to prayers; the arches of the aqueduct bearing water from the Nile to the citadel; the light, sand-brown color of the houses broken by the bright, green tufts of the palm-trees; the tombs of the Caliphs; the desolate and unadorned cemeteries among the sand; far off the Nile loses its muddy tinge, while it creates and sustains the wide valley of fairest green on either side; still farther the green turns into the boundless desert, at the border of which the tombs of the Pharaohs, which have guarded the ashes of the dead, and gained the admiration of the living longer than any monuments upon earth, lift their pyramidal masses, mountain-like, out of the sand.

(To be continued.)

I ENVY no quality of mind or intellect in others, — be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and a belief most useful to me, I should prefer a religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, breathes new hopes, varnishes and throws over decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous light; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the garden of the blest, and security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair. — SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

WHY DOST THOU WAIT?

Poor trembling lamb ! Ah, who outside the fold
 Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art ?
 Dangers around thee, and the bitter cold,
 Creeping and gnawing to thine inmost heart.
 Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling,
 Thou knowest not what,— perchance may never know,—
 Shall find thee where in darkness thou art kneeling,
 And fill thee with a rich and wondrous glow
 Of love and faith ; and change to warmth and light
 The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night ?

For miracles like this who bids thee wait ?
 Behold, " the Spirit and the Bride say, Come."
 The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,
 And in his love would lead thee gently home.
 Why shouldst thou wait ? Long centuries ago,
 Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for thee.
 Thou art his own. Woul st thou his beauty know,
 Nor trust the love which yet thou canst not see ?
 Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive,
 " More blest are they who see not, yet believe."

Still dost thou wait for feeling ? Dost thou say,
 " Fain would I love and trust, but hope is dead ;
 I have no faith, and without faith who may
 Rest in the blessing which is only shed
 Upon the faithful ? I must stand and wait."
 Not so. The Shepherd does not ask of thee
 Faith in thy faith, but only faith in him ;
 And this he meant in saying, " Come to me."
 In light or darkness seek to do his will,
 And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

— LIVING AGE.

DISCUSSION AN AID TO FAITH.

BY REV. A. B. MUZZEY.

AMID the earnest thought on the questions of the day, we have a right wing and a left wing, and some incline now to the one and now to the other. They hesitate on which side to take a public stand, and many cannot, in the honesty of their own minds and hearts, decide where they really belong.

In this dilemma, we often hear it said, "Why, then, agitate these perplexing questions of theological science and biblical interpretation? Why not, if we really differ, agree to differ, and hereafter forever hold our peace? There are great practical works about which we can have no dispute; let us drop these fruitless discussions and unite in them."

But, unhappily for this view, we have no power to silence discussion. Great questions are up for debate in the theological world, which we cannot lay on the table by a vote. The members of a church may, by common consent, for the sake of an outward and apparent harmony, agree not to discuss these questions at any of their meetings. But they cannot keep the individual minds from thinking upon them; nor can they, for a long period, prevent their springing up in private conversation. A candidate for settlement in the ministry, pursuing this policy, may strive to conceal his sentiments, and perhaps succeed in it, until he receives a call, accepts it, and is ordained. But, sure as time passes, the day will come when his true opinions will crop out in his conversation, and ere long in his sermons, and he will find he has sown the wind only to reap the whirlwind.

As a mere matter of policy, I cannot believe it is wise to attempt in any way to suppress one's convictions on so important a matter. An open, manly expression of them is more respected in the community than double dealing and subterfuges, and attempts to be on two sides at once. It is more respected than the pretence, for the sake of popularity, or even for a constrained peace and harmony, of being on no

side at all. I believe the best course in the end is an honest avowal of our own convictions, and, when called for by the times, a full and fair discussion of every point at issue.

But the questions which now agitate the religious world are not easy of solution. They require a breadth of learning, a comprehensive and at the same time acute and discriminating mind, to do them full justice. And yet we may receive some light upon them from intellects of a grade lower than our own; and we are to recollect that, if such offer any arguments whatever for our consideration, honestly and earnestly, they should be met with argument, and not with a sneer.

In deciding between the claims of conflicting views, it is not to be assumed that reason is wholly on the one side or the other. The conservative is as much entitled as the radical to the name of rationalist. If I advocate the doctrine of the superhuman origin of Christianity, it by no means follows that, in doing it, I discard the office and functions of reason. It is just as reasonable to believe that God once interposed in the ordinary and apparent course of nature, for the sake of revealing his will to man, as that he originally created him. The only legitimate inquiry here is, did an occasion arise worthy of his interposition? To assume that no such exigency ever did arise, or ever could have arisen, is clearly irrational. It is to assume that we finite beings know the whole power of nature and of the Infinite Being, and can say beforehand what he can and what he cannot do.

True, we are required to weigh well each case, and never admit a superhuman cause of an event so long as it can be explained by human agencies. But where such explanations fail, and the occasion demands a higher power, it is reasonable to believe in its presence and operation. One of the representatives of a modern school says, "We resort to the pure import of Reason, — bringing a significance to outward nature, instead of deriving one from it." If I comprehend this position, it begins by taking for granted what the pure import of Reason is, and all it can accomplish, and in so doing makes it competent to interpret the entire significance of

nature, and to determine its whole province and the limit of its powers. In this way only can I understand how we are to derive nothing from nature. Suppose, in the progress of scientific investigation, it should be discovered that provision had actually been made in the universe for an order of events which we now call supernatural. That, under certain circumstances, there could be revealed to man the exercise of a law, not contrary to nature, but above its hitherto known manifestations. How are we to treat this disclosure? According to the above principle, here is a significance we do not bring to nature, but have derived afresh from it, something, in that sense, above nature and *to us* supernatural. Would the belief in such a disclosure and in the consequences of it, whatever they might be, however strange and contrary to our observation and experience, conflict with "the pure import of Reason"?

Said one recently, who calls himself eminently a rationalist, "I will not believe anything I cannot understand." Is this reasonable? Are we to attain a true religion by following out this principle? Most certainly our friend must, in all consistency, have rejected many things in modern science, acknowledged to be facts, and yet, up to a recent date, unexplained by the strongest minds. That the earth moved around the sun, was, in one sense, a supernatural fact to those who lived before the time of Galileo. Indeed, so marvellous are the disclosures made in this age throughout the material universe, that it is never safe to say, "I will believe nothing I cannot understand." You may, for example, deny the explanation of what is now daily manifested under the name of spiritualism, as given by its friends, but you cannot rationally deny the facts, or that they are extraordinary, and to the philosopher as yet entirely inexplicable.

And in the realm of pure intellect we have comparatively few ideas of which we can affirm that we understand them in their inception, in all their relations, their entireness, and their termination. Nor will it serve our purpose to flout all mysteries. For, even if we discard the superhuman element from the Christian religion, we find ourselves still begirt with

and enveloped in mysteries,—that is, in things beyond the grasp of the understanding. To contend that there can be no such thing as God's working a miracle, does not relieve us of all difficulties on the subject of religion. You say that God works always by uniform laws, which can include nothing to us exceptional and apparently supernatural, and that nature proceeds on the same eternal level, and one whose principle is within our full comprehension. Is it so? Explain, then, to me the nature of God, his self-existence, omniscience, omnipotence, or any one of his attributes. Show me the connection between mind and body, how they act and interact upon each other. Clear up for me this deep mystery of the vital principle. What is life? How originated? and on what ultimately dependent? Until these, and all similar problems are solved, it will not do to dismiss from your theology or Christology everything to you incomprehensible, with the plea, "I will believe nothing I cannot understand."

Besides, the position referred to supposes man to be constituted of intellect alone. It makes the critical faculty his whole nature. It leaves out in this connection his moral and spiritual powers; or, at most, it gives them only a subordinate rank among his essential qualities. It extinguishes the authority of conscience, overlays the affections, contravenes the spiritual sentiments, and, in its legitimate and ultimate effects, it stultifies and suppresses the great principle of faith.

As between the human and superhuman, we are thus left to the domination of the pure intellect. Reason exalts itself to the highest seat in our nature; and faith is allowed to occupy no position where it would recognize a special revelation from God. In the recent words of a professed champion of rationalism, there is henceforth to be a "faith, not in the old stories of the Old or New Testament, but in the ordinary processes of history, of psychology, of anthropology, and all scientific, all vital, and substantial truth."

But what human being is thus to limit the province of faith? There are questions in the domain of psychology, anthropology, and all scientific truth, just as difficult to settle as these

in the Old and New Testaments. If we are hereafter to have no faith in "the old stories" of the Bible, where we cannot understand them, or reconcile every part and particle of them with our finite powers, then we ought to have no faith in any statement of psychology, if it perplexes our own minds. Fact is fact, whether set forth in the Bible or the realm of nature, and none the less so because we cannot penetrate its hidden qualities, nor comprehend as yet its consistency with what we now know. The true scientific explorer does not deny a fact because he cannot yet discover its harmony with any great principle within his knowledge; often where he cannot see, he still believes, he exercises his faith.

Leverrier found, in his astronomical observations, that the planet Uranus was subject to perturbations that could not be explained by the attraction of any known body in the heavens. But he had faith in a future discovery of some new planet which produced and would explain these perturbations. In due time his faith was turned into sight, and the new planet beamed on his delighted vision. This is the spirit we should carry to our investigations of the Bible. We are not at once to deny the reality of every strange and perturbing statement in that book, and call it a myth, legend, or illusion. The scientific course is to inquire whether in the character of Christ, and the stupendous movement manifested in his works, there might not have existed the perturbation we call miracle, an influence to be explained only on the theory of the action upon and in him of some undiscovered power.

Before we throw away everything of this kind in the Bible alleged to be superhuman, let us imitate the explorer of nature, and believe that, in some stage of our being, we, too, may yet reach with joy a solution of many perturbing difficulties in the historical records. We have a right to require evidence of the reality of all alleged facts, and here, as everywhere else, there is no conflict between reason and science. It is just as rational to believe an extraordinary fact in religion as it is in science. The point is not, whether what has occurred is new, strange, and apparently anomalous, or not. It is

simply this: did it really take place? We are to open our minds to evidence on that single question alone. Because a thing appears inexplicable or contradictory to what we as yet know, we have no right to reject all testimony as to its reality. Nor yet have we a right to demand a kind of evidence which the nature of the subject forbids. There is a spiritual law as truly as there is a physical law. In demonstrating a truth of astronomy, he would be thought no philosopher who should adduce all his arguments from the science of psychology. It is equally inconsistent to require any truth or fact of religion to be demonstrated on material principles, instead of employing what belongs to the subject, and giving supreme authority to spiritual principles.

The doctrine here laid down applies directly to the present issue. In the first place, we are to keep clear of all assumptions. It is becoming common, in every case of apparent discrepancy between nature and revelation, to assume that revelation must give way. We have always two alternatives in such cases. First, to consider whether we may not have wrongly investigated or interpreted the phenomena of nature; secondly, whether the supposed statement of the Scriptures may not have been a perversion of facts by the writer. Now, the rationalist has no right to say, "Of course I understand all the laws and all the possible phenomena of nature, and therefore I know a revelation involving miracle to be impossible; and of course the narrator of such events is at once to be discredited." The supernaturalist may, with equal justice, assume that the Scripture writer is correct in his statement, and the expositor of nature is in error, and that he must bow to the scriptural authority. Assumption is unjustifiable in either case.

In these apparent conflicts we are very apt to conclude science is always to bear rule, and physical nature to be supreme over spiritual nature. Such is the materialistic tendency of the age, that some deny that we have any faculties which can deal with spiritual things. There are those who even contend, as one said not long since, that "the soul is only gas or some other chemical principle." But a true phi-

losophy does not begin by stultifying the very faculty we are to employ in our highest investigations. If the soul is to be distrusted, then we may as well cease to exercise any of our nobler powers, and take our place with the brute creation.

In contrast with such debasing views, it is to be noticed that even physical science is giving testimony in our day to the superhuman element in the Scriptures, and to its miraculous displays. Prof. Agassiz affirms that there are traces of the distinct origin of different races of animals in various portions of the globe. Each new act of creation must have been a miracle, — that is, a special exercise of divine power at a given moment. In his late work on Brazil, he gives us fresh evidence of the fallacy of the development theory of Darwin. The origin of animals by development was impossible, he says, because, “however far we go back, there must have been a time when they had no ancestors.” He speaks, too, throughout his writings, of creation as disclosing “the thoughts of God.” But a being who thinks must be free; and if free, then he has the power to work what we call a miracle, — that is, to introduce an exhibition of his power to us supernatural, not a violation of nature, according to the old theory of miracle, but doubtless in accordance with some high, but uniform law as yet unknown to us.

But, if this be true, we are not driven to take the ground of Strauss, and interpret all the wonder-works of the Bible as legends and “myths.” History is not compelled to give way to nature; there is, in reality, no conflict between them. Christianity is not opposed to her stubborn facts, but science and religion may go hand in hand down the illimitable ages. Allow God to be his own interpreter, wait patiently for his disclosures of the method and principles of his action, so far as they are comprehensible by man, and he may yet make plain his higher law. Then we shall see that faith and reason are one in religion.

A belief in miracle is in this light entirely rational; and, so far from the alleged wonderful works of the Bible being impossibilities, we shall find they are both possible and probable, nay, that they are essential to the validity of the record; and

that we cannot eliminate the element of miracle from the biography of Christ, and leave that, what it now is, a credible production. When we take that element entirely away, the record falls to pieces. Take the language of Christ concerning himself literally, and it implies that he had a special relation to God. "I and my Father are one." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." This language, on the naturalistic theory, is arrogant and offensive, or at best it is incomprehensible, and cannot be regarded as historically true. If he was divine in a peculiar sense, the language is rational and proper, and the integrity of the record is saved.

It is customary to say in these days, Christ was a mere man, constituted precisely as we are. "He only," to quote the words of Strauss, "became more conscious of man's true nature." But whence came this extraordinary consciousness of man's nature? He had not, like Paul, sat at the feet of Gamaliel, and been trained in the learning of the schools. How did it happen that this man, who had "never learned letters," and studied Greek authors, was so accomplished in all the "humanities" of ancient Greece? "He read the Old Scriptures," it is affirmed, "in a new spirit, and told the bigoted Jews, his countrymen, that the heathen would sit down with their boasted Father Abraham in the kingdom of heaven." Whence did he derive this, for the times, amazing conception? It will not explain the phenomenon to say that "he had an unerring common sense." Something beyond that was essential to such mental comprehensiveness and originality. His unchallenged piety, his oneness with God, cannot be ascribed to the superior "devoutness of the Hebrew race." They never, like Christ, rose, as a people, to the sublime truth, promulgated by him, "God is a Spirit." Of his universal Fatherhood, that familiar and fundamental truth announced and made credible by Christ, they never, as a race, had the faintest comprehension. Their God was a friend of the Jew, and the enemy of all beyond him. But that Jesus Christ should inculcate this great truth, was rational, and in entire harmony with his own broad and divine character.

It was reasonable, under the circumstances, that Christ should

have wrought the miracles ascribed to him. Whatever abatement may be made from the validity of the record on good grounds, the recent assumption that his miracles can all be explained away under two heads, seems to me monstrous. First, it is said that part of them were merely natural occurrences; and secondly, the larger part of the remainder were only *attempts* to satisfy the popular demand for such exhibitions. The rest were put into the record by subsequent writers, to give fame and glory to Christ!

How are we to decide what proportion of them were merely natural transactions? Was the feeding of the five thousand with a few loaves and fishes of this class? Did Christ still the tempest on the Galilean sea by some natural process? And, above all, by what natural means did he raise the dead? And what are we to think of the recent hypothesis that the New Testament is full of intentional misrepresentations of truth and fact, such as attempts to pass off fictitious narratives of miracles and other remarkable events for real history, and interpolations of professed prophecies in the record after the occurrence of events said to be predicted?

The account given by Renan of the method of the pretended raising of Lazarus, is, to use the mildest language, most irrational. To suppose that one so pure as all admit Jesus to have been would or could have lent himself to the phantasm of pretending to raise the dead by a kind of legerdemain, is monstrous. To say that Lazarus had only swooned, and, after lying four days in a close tomb, heard the voice of Christ calling him to come forth, and to be a partner, too, in such an act of deception, is as flagrant a violation of reason as it is of justice to the elevated and single-hearted Jesus.

If fabrications of the record had taken place, it must have been, at farthest, within a century after the death of Christ, when the testimony of personal witnesses of his acts or those of his apostles, at least, was still fresh in the memory of those who must have known of the fabrications. Had these persons been Christians, they would at once, for the honor of their religion, have exposed the deception; and had they been

not Christians, but opponents of Christianity, they could and would have easily overthrown a religion based on such vitiated and spurious records.

But, supposing the mind of the inquirer to be settled on the point of biblical interpretation; and suppose, farther, that he is convinced of the supernatural origin of Christianity, and takes Christ as his Lord and Master, what next? He may still hesitate about taking a stand in defence of these views.

"When I ask myself," you will hear it said, "where I shall go, although I have a firm faith in the special mission of Christ, I do not like to take that ground openly, and condemn those who differ from me; I want to be liberal to every one." This is a good spirit; our religion makes charity a fundamental quality. But charity is by no means indifference to the truth or to its earnest propagation. I may love my neighbor, and yet believe him to hold serious and hurtful errors. If I think I see those errors distinctly, I am bound, be my influence large or small, to state my convictions to others. To imagine I cannot do this without occasioning more harm than good, is to believe it impossible, in the words of the Apostle Paul, to "speak the truth in love."

Besides, who is to assume that the illiberality, in the discussion of a great issue like this, is all on one side? It is no more illiberal to call one a "radical," especially if those who think with him take this name themselves, than it is to say of one who is not a radical that he is narrow-minded, a bundle of prejudices, or an old man who cannot keep up with the times. There are bigots in all parties and sects; and the true way to rise above bigotry is simply to try to do justice to those who differ from you. It is by no means essential to our liberality that we should withhold our own opinions, lest some one should call us by an unpopular epithet. We ought to love those who differ materially from us in their faith, and to associate with them in kindness. We are bound to allow that they may be as honest as we are, and that they have a clear right to express their views, honestly and with reverence, the same right as we have to express ours. But all this does not compel us to stifle our own views and feelings in

regard to Christ and the truth, nor to profess to believe, or appear to believe, if we can avoid it, what we really do not believe, merely through the fear of being called illiberal.

It does not seem to me illiberal, or inconsistent with the best spirit, to maintain that the name Christian does not belong to the whole world, or to every one who may possibly claim it. You would not give it to a known atheist, even though, for whatever reasons, he should ask it of you. Extend, as you will, the breadth of the Christian Church, it must have some limits. There is no association of believers or class of religionists which includes everybody. The very name of Christian Church implies some restrictions and boundaries. Am I to concede the Christian name to a follower of Mohammed, even though, for the sake of respectability or gain, he claims it? Shall I say that a Jew, who rejects Jesus Christ, and does not believe he has yet come, may take, for some secular or personal end, the name of Christian? "Certainly," it may be replied, "allow him the name; let everybody have it who wants it. If one is only a good man, that is all we have a right to require." But suppose the Mohammedan or the Jew for motives known only to himself, should desire to take charge of a Christian society of which you are a member. He may be a good man, perhaps, a devout man, really religious in his way, and, so far as you can see, in general of unexceptionable character. You would at once say, "Although he may feel justified in asking my vote, I cannot in conscience give it to him. He does not believe in Christ; he does not take him for his Master; and that, to my mind, is essential to a Christian minister and essential to a Christian in the New Testament sense of the word." Is it illiberal to take this position?

We cannot easily exchange situations in our mind with another, and I may misjudge my brethren who differ from me, and not represent them fairly. But it does now appear to me that if I did not regard Christ as my Lord and Master; if I thought that "he was fettered by the superstitions of his time and nation, many of which he shared, and that "the true Jesus would be *not* without sin," I should not desire to take

his name. If in my heart of hearts I held him to be a mere man, and by no means faultless, but one whom I or some other man can yet rival, and perhaps surpass, why should I desire to be called one of his followers,—that is, a Christian?

I honor every one who, with the views of Christ I describe, relinquishes his name. Francis Newman has done this, and for three distinct reasons. He says, first, "If I call myself a Christian, I shall profess to be a submissive and reverential disciple of Christ. I am not, and cannot be this.

"Second, Disowning the name, I purge myself of Christian guilt. I meet Jew, Mohammedan, and Indian as having equal claims, and on a common and neutral platform.

"Third, The Gospel of John is an historical romance. And we must quite *disown the Gospels*, or admit that Jesus regarded men as impious who did not bow before him as an authoritative teacher."

This course is open, manly, and consistent. If one believes or disbelieves with Newman, why should he not publicly avow it?

A recent rationalistic speaker said, as reported, "Whatever noble significance may be put upon the word Christian, yet where any body of men accept it as a bond of union, or even where any man accepts it as a personal distinction, the body weakens itself, or the individual sacrifices his strength." The moment we take Christ's name, we cease to spend our lives in simply being *men*, and try to find some equivocations, some *knot-hole* by which we may creep into manhood, and claim to be technically Christian at the same time." Now, if all these evils come from bearing the Christian name; if the Church "weakens itself" by honoring Christ, and so imbibing his spirit as lovingly and joyfully to take him for an authoritative guide, then it will be wise in all who deny him this position, to disown his name. He who is conscious that he is "sacrificing his strength" in proportion as he honors Christ, ought to leave him and give up his name; and, since we all crave leaders, let him take Plato or Parker, or any other man he may choose, as his standard-bearer. Assuredly, no honest mind and heart can consent to be called after Christ when it

leads him knowingly to palter with his conscience, practise all manner of equivocations and subterfuges, and abdicate his "manhood" for the sake of being "technically a Christian."

I rejoice at every instance of a renunciation of the Christian name by such as have no confidence in "a permanent Christ." It is refreshing to read the language of one of our recent ministers, whose integrity and honesty none can question, and who, if character alone, independently of any faith whatever in Christ, makes one a Christian, ought to have still retained the ancient name. "I regard," says he, "the doctrine of a Messiahship as in any sense a superstition of the times. The pretence that any man has been singled out to be a permanent Christ, Messiah, or Mediator to his fellow-beings, is to me monstrous. Henceforth I claim to be neither a Unitarian nor a Christian, but simply a Theist. In resigning the name Unitarian and Christian, I do so with a full knowledge of the grave, practical consequences that must ensue." A noble example; may it be speedily followed by all—and a great company we are told they now are—who sympathize with our friend in his theology and Christology. Such consistency must be "the immediate jewel" of a mind conscious of having been long fettered and burdened by a name from which it has at length come into a free and full emancipation.

TOWERING above the clouds, I see
The golden palace of my God,
Beyond the cherubs' bright abode,
Higher than angels' thoughts can be.
How can I in those courts appear,
Without a wedding garment on?
Conduct me, thou Life-giver, there,
Conduct me to thy glorious throne,
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
My Saviour and my God.

— RUSSIAN POETRY.

HERBERT SPENCER AND THEOLOGY.

"In the theological world there are two great schools, — one that teaches that God is unknowable, and the other that teaches that God is knowable." — HENRY WARD BEECHER.

WE can pardon an untrue statement, when it is made by one whose perception of truth is not clear and fine; we can also pardon one whose love of one side of truth is so intense that he cannot see the other side; but for one who is capable of the most delicate discrimination not only between truth and error, but between the most faintly-varying shades of truth, and who cannot be excused on the score of bigotry, we have no forgiveness when he makes a statement like that quoted above.

We have never heard of a theological school which teaches that God is unknowable. But we know a writer who studies carefully and reverently the processes of life, who, having gained at least a glimpse of the law which prevails in all life and in all work, is now trying, humbly and faithfully, to open our minds, that we also may see this uniting, harmonizing, governing law.

This writer, — Mr. Herbert Spencer, — in studying life from the scientific side, has given to the term unknowable such clear significance, as designating the limit of human knowledge, that we cannot help associating him with its use, and protesting against its misuse. He reports to us what Science reveals to him. She leads, and he calls us to follow, so near to the domain of spiritual truth, that at first, having honestly followed, step by step, we shrink back with wonder and awe. We fear that we are going too far, and are seeking to unravel the sacred mysteries of Being, which mortals may not try to explain.

And here, if we are shallow thinkers, if our religion is a religion of words, if we believe in nothing that transcends the sphere of human knowledge, we may stop, and flippantly avow that, because Science, with eyes cast down, and her finger on her lips, calls this wonderful force of nature, which forbids her attempt to analyze or explain, unknowable, that

the childlike soul, dwelling in the region of faith, in the sphere of spirit, is deceived in its recognition of a spiritual Being, whom it knows as the heavenly Father.

But if we have the true spirit of the man of science, or if we have the true spirit of the religious man, especially if we have the faithfulness which belongs to both, such will not be our conclusion.

We heard one of the former class, alluding to his exclusion from a professorial chair, for which he had been proposed as candidate, and which he was qualified to fill, on account of statements honestly made in public, which seemed to conflict with the Bible history, say that "there was no place in science for opinion, — what one found to be true, one reported. To see, and to tell what one saw, without fear or thought of consequence, was the business of the scientific teacher. But science and faith were on different planes. His spiritual faith was of infinitely more consequence to him than all natural science, but in the interest of faith he could not sacrifice the truth of science."

And such men — brave, simple, childlike, with a reverence for the hidden force of nature like that of the Hebrew for Jehovah, so that they hardly dare to use a name even for this unknown force, — unknown to them as scientific students, except in its results, but more sacred to them than it is to us, because it means so much more — we carelessly denounce as Infidels, as overturners of Religion.

Surely, if we have a living faith, this region of the unknowable, beyond the ken of scientific research, will be bright with spiritual meaning. The words of Jesus, the hymns of all saints in all ages, the purity of childhood, the love and strength of womanhood, the force and tenderness of manhood, will continue to fill and beautify, and to assure to us this region of spiritual life.

If we have ever loved our Bibles truly, because they helped us in learning the heavenly Truth, which, with the best efforts of our feeble minds, we could not think out for ourselves, we shall love them all the more when we find that the strongest minds, when they have gone far enough in the pursuit of

Truth to know the limitations of their power, stop reverently at the threshold of this temple of heavenly Truth, into which the Bible admits on equal ground the simple child and the learned philosopher.

That this has been the actual experience of one mind, we know; and if one person can be helped in religious reverence and humility by the proof that all scientific researches, however glorious the truths which they reveal, find at last their limit, and end in a mysterious wonder-land, which they cannot enter, then no one need be hindered; and no one will be, who has courage to follow Truth wherever Truth leads him. Those who have this courage, if they have ever thanked God at all, will thank him again for a helper in the discovery of truth so strong, so brave, so wise as Herbert Spencer.

With his religion, or his religious ideas, we have nothing to do, unless it pleases him to speak to us of them; but of the limit which he assigns in this direction to his work, we can speak in his own words:—

“Probably not a few will conclude that here is an attempted solution of the great questions with which Philosophy in all ages has perplexed itself. Let none thus deceive themselves. Only such as know not the scope and the limits of science can fall into so grave an error. The foregoing generalizations apply, not to the genesis of things in themselves, but to their genesis as manifested to the human consciousness. . . .

“The explication of that which is explicable does but bring out into greater clearness the inexplicableness of that which remains behind. . . .

“Little as it seems to do so, fearless inquiry tends continually to give a firmer basis to all true religion. . . .

“That Power of which the nature remains forever inconceivable, and to which no limits in Time or Space can be imagined, works in us certain effects. . . . Analysis reduces these several kinds of effects to one kind of effect, and these several kinds of uniformity to one kind of uniformity. . . . But when science has done this, it has done nothing more than systematize our experience, and has in no degree extended the limits of our experience. . . . The utmost

possibility for us is an interpretation of the process of things as it presents itself to our limited consciousness ; but how this process is related to the actual process, we are unable to conceive, much less to know. . . .

. . . " It must be remembered that while the connection between the phenomenal order and the ontological order is forever inscrutable, so is the connection between the conditioned forms of being and the unconditioned form of being forever inscrutable.

" The interpretation of all phenomena in terms of Matter, Motion, and Force is nothing more than the reduction of our complex symbols of thought to the simplest symbols ; and when the equation has been brought to its lowest terms, the symbols remain symbols still. . . .

. . . " The establishment of correlation and equivalence between the forces of the outer and the inner worlds may be used to assimilate either to the other, according as we set out with one or other term. But he who rightly interprets the doctrine contained in this work will see that neither of these terms can be taken as ultimate. He will see that, though the relation of subject and object renders necessary to us that antithetical conception of Spirit and Matter, the one is no less than the other to be regarded as a sign of the unknown Reality which underlies both."

A. M.

THE highest attainment of reason is to know that there are an infinite number of things beyond its reach. And it must be extremely feeble if it does not go so far. A man ought to know when to doubt, when to be certain, and when to submit. He who cannot do this does not understand the real strength of reason. Men violate these three principles either by being certain of everything as demonstrative, for want of being acquainted with the nature of demonstration, or by doubting of everything for want of knowing when to submit ; or by submitting in everything, for want of knowing when they ought to judge. — BLAISE PASCAL.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

THE English religious journals are filled with articles relating to the recent action of the House of Commons on the Irish Church question. No one seems to have expected that a majority of sixty-five votes would be cast to abolish the Established Episcopal Church of Ireland; and no one now doubts that a much larger majority would in a few months be obtained, when a reformed Parliament comes into power.

The significance of this event lies in something more than the abolition of the enormous injustice of compelling a people to support a Church, seven-eighths of whom do not believe its doctrines nor attend its ministrations. It reveals the irrepressible tendency of the public mind in England in favor of severing all connection between Church and State; and the abolition of the Established Episcopal Church of Ireland is regarded as the sure precursor of the abolition of the Established Episcopal Church of England.

The prospect leads some of the Episcopal journals to pour out very dolorous strains. Such a prestige and power has the State given to Episcopacy, such wealth and honors to its bishops, such overwhelming and omnipresent influence to all its instrumentalities and agencies, that it is not in human nature that the friends of the Establishment should not be alarmed at the thought of its being stripped of all these advantages, and reduced to a level with the dissenting sects. But the logic of events is inexorable. Episcopacy is to-day in the minority in England. Why compel a people to maintain a Church which the majority do not want? Why not make all religious opinions equal before the law?

We should share in the regrets of the journals referred to, if we believed that the severance of the Church from the State would in the long run endanger the best influence of the Episcopal Church. Who of us is not a debtor to that Church, — to its learning, piety, moderation, and charity? Who needs be told how much its stated order has given stability to religion in times of revolution, or has yet to learn what associa-

tions of dignity and impressiveness its venerated Collects and majestic Anthems have imparted to public worship?

In this country, likewise, no observing man can be blind to the influence of the Episcopal Church. In all our warfare of sects there has been one widely-diffused organization where we have seen zeal without fanaticism, and liberality without laxity, and the graces of good scholarship and high Christian culture. If just at this time there have appeared manifestations in that Church which have offended the common sense and religious tastes of the public, we suppose that no one doubts that there is good sense enough in that communion to lead ere long to a wise adjustment.

Indeed, the generally successful working of the Episcopal Church in this country must have given no small impulse to the progress of opinion in England. The Church here has not wanted funds, nor good scholars, nor dignified prelates, nor all the influence justly due to its intelligence, earnestness, and piety. The voluntary system has proved a success. It has been so with all denominations. We see that to give any one sect the bolstering hand of authority and power, would be to encompass it with corrupting, degrading, and, in the end, belittling and weakening influences. What a great truth Mr. Gladstone uttered when, in the debates in the House of Commons, he said, We have come to an age of the world when we see that the only reason why any Church should exist is the spiritual good it accomplishes, and that the sooner the poise of the Church is removed from power to love, the better!

No doubt, in the first dislocation the abolition of the Establishment will seem disastrous. Would he seem to be a foolish prophet who should predict for Episcopacy in England, as an ultimate consequence, a purer influence, a holier zeal, a more loving earnestness, a more enlarged influence, yes, and even, perhaps, a more generous support? If underneath all the advantages it has hitherto enjoyed, its sheltered defences, its honored positions, its affluent appliances, it has nurtured a power of virtue and piety, that power will now show itself, not in whimpering over lost privileges, but in

springing to the use of new opportunities, adapting itself to new exigencies, and proving itself to be in the future what the Episcopal Church in England and America has been in the past,—a Church of the living God, a pillar and ground of the truth.

—Peter Bayne, writing from London to the Boston "Watchman and Reflector," gives an intimation of the manner in which Mr. Spurgeon proposes to meet the new condition of things coming in England:—

"I observe that Mr. Spurgeon, with the strong common sense and moral dauntlessness of the man, accepts it as inevitable that we are to have a national scheme of secular education, and calls upon Christian men to make the best of it. 'Since the sectarian system'—these are his words—'has in England most evidently failed to reach the needs of the millions, a purely secular system will be established, and will be thrust upon us whether we will or no. There will be a great outcry about the divorcing of religion from education, but we shall not join in it, partly because it is useless to cry over spilt milk,—the thing must be, and there is no preventing it; and yet more, because we think we see our way to a great real gain out of a small apparent loss. Children are to lose the religious training which they received in national and British schools; we admit that there may be cases in which the loss will be appreciable, but we think that they are few and far between. The lads of the village might generally carry in a hollow tooth all the religion they receive at the charity school. Do not they learn the church catechism? Yes, but that is not religion; it begins with an assertion of baptismal regeneration, maunders about behaving one's self lowly and reverently to one's betters in a manner suitable for an American negro previous to the late war, and has not a fraction of the simple gospel of Jesus in it from end to end. It will be highly beneficial to the morality of youth to dispense with this miserable farrago, in which the false of superstition and the true of law are hopelessly jumbled. The present religious teaching of our week-day schools is, as we believe, as nearly as possible a sham, and a most mischievous sham too, since it satisfies the Christian conscience, and lulls to sleep energies which need to be aroused to the performance of a much neglected Chris-

tian duty.' Mr. Spurgeon proposes a far more close, earnest, and searching discharge of duty to the young than the Christian Church has yet attempted. He would have Sabbath-school teachers meet their classes occasionally during the week, more frequent services and meetings for the young, prayer-meetings for boys and girls, and courses of lectures 'illustrated with diagrams and dissolving views,—lectures full of holy truth and godly precept. Mr. Spurgeon's words are seldom empty sounds, and he is himself the man to be looked to for practical exemplification of the operations he suggests. I cordially wish him God-speed."

— In reviewing Mrs. Stowe's late book, called "Men of Our Times," a writer in the "Independent" has the following just reflections:—

"It is impossible to read these sketches without a new reverence not only for truth in its practical applications, but for the Christian system. Though not intended as such, these sketches afford admirable 'Evidences of Christianity.' Nearly if not quite all of the 'Men of Our Times' are themselves believers in the Christian revelation, and inheritors of a genuinely Christian education. Most of them, of New England birth and of Puritan descent, give token in their lives of the influence of that moral and religious training which the Christian Sabbath and the Christian Bible gives. Of the seven books which constituted Abraham Lincoln's early library, the Bible was first, Shakspeare second. Grant inherited his dogged determination from a long line of Puritan ancestry, equally determined with himself. William Lloyd Garrison, the son of a Christian mother, was in his early years an earnest and ardent member of the Baptist church, and borrowed his later denunciations of the recreancy of the Church from the burning words of the Old Testament prophets. Edwin M. Stanton learned lessons of Christian integrity in his boyhood from honest Quaker parents. Salmon P. Chase inherited from a Puritan parentage those principles which have formed his character and directed his life. Of the eighteen men selected to grace this collection, and who really deserve the niche assigned them, more than one-half were born and received their early training in New England, fully one-third are direct lineal descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, all are undoubted believers in the

Christian religion; the greater proportion of them are men of peculiarly and strongly religious natures, and all have been agreed that the teachings of Jesus Christ are to be carried out in political institutions.

"It is the Christian religion which has given America her men of faith, — men who believed in God and his truth, against popular majorities, and in spite of all outward signs of success; and who set that truth against policy and expediency with invincible assurance of final victory. It was this faith in moral principle that made them the 'Men of Our Times.' We heartily thank Mrs. Stowe for reminding the public that greatness did not expire in America with the famous triad, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster; that in all the elements of true greatness — of permanent influence, that is, upon the destinies of the nation — their peers still live; and that, as the present looks regretfully into the past, so the future will look back regretfully upon the present, still murmuring, as they read these 'lives of great men,' 'There were giants in those days.' And we thank her no less for reminding the young men of America, to whom she fittingly inscribes her pages, that true greatness, recognized greatness even, lies far less in brilliancy of diction than in the healthy mental grasp of moral principle and the strong purpose that adheres to it through good and evil report."

— We find in the New York "Methodist" a letter from Rev. Dr. Hurst, written in Bremen, Germany. He gives an account of what he calls "a war among the clergy" in that quiet old city, which may have some interest to our readers. It shows, at any rate, that an outbreak of radical opinions appears from time to time in other places than in Unitarian neighborhoods. There must be something in the general culture of the age, in the air of Christendom everywhere, that is favorable to the development of such opinions. The case presents a problem to be studied with meekness and patience and profound Christian charity.

It is instructive to remember how often a wide-spread tendency to mere naturalism has before appeared in Christendom, and how it has always been overborne by an irrepressible faith in underlying spiritual forces. The first dawning of modern letters and science in Italy was marked by mani-

festations of opinion precisely like those we see now. Averroes was, in some respects, the Theodore Parker of that age, — *componere magnis parva*. In lately reading his life by Renan, we have been struck with the fact, how much we are repeating the past. In nearly all the leading cities of Italy there were those who hailed the Spanish philosopher as superior to prophet and apostle. Renan quotes a conversation which Petrarch held with one of the heresiarch's followers, and it sounds much like what we hear to-day. In his library in Venice, Petrarch received a visit from an Averroist, who, as Petrarch says, *according to the custom of these modern philosophers, thinks they do nothing, if they do not bark against Christ and his supernatural doctrine*; and Petrarch, having cited some word of St. Paul, his visitor — “*spumans rabie, et contemptus supercilio, frontem turpans*” — exclaimed, “I do not believe a word of all those fables. Your Paul, your Augustine, and all that race of writers, are sheer twaddlers. If you could only comprehend Averroes! But I have still hope that one day your great genius will leave puerile fables, and will be with us.” Petrarch, as Renan adds, could hardly restrain his anger, and took hold of his visitor's mantle, begging him not to come there again. There were some ages of faith to follow the boasted philosophy of Averroes; and we do not apprehend that all belief in the supernatural is now about to die out. But it would be interesting to study the causes of these recurring times of incredulity, as the physician studies the atmospheric conditions of the scarlatina or small pox.

Our extract from Dr. Hurst's letter is as follows :—

“It is now several months since the people of Bremen began to witness a scene which soon assumed important proportions, and has become a topic of conversation and newspaper discussion in other parts of Germany. Quite a little literature has already gathered about the subject, and even the illustrated journals have found in it entertaining matter for readers who take little or no interest in theological discussions. The affair is representative of others, though on a smaller scale, going on elsewhere in Germany, and will serve to convince all evangelical Christians, who had believed that orthodoxy was at last having a

free and easy road before it here, that they have been indulging such a pleasant reflection too soon.

“The immediate cause of the trouble is Dr. Schwalb, a native German, educated in Paris, and subsequently settled as village pastor near Strasburg, where he was within whistling distance of Colani, the leader of the liberal school of French Protestantism. The St. Martin’s church of Bremen, which had withstood every attack of scepticism for a century, was now without an active pastor, the aged and evangelical Dr. Treviranus having finished fifty years of service, and retired on a pension. It appears that the young people in this church became tired of orthodoxy, and, wishing a pastor according to their notion, had to go all the way to Strasburg to get one violent enough to suit them. Schwalb, on arriving here, began to labor, heart and soul, for the propagation of the scepticism of the Protestant Associations, which have a branch society and a regular course of lectures in this city. At first, Schwalb had only about twenty people in his congregation, for it is just such folks as gave him a call that do not attend church, and naturally prefer a pastor who lays no stress on what they consider an antiquated view of duty.

“In due time, Schwalb’s turn came to deliver one of the lectures before the Protestant Association. This was the golden opportunity for the aspiring man to make a stir, and he seems to have exerted himself to the best of his ability. On the 17th of January he delivered a lecture on the Old and New Faith in Christ, the whole of which may be judged by the following choice bit: ‘The Christ of the new faith is not God, but man, — true, real, and only man. He came into the world in a human way, and did not have merely a mother, but also a father. Before his birth he was nowhere, neither on earth nor in heaven. He never performed a work that was supernatural, or out of harmony with the laws of nature; he did not die as a propitiatory sacrifice, but as a martyr to religious truth; his body returned to dust; he did not ascend to heaven, for, since the days of Copernicus, there is no heaven adapted to such an ascension.’

“After this lecture was published, the orthodox Lutheran and Reformed clergy of Bremen and the surrounding country, not willing to allow such bald infidelity from one of the most prominent pulpits of the city to pass without their notice, issued a protest in strong but carefully chosen language, in which the cardinal doctrines of Christianity were reasserted. The docu-

ment was signed by more than twenty names. This movement led the voters of Schwalb's congregation to have a meeting, to take into consideration his theological opinions. But as they knew their man before calling him to their church, the great majority supported 'their dear pastor,' and only five protested against his late utterances. This, of course, was a great feather in Schwalb's cap. Subsequent to this action, as we are informed by the papers, his theological sympathizers in other pulpits circulated an address expressive of sympathy with his theology. This was signed by the names of twelve of the Bremen clergy, who declare that they are in full sympathy with their brother, and that they are willing to stand or fall with him."

—We cut the following article from the "Independent:"—

"On Wednesday, the 15th of April, 1868, the West Street Congregational Church of Danbury, Conn., installed Rev. Henry Powers as their minister, under circumstances so peculiar that the event deserves special mention as constituting an almost unprecedented feature in ecclesiastical history. Invitations to participate in the deliberations of the council and the services of installation were extended to all the Orthodox Congregational churches of Fairfield East Consociation, to the Baptist, Methodist, Christian, Universalist, Union (colored), and other churches of Danbury; and the Roman Catholic minister was also solicited to complete the circle of fellowship. The churches invited from abroad were 'the Church of the Disciples,' Rev. James Freeman Clarke's, Boston, and the First Congregational Church of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"It was conjectured, not without reason, that some excellent Christian people would be squeamish about participating in such a mongrel affair; and so we were not disappointed to receive four letters of response, from as many churches, declining the equivocal honor of celebrating the triumph of spiritual over opinionative fellowship. One minister of the consociation, with his deacon, came with discretionary power; and, finding that the heretics were invested by the church calling the council with as much authority as anybody else, withdrew,—not, however, without the expression of kind feeling, which assured all present that he did so with extreme regret, and under the pressure of conscientious conviction. And so of the ministers of the Fair-

field East Consociation there remained but one in the council, Rev. H. B. Smith, of Newtown, who was unanimously elected moderator.

"The customary credentials having been presented by the church and pastor-elect, the theological examination was proceeded with, which developed, with certain liberal mixtures, sufficient soundness in faith to furnish good promise of the candidate's future usefulness. Not to rehearse all the dry details inseparable from such an inquest, it shall suffice to record that the council, by unanimous vote, resolved that the installation service go forward.

"Of course, the meeting-house was crowded in the evening. The fame of the preacher and the uniqueness of the ceremony were sufficient to have packed the largest church-edifice in the county. Rev. H. B. Smith presided and offered the installing prayer, which breathed in a very remarkable degree the spirit of the Master. A brother of the 'Christian' church, whose name I do not recall, read the Scriptures. Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, preached the sermon, which was so full of the gospel that nobody would have scented heresy but for the Unitarian label of the brother. Rev. Mr. Burch, of the Methodist church of Danbury, gave the best 'right hand of fellowship' that I ever heard, — so full was it of apt expression, so brimming with large thought and Christian kindliness. It fell to the lot of the writer to deliver the address to the people; and when, by this 'last straw,' the back of their Christian patience was threatening to break, and the belfry-clock was just about to strike ten, the choir broke in with a glorious doxology, and we all went home, — some to rejoice in vision of the millennial dawn, and others, who were just as good as they, to muse anxiously upon such strange proceedings, and in feverish dreams revolve the question whether essential faith had not been compromised. I will just say that I belonged to the rejoicing party. I was almost converted to be a disciple of Dr. Cummings, and felt very sure that the second advent would be inaugurated in Danbury. Nevertheless, I could well understand why a goodly number of men and women, approved of all the people for piety and good works, shook their heads as when the barometer falls and a storm impends. I have given this simple recital with no purpose to argue this perplexed case *pro* or *con*. Let those who read consider, each for himself and herself, whether this thing, so strange, was of Christ or of Belial."

— The New York "Observer" has the following notice of the dedication of Rev. Dr. Osgood's church in New York. We are sorry the learned editor did not go beyond his English dictionary, which gives the popular but not always the scientific use of language. If he had consulted his Latin dictionary, he would have marked the difference between *Deus* and *Divinus*. The editor is as much mistaken in what he says about the use of the word Divinity as peculiar to modern Unitarians. The first Unitarians in this country insisted upon the distinction referred to as strongly as have any since. A tract published by the American Unitarian Association, in 1831, is entitled "The Divinity of Jesus Christ," and is designed to show that he is divine in his commission and instruction and character, and yet is not Deity. Dr. Osgood, and the other clergymen referred to, probably hold the same opinions on this subject as did their fathers in the ministry: —

"Dr. Osgood, at the dedication of his new church, 'affirmed his positive conviction of the Divinity of Christ.'

"The modern Unitarians of the reactionary school, who have been shocked by the infidelity of Theodore Parker, are seeking to find some form of words in which to express their faith in Christ, that shall sound like the truth as held by the orthodox. They are making a distinction between the words Divinity and Deity, and saying that they believe in the Divinity and not in the Deity of Christ. The Unitarians find fault with others who will not and cannot see the difference.

"There is no difference in the meaning of the words. They are of the same root; *divus* and *deus*, old Latin words, were used interchangeably, having precisely the same signification. So the words Divinity (*divus*) and Deity (*deus*) are synonymous.

"Open the English dictionary and read the definitions: —

"DIVINITY. — 1. The state of being divine; Deity; Godhead; the nature or essence of God. Christians ascribe *divinity* to one Supreme Being only. 2. God, the Deity, the Supreme Being. "Tis the Divinity that stirs within us." — ADDISON.'

"DEITY. — 1. Godhead; Divinity; the nature and essence of the Supreme Being, as the Deity of the Supreme Being is manifested in his works. 2. God, the Supreme Being or Infinite self-existing Spirit.'

"Thus we see that etymology proves the identity of the two words, and usage, which is the supreme law of language, establishes the same self-evident truth. How very idle, then, it is for Dr. Osgood or any other Unitarian minister to affirm the Divinity of Christ and deny his Deity !

"We admit that a man has a right to use words in any sense he pleases, if in using them he will give his explanation, if his sense differs from that of his hearers and neighbors. But suppose Dr. Osgood affirms the Divinity of Christ, and a hearer, who has always understood that Unitarians deny the Divinity of Christ, goes home and turns up the word Divinity in his dictionary, and finds that it means *Deity, Godhead* ; is he not justified in believing that Dr. Osgood affirmed the orthodox faith, or that he misled his audience ?

"But we contemplate, with some satisfaction, the use of the word by the Unitarians, even if they attach to it a modified and transcendental meaning not belonging to it by etymology or usage. It shows us that they are not satisfied with mere humanitarianism. They find in the Gospels more than a man. It is not enough for Dr. Osgood and Dr. Briggs and Dr. Peabody, and many others, that Jesus Christ shall be honored as the best man ; the Bible teaches them more, their flesh and heart cry out for more. God in Christ alone satisfies their souls. When they speak of the Divinity of Christ, they confess the God incarnate. To them, as to us, the Son of Mary is the Son of God."

— There seems to be much practical common sense in the following article from the New York "Observer," under the title "Circumcising Timothy : " —

"Few things in the Apostle Paul impress me more than his practical wisdom in managing difficult questions in practical matters. Where do we see wisdom in a man more strikingly than when he yields an unessential, though for some reasons an important, point, in order to effect some design ? It is easy to be obstinate ; it falls in with several favorite passions to hold out against an opponent ; we thereby get reputation for decision, firmness, adherence to the right ; and our love of victory is gratified. Especially when we are thoroughly persuaded of absurdity on the part of the opposer, it is hard to yield. Probably nothing seemed more absurd to Paul than to be practising the

initiatory Jewish rite when the doctrines of Christ were gaining influence. It must have seemed to him like lighting the street lamps after sunrise. So that when, to end a dispute, or to gain influence for his Christian teachings, he took Timothy and circumcised him, — knowing as we do the secret thoughts and feelings which he must have had with regard to its absurdity, — we cannot but regard his conduct as almost sublime. How superior it makes him appear to the contentious bigots!

“Sometimes we see people in controversy, — a minister and his church or parish, for example, — in which one side or the other is a stickler for some point relating to supposed doctrinal truth, or right, or custom. Not unfrequently the pastoral relation has been sundered because the minister would not yield to the wishes or views of the people on some point. Really, it would not have been a greater apparent sacrifice of principle, surely not a greater piece of self-denial for him to have yielded, than it was for Paul to regard the prejudices of the Jews with regard to their effete observance. Some ministers have brought life-long sorrows upon themselves by pertinaciously insisting upon things which would have best been confuted by allowing them to have their way. Certain things can be effectually overcome by being undergone. It is a great thing to know when it is best to circumcise Timothy.”

— Rev. Dr. Crowell publishes the following article in the “Watchman and Reflector:” —

“The Unitarianism of New England is, in one view, a fruit of the intolerance of doctrine-worship. The Puritans were far enough from ritualism, but they magnified the importance of doctrinal theology. In their zeal to get men to *think* right about divine decrees, election, irresistible grace, the saints’ perseverance, and the Trinity, they thought little of forms of worship or of spiritual life. High orthodoxy became a cover for lax morality, belief of the dogmas of New England theology more essential than veracity, integrity, and manly honor.

“It is no cause of wonder that men of independent minds, of a high sense of personal obligation, should revolt from the state of things in the orthodox churches in New England of a half a century ago. The Unitarian movement, or something else of the sort, was rendered philosophically necessary. Action like that

must produce a reaction. The student of history must feel a relief that no worse a reaction took place. The universal diffusion of common school education, the freedom of discussion, the general diffusion of the Bible as the supreme authority, and the division of New England into little local democracies, controlled the result.

"The great mistake of Unitarianism in its religious speculations is, it sees no special importance in any question about the person of Jesus Christ. To believe that he is divine, or super-angelic, or merely human, is, in their estimation, of small account. The great thing is, to be sincere in doing the things that he says. To worship Christ as God, to pray to him, to trust in him for salvation, is, in their opinion, a very great mistake, to say the least.

"The great bugbear of Unitarianism is, the doctrine of the Trinity. To them it appears like a demand made of them to believe that one is three, and that three are only one — as a mathematical problem. And because the doctrine of the Trinity is included in the articles of faith of a church as one condition of membership therein, they declare that the church makes more account of an impossible arithmetical paradox than of an upright life.

"That this is not an exaggerated picture of their misconceptions on this subject, we have daily proofs. Glorifying in their freedom from doctrinal trammels, complacently fancying that others are held to their positions by ecclesiastical authority, by taking on trust the dogmas of their teachers, or by superstitious fear, Unitarians forget the first lesson of Christ, that 'this is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom he hath sent,' that 'he who honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father who hath sent him.' So they take up with a dead morality, in place of that faith that saves the soul.

"But the root of Unitarian error is not struck so deeply in American soil as in that of Germany, some years ago, nor is there any probability that it ever will be. What Unitarians most need is, right thoughts of Christ, right feelings towards Christ, a right relation to Christ. Such a book as Neander's Commentary on the First Epistle of John, in which this truth is so simply, so convincingly, so clearly set forth, is well calculated to disarm their prejudices and to lead them to the life-giving truth. There are the ripest fruits of learning without its parade or processes,

deep spirituality, a childlike spirit, and a mind eminently in harmony with that of the beloved disciple."

— Rev. Prof. Stowe writes in the "Congregationalist" as follows:—

"The present aspect of Judaism throughout Christendom is well-nigh astounding. I take regularly three Jewish newspapers, two in English and one in German, and every week they contain articles against Christianity, very determined, and not unfrequently bitter and violent. The Jews are very active, and rapidly growing in wealth and influence. There are ten regularly employed preaching Rabbis in New York City, and nearly as many synagogues. Cincinnati is not behind New York in this respect, and there are four or five in Boston. Some of their synagogues in New York and Cincinnati are among the most costly and splendid religious edifices in the United States. They are establishing schools of the highest order, and have commenced operations for an American Jewish National University of the highest class, and they already have one or two theological seminaries. They are getting into the first positions in every department of life in Europe and America; and of an edition of the Talmud, now publishing in Berlin in the best style, twenty-eight volumes large folio, and its translations, commentaries, and illustrations in abundance, they say they sold 40,000 copies during the last year. As to their spiritual aspirations, some of them seem devout and sober; but their writers mostly, so far as I have seen, are about on a level with the 'Radical' published in Boston. They seek no proselytes, but are the deadly enemies of Christianity."

HUMANITY THE ROOF OF MAN.

WHY do the tiles themselves form so secure
A covering to the roof? Is't not because
Each one so closely nestles to the rest,
And streams of rain glide off as from a shield?
But if man e'er so little parts from man,
How shall humanity securely dwell?
That is their shield, that is their house and roof,
Their host, their guest, their very one in all.

— THE LAYMAN'S BRIEVARY.

RANDOM READINGS.

HOME.

FROM "BUDS FOR THE BRIDAL WREATH."

BY REV. W. F. TILDEN.

WE think too little of the sacred character of home. Based, as it is, upon the marriage relation, it partakes of the sacredness of that "holy estate." As sure as marriage in its origin and end is holy, so sure is home holy. The seed of home, like that of marriage, is planted in man's nature by the hand of God.

HE MAKETH HIM FAMILIES LIKE A FLOCK. The Maker of heaven and earth and man is the Maker of families, the Maker of home. Oh that all homes might bear the impress of his forming hand in their spirit and influence, as truly as in their origin!

But as neither plighted vows, nor wedding-ring, nor ceremony of minister, can make a true marriage when there is no union of hearts, so living beneath the same roof in the most intimate and hallowed relation man ever forms cannot make a true home, where the home spirit, the home affections, the home love are wanting.

Marriage is sacred, but marriages may be profane. Home is of God, but homes may be godless.

Oh, how sad and disastrous, how fruitful of sorrow and woe, when that which is holy in its origin becomes unholy in its issues, when that which was designed of Heaven to bless man with peace and social happiness is perverted to discord, alienation, and misery!

The essential elements of a true home are not confined to the few, but open to the many. Home is too rich a boon to be monopolized by any class, or limited to any external condition.

Wealth is not necessary to it; for though money wisely used may adorn and beautify home, and fill it with comforts and conveniences, still it is not essential to home joys. Nay, it may frustrate the highest designs of home, by ministering to vanity and a poor love of display, instead of fostering the quiet virtues and strong affections and elevating pursuits of a Christian home.

Even "a competency" in its moderate estimate — a "fore-

handed " condition — is not necessary to it ; for however desirable it may be to feel exempt from the necessity of daily toil, and to be able to provide against sickness and misfortune, still this is not essential to a happy home, though it is often waited for, and toiled for, as if a home without it must be based upon the sand ; when the truth is, the home that *is* based upon it is on the sand ; for it is a competency of virtuous love and mutual endeavors to aid and bless, not a competency of this world's goods, that is the true foundation of home.

"Show me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten who are wretched from other causes."

" True sterling happiness and joy
Are not with gold allied,
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
A loving fireside.

" I envy not the man who dwells
In stately hall or dome.
If 'mid his splendors he hath not
A world of love at home."

To have wealth, to enjoy a competency, to be forehanded, are accidents of human condition, subject to all the contingencies of a changing world ; to-day we may possess them, to-morrow they are gone. Home rests not on this fickle basis. Its foundations are deeper laid, in the heart, and not on the shifting sands of external condition.

Home, like marriage, from which it springs, rests upon those strong, deep, pure affections that make the two hearts one.

Wherever a true marriage has been formed, there the foundation is laid for a true home.

The external superstructure of house and furniture may be wanting ; but united love and labor will supply these in due time, and find sweet joy in the mutual effort.

The " own home " may be seen only as a future hope, but the " own hired house," like that in which Paul dwelt, may prove a truer home of the heart than many a stately palace, or costly villa, which the occupant can show with pride and call " mine."

There may be little means for adorning or beautifying the humble abode, but good taste and neatness, and a happy arrangement of little things, will give a homelike, pleasant air even

to the scantily furnished apartment, that will invite domestic peace.

There may be no costly pictures on the walls, but they may be spared where the living pictures of home joys and home affections are found, in the heart, in love's own natural and beautiful setting.

Love, chastity, fidelity to marriage vows, virtuous endeavors, the Christian view of life, the Christian faith, hope, spirit, and purpose,—let the married pair have these, and they have a foundation for home that will not crumble.

These will gild with peace and joy the lowliest circumstances, beautify the humblest home, sweeten daily toil, and make common duties, cares, and labors subserve a high and sacred purpose.

These will give to competency a new value, as furnishing the means of making home outwardly as well as inwardly attractive, adding to its conveniences and comforts, gratifying a pure taste, and providing the means of intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement and pleasure.

These will impart to wealth a new power for good, by making it the ministering angel of pure and chaste affections, beautifying home, not for vanity and show, but for love and happy influence ; multiplying its comforts, that its hospitalities may be multiplied ; adding to its chaste elegancies, that it may minister to refinement of thought and feeling ; and going out on missions of love to bless with its benignant charities other homes less favored.

These are what hallow and sanctify home in every condition, helping to make it what God designed, — a home of sweet affection, faithful love, and domestic peace, — a school of social culture, true refinement, pure endeavor, and sacred aspirations — the birthplace, the cradle, the nursery, the school, of all those affections, graces, and virtues that belong to the children of God.

Such a home God calls on the twain made one to build up to his glory and their own joy.

THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO who crucify the divine idea of home, who thrust the cruel spear of neglect and unkindness into the heart of its purest joys, — who nail to the cross of ignominy its tenderest and sweetest affections, put to an open shame its holiest sanctities, and consign to the tomb the purest, holiest,

most redeeming influences of this God-ordained form of social life. FATHER, FORGIVE THEM.

How great and rich the privilege of making a *new home* in the world! How unutterably important the question, What shall its character be?

They kneeled beside the bridal bed,
God's unseen angels overhead ;
The twain were one, and one the prayer
Laid on the marriage altar there.

'Twas earnest, simple, deep, and true,
Outgush of one heart filled by two ;
The angels listened with hushed wing,
Then upward bore the offering.

And soon amid the angel throng
In heaven's bright mansions rose the song,
"Joy! joy to earth! — a new home given
To Love, and Faith, to God and heaven."

LOVE DOES NOT CEASE WITH DEATH.

Do you recollect that thrilling instance of self-sacrifice, — how, when the last boat was just cutting off from the wrecked vessel, in that awful hour the mother refused to leave behind her husband and child; and, when death came to one, clasped in each other's arms, they sunk in the surging waters? Now, is it possible that the love which at one moment was so intense that it absorbed every other feeling, even the desire for life, in another moment ceased to be? Is it possible that a moment of time could work this change in human souls, though it were the moment of death? Sooner would I believe that the waves annihilated the immortal spirits of those loving ones than that it quenched their mutual love. And so it must be with all earthly affection, which is true and earnest and pure. Death cannot destroy it, for it is stronger than death. The grave cannot chill it, for it lies not there with the body, but lives forever. And we may believe, that, as those on earth get ready their homes and open their hearts for the unconscious child which is yet unborn, so for us, in sickness and in death, are the dear departed watching, ready to receive and to welcome the new-born heir of heaven to the celestial mansions. — REV. S. A. SMITH.

THE WAY AND REST OF ISRAEL.

WHEN Israel reached their home at last,
And 'neath their vines and fig-trees lay,
How sweetly, all their perils past,
Must they have mused upon God's way?
What at the time seemed hard to bear
Then could they clearly understand;
And how a Father's love and care
Each portion of their wanderings planned.

Thus, if we reach that heavenly place,
No snare to fear, no wars to wage,
Then shall we see how heavenly grace
Led us throughout our pilgrimage;
How needful was each care and cross;
How wisely our own way denied;
How mercy shielded us from loss;
How right the way, how true the Guide.

How sweet to understand his ways;
What now we know not then to know;
And yield the tribute of our praise
For what mysterious seemed below.
Lord, lead us to that place of rest,
And from our own fond will defend;
Thou knowest what for us is best,
Who knowest both the way and end.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

THE youth argues about the worth of religion. There is, he feigns, no reality in it. It is a delusion, a pretence, without life, without power either to support the trials or virtues of men. But he leaves his companions, he is alone, he reviews the past, and his heart reproaches him for the words he has uttered. Far away, on the bright horizon of his early years, stands one like an angel of light, belonging both to earth and to heaven, one long gone, but whom he will never forget,—the form of the mother of his childhood. He can remember how, with a strange, sweet awe, when he could hardly understand the words she ut-

tered, though he knew the affection which prompted them, he was awakened from slumber by the tones of her voice in prayer, as she knelt by his bedside before she slept. He remembers the still Sabbath hours when she repeated to him the words of Jesus, — blessed words, which he knew were in her heart. He remembers with what trusting resignation she bore affliction, and all her Christian gentleness and fidelity in trial, and her self-forgetting sacrifices for the good of others. He remembers how, struck by disease, she faded slowly away, cheerful when others were sad; how her soul dwelt upon the sweet words of Christian promise; how, when her child was alone with her, with fond tears that could not be repressed, she clasped him to her bosom, and raised his thoughts to heaven, and taught him to remember his Creator in the days of his youth. He remembers how her countenance was lit up with faith and trust; how in the hour of death, when all else wept, she alone was calm, and with her last whispered words committed his soul to God. He has seen a Christian mother live and die. He knows that hers was a soul that took hold on heaven. And, as he remembers these things, all the scoffs of a world could not make him doubt the worth of religion. A still, small voice from that mother's death-bed and that mother's grave speaks to his soul, and he cannot doubt.—
E. PEABODY.

POSTPONEMENT.

WHERE wide my neighbor's acres spread
His busy ploughshare's lines were set;
"Why in such haste to plough?" I said;
"The time is long till summer yet."

My winter fire still burning low,
I heaped anew the crackling wood,
"Why haste," again I said, "to sow?"
And warmed my hands in slothful mood.

The robin rocked aloft and sang;
The crocus smiled to hear him sing;
"Oh, pipe away," my answer rang;
"But bitter weather this for spring!"

Then fell the rain in plenteous showers,
With sunny rifts in all the clouds ;
The lightest wind was breath of flowers ;
They flocked the woods in noiseless crowds.

The days grew long ; the nights grew brief ;
Sunrise and sunset widely shone ;
The lovely earth, in fullest leaf,
Dropped half her roses overblown.

" Is summer here ? " I cried, " so soon ? "
And to my fields in haste I went ;
Long ere my spring-tide tasks were done
The gracious early rains were spent.

From east to west, from north to south,
A burning glare filled all the sky,
And, stricken faint and white with drought,
E'en Nature's self seemed like to die.

Through scorching day and dewless night
My parchèd fields stretched nearly bare ;
The while my neighbor's blest his sight,
And hourly grew more full and fair.

And when the harvest was at hand,
One clothed in majesty went by :
In silence looked he at my land,
Then turned on me his searching eye.

" Spare me ! " I cried, on bended knee,
Touched by the power of that rebuke, —
The story of the barren tree,
Recorded by the faithful Luke !

Again the winter closed me in ;
With loss alone my barns were filled ;
But now the milder days begin ;
Once more my acres may be tilled !

My hand upon the plough I lay ;
No backward glances must I take ;
But, looking up to heaven, I pray,
" Bless thou my toil, for Jesus' sake ! "

— INDEPENDENT.

GREAT THROUGH SUFFERING.

Of all men who have ever traversed the earth, none has suffered so much as Christ ; because in suffering, above all things, did we need a divine guide. His body was scourged, put upon the cross, pierced with nails, exposed to a burning sun, until life was crushed out from it by excessive pain. And already had he known all the bitterness in which society can steep us, — poverty, with scorn and anguish heaped upon it ; want of success, with its regrets and agitations ; hatred, with its insults and its calumnies. Were the pains of the heart lacking, when his mother and his brothers wished to take possession of him as of a wretched madman ; when he saw his apostles persevere in their gross, carnal views ; when he understood that one of the twelve was preparing to sell him for thirty pieces of silver ; and when, in Gethsemane, he begged his three disciples in vain to watch one hour with him ; and when, in the Prætorium, he perceived among the soldiers and priests only one friendly face, and this friend denied him even three times ? “ The Lord,” says the Scripture, “ turning, then looked upon Peter ; and Peter went out and wept bitterly.” I believe it, indeed : from what eyes would tears have not been wrung at a glance of such ineffable sadness ?

But see, too, in the midst of all these tribulations, how strong Christ was. What activity, what energy, what valor ! And then what serenity, calmness, and sweetness ! See what a man can be and can do amid the most vivid trials. Or rather it is through these trials that Jesus became our Saviour ; and it is through our trials, too, my brothers, that we shall be like him. Yet it is not enough that we are smitten. We may suffer enormously, and yet remain selfish, sensual, perverse. If the most unhappy were necessarily the most virtuous, the lower stratum of the social world were a school of sanctity. For nowhere is there greater suffering. Affliction elevates us only when, by our own consent, it works patience ; and then, if, with our own assistance, patience has its perfect work. It requires our own will. — COLANI.

It is our business to be true to ourselves ; the consequence is altogether in the hands of Providence.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Where is the City? is the very suggestive title of a very readable and interesting book published by Roberts Brothers. It describes the researches of Israel Knight, a young man exceedingly anxious to find the true church. He makes trial of nine denominations. He sojourns among the Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Quakers, Swedenborgians, Spiritualists, Universalists, and Unitarians. He becomes acquainted in turn with their methods, spirit, and doctrines. Their several merits are brought out, generally we think very fairly, and their peculiarities and deficiencies are admirably taken off. The book is written by a scholar, and, with touches of pleasantry and humor, embodies much accurate information respecting the creeds, the history, and the church life of the above-named sects, so far as they have any. He gives a less favorable account of the Methodists than we think the truth warrants, though he describes truly the tendency of ecclesiastical bodies to grow conceited, arrogant, and despotic, as they grow large and influential, of which the Methodists are no exception, in the estimation of the writer. The tone of the book is reverent, and was written evidently by a believer. He comes to Milton's conclusion, that the whole body of gospel truth, like the mangled body of Osiris, has been sundered, and neither sect has the whole of it, and that only at her Master's second coming shall he "bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection." It is a good book for people of all sects to read, and may teach them a lesson of humility, tolerance, and self-examination. s.

Life, Letters, and Posthumous Works of Fredrika Bremer, edited by her sister, Charlotte Bremer, translated from the Swedish by Fredr. Milow, is a very charming piece of biography, published by Hurd & Houghton, New York. The account of Fredrika's girlhood by her sister, descriptive of her originality, mischievous drollery, and early indications of genius, is given with a simplicity and interblending of anecdote which enlists our interest from the beginning. Both the biography and letters bring the readers of Miss Bremer's stories into near and loving acquaintance with the woman in her domestic and social life, and to an estimate of the influences, not all of them benign, which went to the development of her character and genius. s.

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